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THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1893. NO. 1.

THE MESSIAH.

BY L. H. FOOTE.

His was the coming which the seers foresaw,
His was the glory which men long to see,
He was the god who died for you and me,
And we accept the sacrifice with awe.
His life and teachings are to us divine,
They furnish dole for every human need;
We would discard no dogma of the creed,
Nor blot a word or abrocate a line.
No doubting thought can turn our gold to dross,—
No sceptic sneer can hang our heaven with gloom;
And so we weep with Mary at the cross,
And humbly kneel with Mary at the tomb.
The banner of our Lord is now unfurled,—
The dead Christ lives and dominates the world.

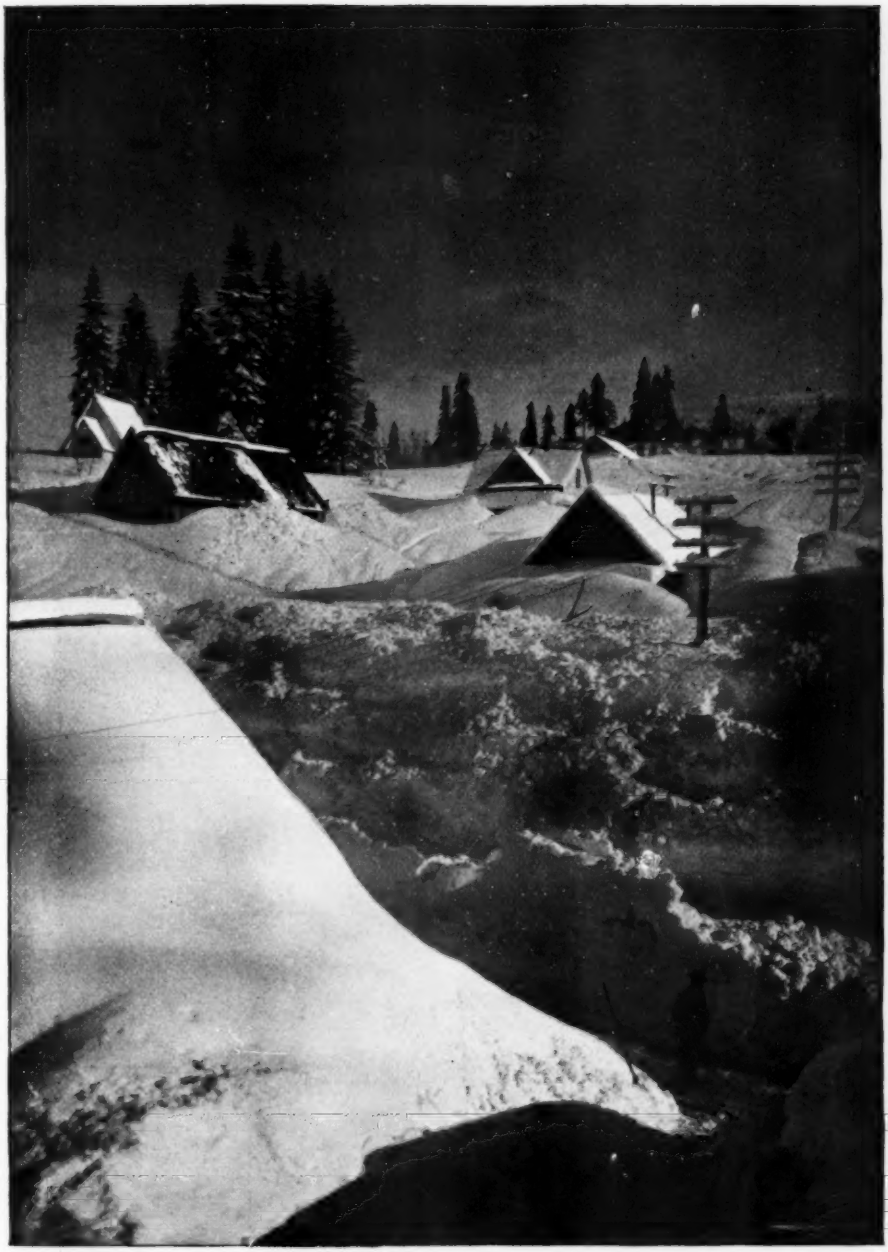
165024

PHILIP GRAYSON.

AS the verdure of the Eastern summer took on the vivid tints and hues of autumn, our thoughts turned toward a warmer clime, a haven for winter. Bermuda, Florida, or California, all delightful regions, were considered. We desired a spot where various degrees of altitude could be attained and where the following summer could be spent, if desired. Bermuda is essentially a winter resort and is low. The very agreeable season of Florida is from October to May, and its highest altitude is not over several hundred feet. On the other hand, we were promised in California a winter among fruits and flowers, in a land flowing with milk and honey, with a possible altitude, from the sea level, to 6,000 feet above it, all attainable within about two hours. "I will promise you," said a friend in Pasadena, "a dip in the Pacific, at Santa Monica, on a February morning, with a water temperature not lower than Newport in July. An hour or so later you may pick oranges and wade through fields of wild flowers in Pasadena, and in a little over an hour more, if you wish, I will whisk you up the Sierra Madres on the Mt. Lowe railroad and pummel you with California snowballs, 6,000 feet above the Pacific."

This Munchausen-like statement decided us. The possibility of sitting among the orange groves, and perhaps telephoning for a sleigh or a toboggan slide for an hour or so later was too great an inducement. We imagined the Raymond a California hotel, where the printed directions in each room read: "Ring one bell for the orange grove; two bells for ocean bath; three bells for sleigh ride; four bells for snowstorm; five bells for semi-tropical weather;" etc. — not all imagination, as all these strange contrasts we found in California within a few miles travel and in view of the hotel.

We left New York in a snowstorm, and were whirled across the country, ever in sight of the white carpet, and finally, in the high Sierras, where, the conductor jokingly said, instead of fifteen minutes, we had fifteen hours for refreshments, for we were



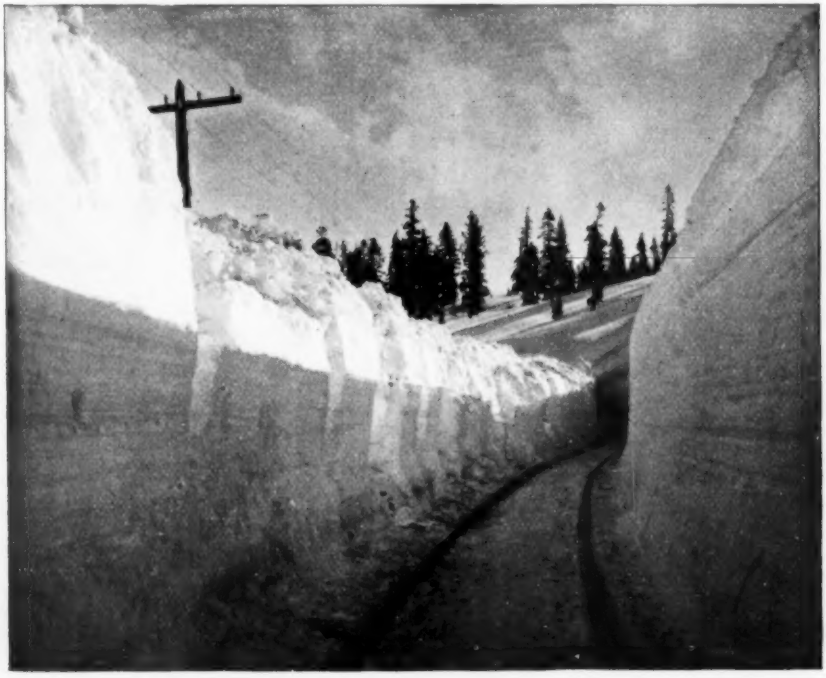
"THE TOPS OF A FEW HOUSES AND CHIMNEYS APPEARED HERE AND THERE."

hard and fast in a snow bank, that at a little mountain hamlet had piled up to an astonishing height. It was a February snowstorm, and as we stepped out of the car that morning the walls of snow rose on each side, clear and glistening; the tops of a few houses and chimneys appeared here and there from the sheet of white, while a few curling masses of smoke rose in the clear air, telling that below, the inhabitants were making the best of it. Powerful engines and rotary plows rammed the drifts hour after hour, hurling the white mass high in air, and finally the prison walls were broken and we sped away, still cutting through the snow banks in the trail of the rotary.

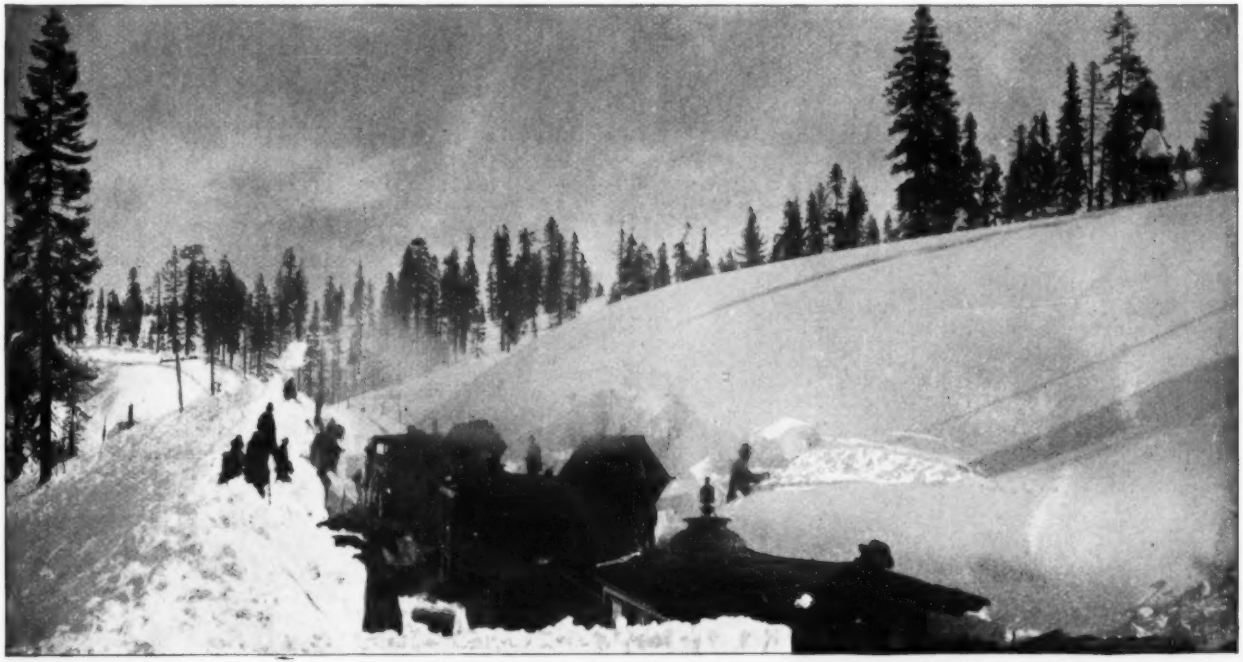
That night in the mountains it snowed again, the air was filled with feathery flakes, and the trees and branches along the road were loaded with fleecy, silvery frost and ice. We were hard in the grasp of an arctic winter, and dreamed of blizzards while the icicles made music against the window panes.

Morning came and with it a miracle. Golden sunlight poured in at the windows, and looking out we saw not snow, but a land of eternal sunshine—a land carpeted with a thousand flowers, through which we were rushing. In a few hours we had passed from all the terrors of an arctic winter to a land of summer—were in California, rushing down through its fields of flowers to the sea and the Gate of Gold.

The seasons of California are responsible for its strange climatic possibilities. Instead of winter it has in the lowlands a cool Eastern summer, with a wealth of flowers and a rainfall from twenty to thirty inches in various localities. This summer winter gives place in March or April



"WALLS OF SNOW ROSE ON EACH SIDE CLEAR AND GLISTENING."

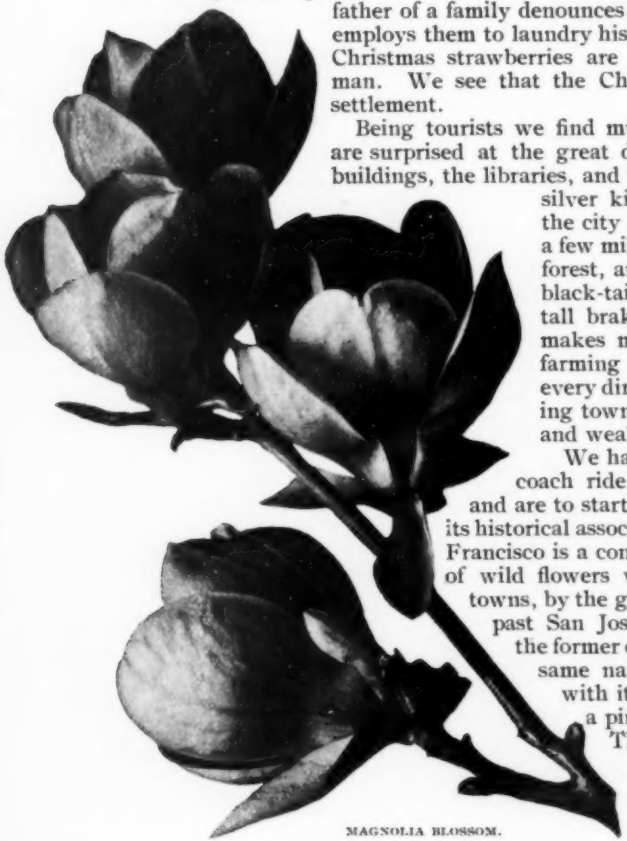


"POWERFUL ENGINES AND ROTARY PLOWS RAMMED THE DRIFTS HOUR AFTER HOUR."

to a dry season in which little or no rain falls. In the California lowlands, winter, in its accepted sense, is unknown, though the lofty Sierras, with their snow peaks, constitute the backbone of the State.

OLD MISSION, SAN DIEGO.

San Francisco is the Mecca of the tourist in Northern California, a city of 350,000 inhabitants, cosmopolitan, hospitable and replete with points of interest. Here a second World's Fair has taken shape, and the attractive park of the city has, in a few short months, been converted into a scene of beauty. Here, on a smaller scale, are many of the attractions that made up the World's Fair, suggestive of the energy of the people. San Francisco is a city of hills, picturesque, and possesses many and varied attractions. Its Chinatown is a bit of Canton—perfect in detail. Here are all the shops, the highbinders, the opium dens, the strange criminal characters, the theaters, homes beneath the ground, in which hundreds of human beings live, and, strange to say, thrive. We hear much of deportation, the Geary bill, the curse of the Chinese, yet nearly all the private houses have Chinese servants. The laundry and vegetable interests are almost entirely in their hands. The father of a family denounces the Chinese, while his wife employs them to laundry his linen, and his cabbages and Christmas strawberries are raised by the little brown man. We see that the Chinese question is far from a settlement.

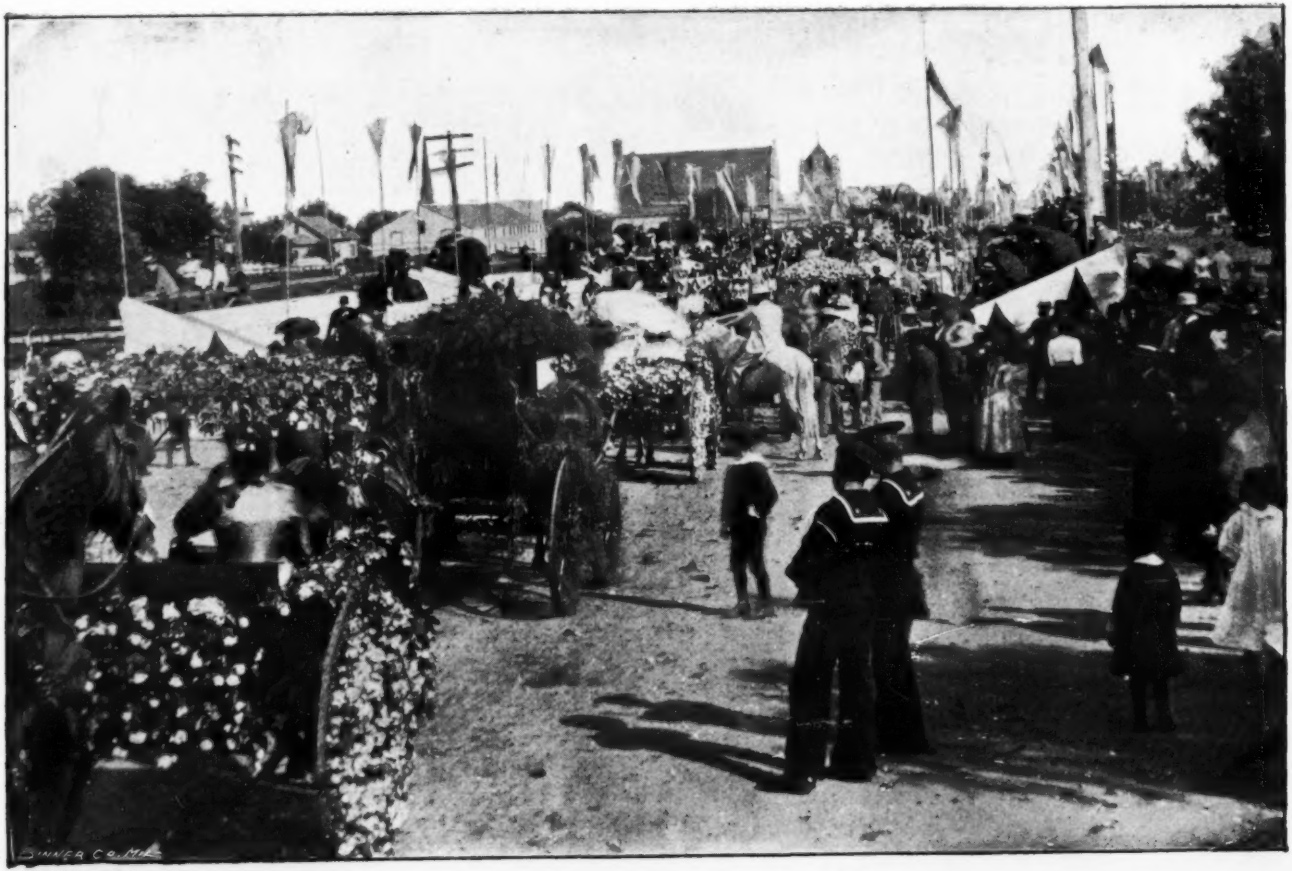


MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM.

Being tourists we find much to see and enjoy. We are surprised at the great dailies, the numbers of fine buildings, the libraries, and the palaces of the gold and silver kings. Then the environs of the city across the bay, to the north a few miles, and we are in a redwood forest, an ideal country, where the black-tailed deer eyes you from the tall brakes and the plumed quail makes music. A rich grazing and farming country spreads away in every direction, with scores of growing towns, suggestive of prosperity and wealth.

We have arranged a four-in-hand coach ride to the south along shore, and are to start from Monterey, so rich in its historical associations. The trip from San Francisco is a continual delight. Over fields of wild flowers we pass through charming towns, by the great University of Stanford, past San Jose and Santa Cruz, finding the former old town upon the bay of the same name, a village of romance, with its dwellings in the heart of a pine and oak forest.

The Hotel Del Monte is in a land of wonders. Its fantastic oaks, draped with moss, recall days at



"SANTA BARBARA HAS ITS ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS."

FLORAL CHARIOT, SANTA BARBARA.

Beaufort and Florida; its pines the heart of the Adirondacks; yet in February the air is redolent with the perfume of flowers, and summer is here in all the term implies. From Monterey we turn southward, coaching for days along shore through one of the most delightful regions in America; now overlooking the Pacific; again skirting its beaches, passing quaint San Luis Obispo and its Mission; then on by easy stages to Santa Barbara, and from now on the driver tells us we can pray every night in a mission.

The old Mission back of the town that sweeps down to the sea is one of the best preserved in the State, is rich in historical incidents, and is the Mecca of thousands of tourists. Back from the old Spanish-Mexican town, now Americanized, rises a picturesque range of mountains—the Santa Ynez—rich in winter greens, and from them we look down on a semi-tropical garden, groves of orange, lemon and lime and the oldest olive orchard in the State. The magnolia gleams in almost every door-yard, while the blossom of the pomegranate, apple, banana, cherry, orange, almond appear in their season at almost every step and in strange and bewildering contrast.

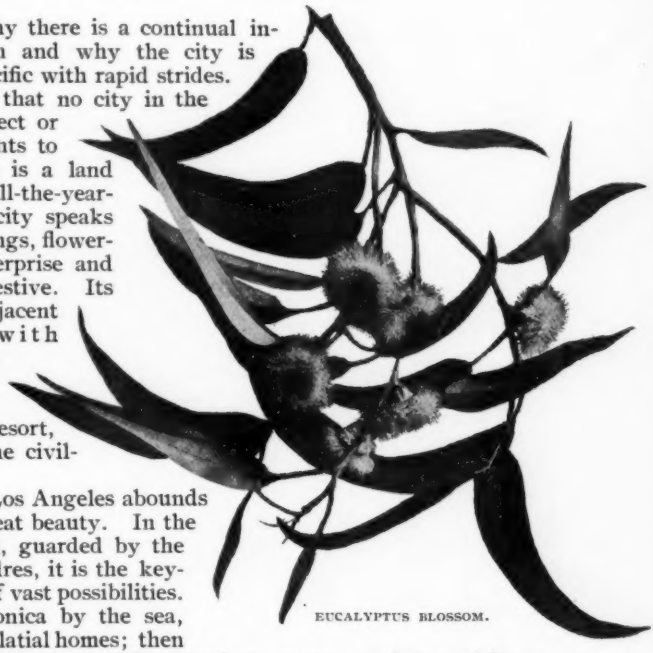
ORANGE GROVE.

Here are the old adobes of the native Californians, while the moldering heaps near shore tell of the graves of tens of thousands of Indians, the smoke of whose campfires Cabrillo saw several centuries ago, and whose stone implements in the shops and private collections alone tell of their history.

Santa Barbara has its annual Festival of Flowers, when the entire town is decorated, and carriages and teams, covered with flowers, vie with each other for supremacy in beauty and color. From Santa Barbara we drove to the town and Mission of San Buena Ventura, then on to Los Angeles, the City of Angels, passing by Camulos, the supposed home of Ramona, the rich oil country of Santa Paula, down a wide valley by lofty mountains to the angel city.

During this drive of several weeks, covering 400 miles, the air has gradually become milder, until now we find a climate altogether delicious. Here is a virtual land of the afternoon, peopled with 80,000 or more of the most progressive, enterprising and intelligent people in the Union. One can see that Los Angeles has a great future. We are told of its fabulous boom, and

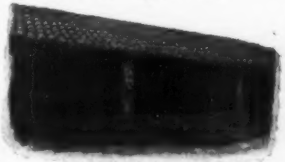
can well understand why there is a continual increase in its population and why the city is reaching toward the Pacific with rapid strides. We venture the belief that no city in the Union has a fairer prospect or offers greater inducements to the home-seeker. Here is a land with an almost perfect all-the-year-round climate. The city speaks of prosperity, fine buildings, flower-embowered homes, enterprise and vigor being ever suggestive. Its parks and drives, adjacent mountains, glistening with snow, its seaside resorts but a few miles away, its incomparable climate, stamp it as the coming resort, not of America but of the civilized world.



EUCALYPTUS BLOSSOM.

Like San Francisco, Los Angeles abounds in suburban towns of great beauty. In the heart of the orange belt, guarded by the snow-capped Sierra Madres, it is the keystone of a new country of vast possibilities. We drove to Santa Monica by the sea, with itsfine beach and palatial homes; then down the San Gabriel Valley around by Pasadena, a town made up of flower-embowered homes, a vast orange grove, cut up in lots to suit the fortunate purchaser. An ideal home this, where nature is at her best, and strange contrasts can be seen. Four miles to the north the Sierra Madres rise 6,000 feet, their tops at times crowned with snow, looking down on a veritable garden, carpeted with the golden poppy and a host of wild flowers, that stretch away, mingling with the roses and other flowers that decorate every home.

Up the face of the range modern enterprise has built one of the most remarkable mountain railroads in the world. Prof. T. S. C. Lowe is the genius, and it is he who has made a truism of "Strawberries, oranges, an ocean bath and sleigh rides," all in a few hours in winter. Several railroads enter the progressive city of flowers, and one leads up to Rubio cañon, a river of verdure, where from a romantic and modern hotel we are, with freshly plucked strawberries and oranges in our hands, whisked up the lofty mountain to the snow line, several thousand feet above the sea, where a second hotel is to be placed, and from which, in time, by an electric road, we may meet a third hotel upon the very summit of the Sierra Madres. No where in the world can such a change of altitude and climate be had in so short a time. We stand on the mountain amid an actual snow storm, and through the glass look upon the garden at our feet, where the white petals of the orange blossoms and the pink petals of the rose are falling, the snow flakes of lowland Pasadena.



A SONOMA RESIDENCE.

The Mt. Lowe railroad is the only mountain road in the world operated by electricity, the entire machinery being run by this power, and from the second hotel, or Echo Mountain House, an electric road will soon take the tourist to the summit of Mt. Lowe. This whole

THE OLIVE.

work is suggestive of American enterprise and pluck, and, as a result, we have a region prolific in scenic beauties thrown open to the world, while previous to the advent of the mountain road traffic was entirely by horseback. The success of the venture is apparent in the thousands who now make the novel ascent, and it is safe to say that no one will visit Southern California without viewing this marvel of modern engineering and experience the magic change of climate possible, when the mountains are covered with snow.

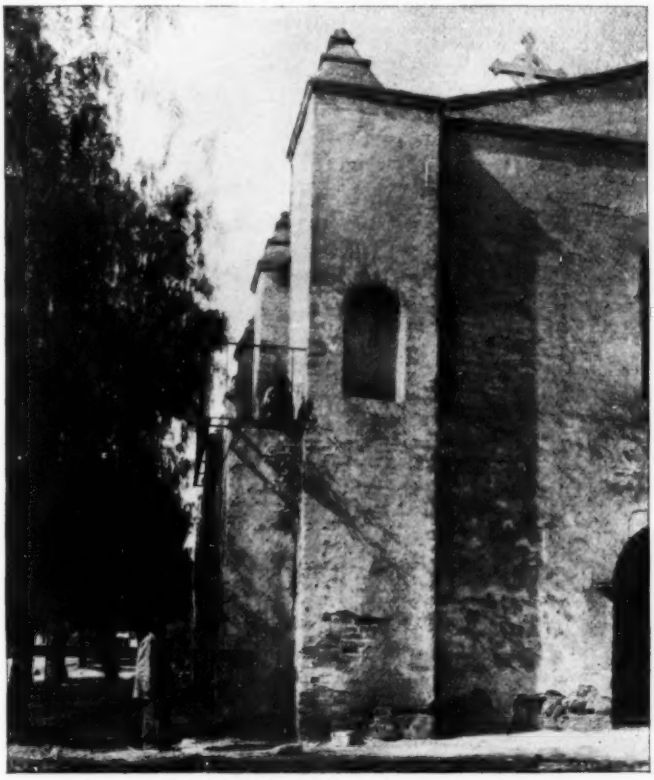
Pasadena possesses a magnet in its natural beauties, in all that goes to make life delightful, and is peopled by hundreds of tourists who rode in as did we, and rode away, but to return.

The Sierra Madre Mountains rise about four miles back of Pasadena to heights of from 2,500 to 6,000 feet, while other peaks, farther down the valley, but in plain sight, attain an altitude of 9,000 feet. The range stretches away to the east for forty miles or more, constituting a labyrinth of gorges, cañons, plateaus and valleys, comprising some of the finest scenic effects in the country. From Mt. Lowe, upon which it is proposed to place the largest telescope yet built, one may in midwinter, after a snow storm, look down upon the Pacific, see the white surf breaking upon the sands, while at your feet are the gardens of Pasadena, looking like a checker-board. If in February, the mesa is a crazy-quilt of color, dazzling rivers of golden yellow, telling of the poppy or *copa de oro*, wind away, merging into tints and hues of indescribable beauty, but turn the head, and a maze of peaks covered with snow greets the eye, lofty pines bending beneath the weight of snow, while the manzanita and wild laurel are completely covered and present the appearance of masses of pompons against the blue of the sky. This range of mountains is a veritable land of romance and mystery, and except in certain directions is little known. Deep canoñs lead in every direction, some containing high falls that burst through rocky gorges and leap over green masses of fern and moss to reach the deep gorge far below, the home of the mountain trout.

OLIVE VATS OF SAN JUAN.

From Pasadena and this attractive region we bowl away on a bright winter day; the fine roads are banked with wild flowers, the air is redolent with the odor of orange blossoms and the morning sun flashes brilliantly on the white snow banks of the range so near that we watch the snow being blown up the north slope of Mount San Antonio in

huge clouds, twisted aloft above the sea, ten thousand feet, to fall and disappear in the hot air from the valley below. Down through San Gabriel we pass, catching a glimpse of the old mission of San Gabriel with its palms, ancient tuna fence, vestiges of former splendor and then away through the



A CORNER OF SAN GABRIEL MISSION, PASADENA.

rift in the mission hills to Whittier, Orange, Tustin, and Santa Ana. That night we make the fine mission of San Juan, see its ancient olive vats, the splendors of its ruins and spend several days in this land of plenty, and so coach on to San Luis Rey, and finally, roll by the old mission of San Diego, and are on the borderland of the United States at Coronado, with its fine beach and bay. The soft mellow climate invites us to linger for days, and innumerable trips are made into the back country around Warner's ranch, to the edge of the desert when we look down on the site of the Salton Sea and visit the famous forest of palms. From San Diego numerous interesting side trips may be made. It is but a few miles to Tia Juana and the Mexican line, and good roads for coaching may be found far down into Lower California, through a most interesting country.

At San Luis Rey mission you find a little band of Franciscans, the headquarters of the order in America, now gradually restoring this ancient pile

LOS ANGELES PLAZA.

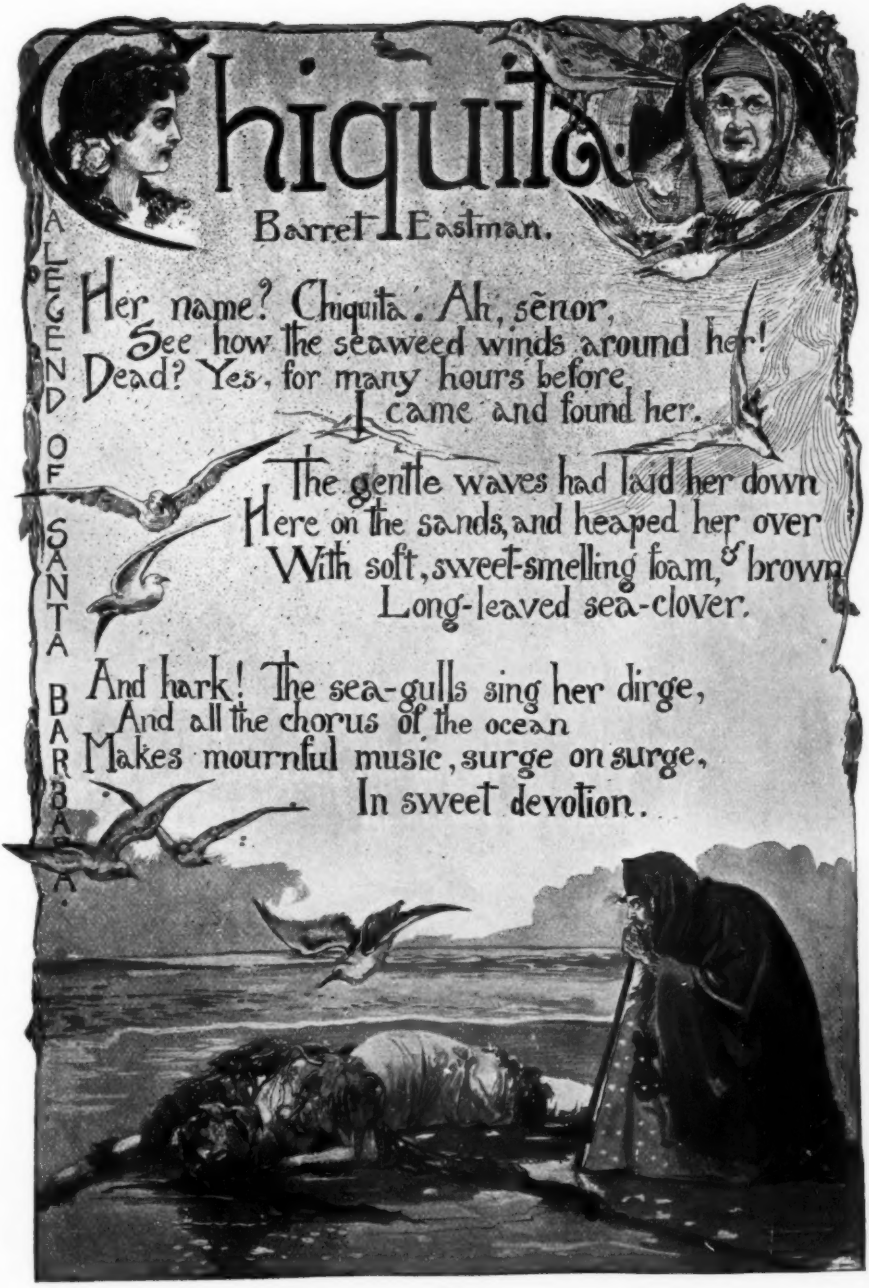
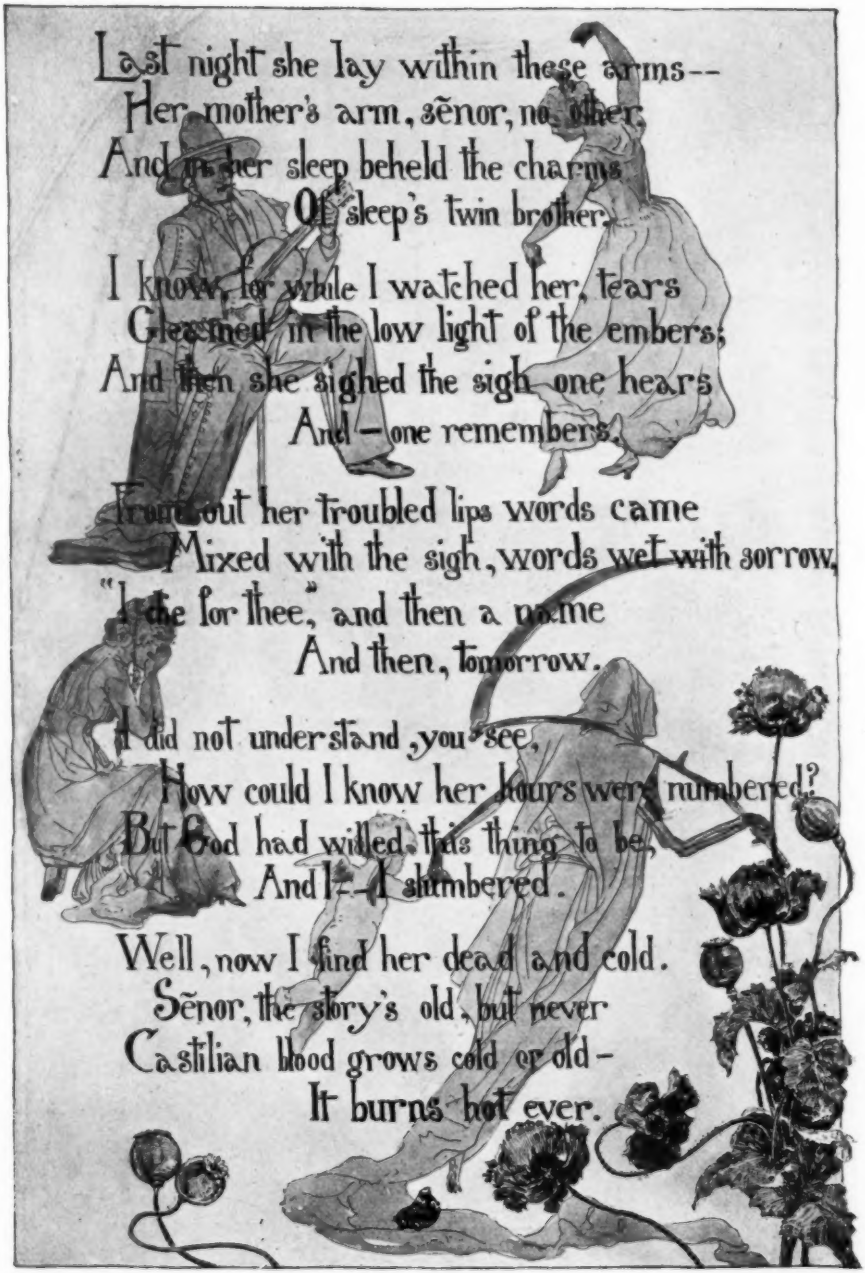
and splendid ruin, and not far away over the picturesque mountains are the missions of Pala and Rincon in the heart of a most delightful country where the artist will linger long.

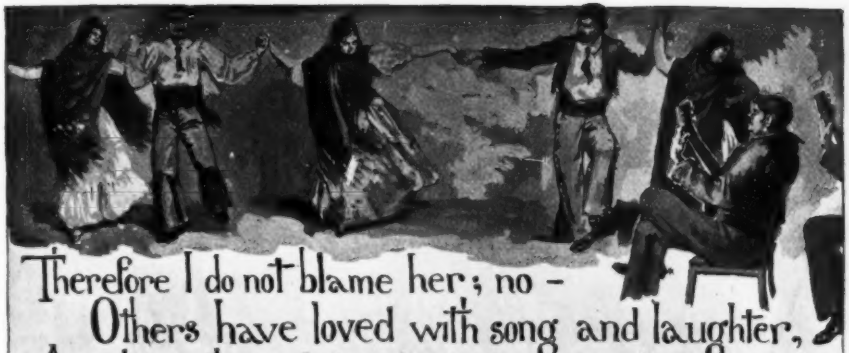
Coaching back, we visit Pala, Pachanga, the old Indian village, Here the Indians are found in all their picturesqueness, the huts are made of tule, interwoven in a most artistic manner. Some are perched on hillsides, others on the very summit, looking like bird nests. By them is the *ramada* or out-door arbor, four sticks bearing a roof of brush. Beneath this, in one instance, sat the old grandmother, over one hundred years old, working at a basket. She remembered the country long before the Mission of San Gabriel was built, and was blessed, so she said, by Father Salvada when a girl. The good fathers wanted the Indians to live near the missions and taught them various arts. She remembered when the earthquake destroyed San Juan Capistrano, and more interesting yet, her memory went back to the time when San Clemente and Santa Catalina were the homes of a vigorous race of men and women who lived by fishing and hunting, and whose graves are now opened by the Americans for the curiosities found there.

AN ADOBE HOME.

In all these huts were stone implements similar to those found in the graves on the island of to-day. The matata or crushing stone was still used to crush grain and some fine dishes of soapstone were here that must have come from the old quarry on Santa Catalina that was worked by their ancestors before Cabrillo discovered Southern California, three hundred years before. The Indians were employed on the neighboring ranches, and presented an interesting spectacle as the last of a race that once peopled the entire Southern ountry, from Santa Barbara to San Diego. There was the home of the basket, that has become the object of a late craze, and numerous fine specimens found their way to the hampers of the coach. It was near Pachanga that Helen Hunt lingered in Southern California, and we saw the old ranch house where Allesandro pawned his violin, while beyond, against the blue sky, rose the white peak of San Jacinto, so interwoven in the history of the story. This portion of Southern California is out of the beaten track, but is a most delightful region, abounding in green and wooded valleys, lofty plateaus, as the Deer ranch, while the roads as far as Murrietta to Elsinore and beyond are all that can be asked. To any one who desires a short ride of great beauty the cars can be left at Murrietta and a carriage taken seventeen miles down to the Pala mission, where good provender for man or beast may be obtained at the old adobe ranch house and store. From here we drove on to Elsinore and so through San Bernardino, Redlands, Riverside, to Pomona, and along to Los Angeles again. In this long drive we find good hotels, and fine country roads everywhere, and the out-door life can be commended to the invalid who has been sitting on the hotel piazza waiting for health, or the professional tourist or globe-trotter.

CANDLE CACTUS.


Chiquita
Barret Eastman.
A LEGEND OF SANTA BARBARA.
Her name? Chiquita. Ah, señor,
See how the seaweed winds around her!
Dead? Yes, for many hours before
I came and found her.
The gentle waves had laid her down
Here on the sands, and heaped her over
With soft, sweet-smelling foam, & brown
Long-leaved sea-clover.
And hark! The sea-gulls sing her dirge,
And all the chorus of the ocean
Makes mournful music, surge on surge,
In sweet devotion.

Last night she lay within these arms--
Her mother's arm, sẽnor, no other.
And in her sleep beheld the charms
Of sleep's twin brother.
I know, for while I watched her, tears
Gleamed in the low light of the embers;
And then she sighed the sigh one hears
And—one remembers.
From out her troubled lips words came
Mixed with the sigh, words wet with sorrow.
"I die for thee," and then a name
And then, tomorrow.
I did not understand, you see,
How could I know her hours were numbered?
But God had willed this thing to be,
And I—I slumbered.
Well, now I find her dead and cold.
Sẽnor, the story's old, but never
Castilian blood grows cold or old—
It burns hot ever.



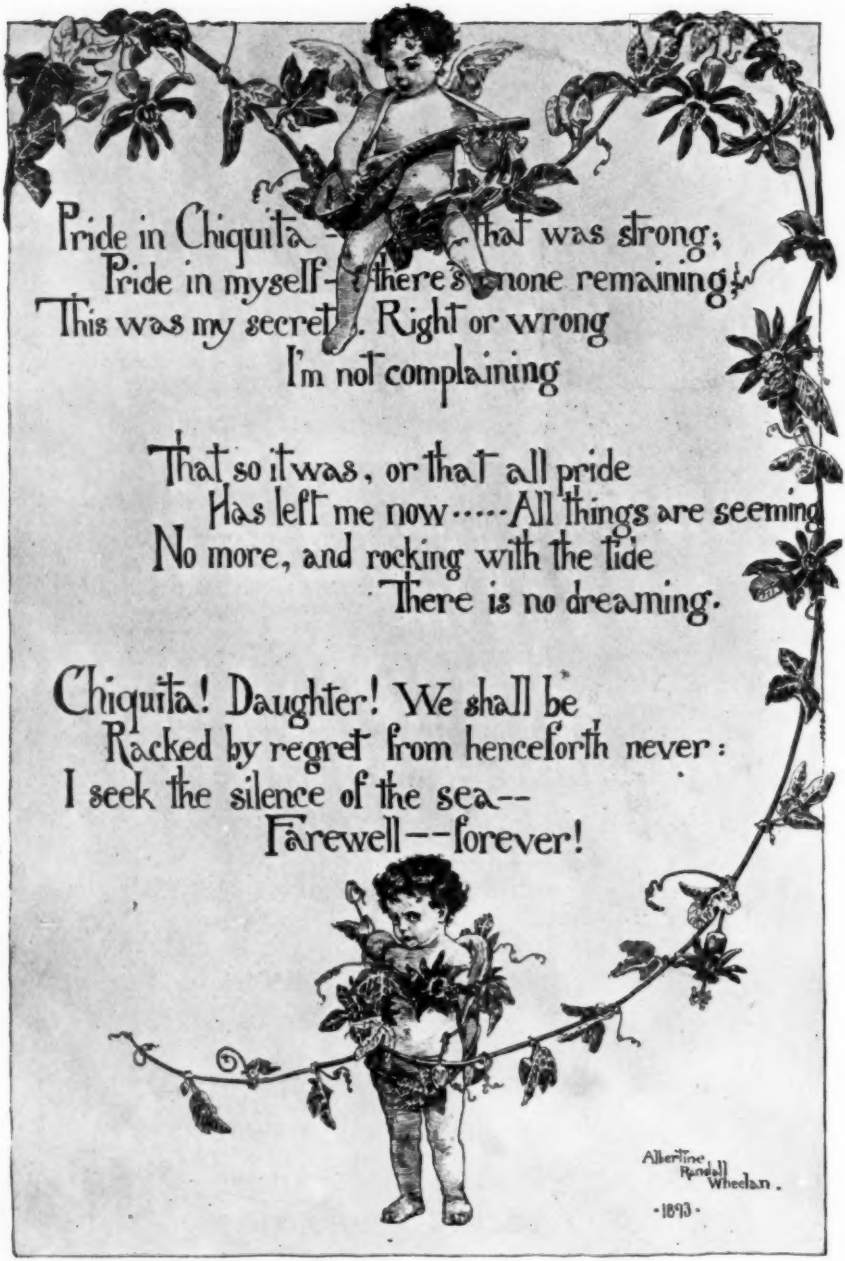
Therefore I do not blame her; no –
Others have loved with song and laughter,
And then, through loving learned to know
What woe comes after.

Love is a glorious thing, señor,
When in the dusk guitars are playing,
And on the smooth adobe floor
The dance is swaying;

But Love is bitter when he goes
And days pass on and leave her weeping,
The sun has blighted many a rose
Given to his keeping.

Well, so the world was made, and I
Do not lament that darkness covers
The shining brightness of the sky
That smiles on lovers.

To me night came long years ago –
Night in whose gloom I often stumbled;
But pride sustained me still, although
My pride was humbled.


Pride in Chiquita – that was strong;
Pride in myself – there's none remaining;
This was my secret. Right or wrong
I'm not complaining
That so it was, or that all pride
Has left me now ..... All things are seeming
No more, and rocking with the tide
There is no dreaming.
Chiquita! Daughter! We shall be
Racked by regret from henceforth never:
I seek the silence of the sea--
Farewell--forever!
Albertine Randall Wheelan.
-1893-

THE PIETA BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

EVER usually dull and dingy streets of the "Eternal City," past crumbling ruins, sad with the desolation of age, and among gloomy palaces fronting on shadowy squares, incessant crowds were continually passing, and processions gaily wending their triumphant course.

First came the carnival, and though it has been celebrated yearly with less and less enthusiasm on the part of the Romans, still, as the days went by, and Shrove Tuesday arrived, they aroused themselves for a final effort. The Carne Vale, or "Farewell to Flesh," was commemorated in 1893, principally by strangers, with which Rome was full to overflowing. The Battle of Flowers was the grand finale, and then, as dusk began to creep over the city the scene was changed, and the "Moccoli" commenced. This is a purely Roman custom of ancient origin. It is the perpetuation of an old Pagan fete where the women took part in a race, each bearing a lighted torch. She who first reached the goal with her light unextinguished, (though running swiftly against the wind), came off victorious and won

the prize of the day. The "Fête of the Moccoli," at the present time consists of lighting diminutive candles to prolong the day, that the festivities may not be closed by darkness. Every one keeps his own light burning but to extinguish his neighbor's candle. It is a resentment, as it were, of the very suggestion that the last night of the carnival has arrived, and that the sombre days of Lent have begun. To look from a height down the entire length of the Corso and see thousands of little dancing lights shining brightly, then flickering, then suddenly extinguished, to be immediately relighted, was indeed a curious and novel sight. But now Lent has succeeded the carnival. Folly's bells have been carefully packed up and stowed away in the dark seclusion, and have been replaced, nominally at least, by the garb of sackcloth and ashes.

During the latter part of the first week Rome began to appear really crowded. The Pilgrims, or Pellegrime, commenced to arrive from all parts of the world for the celebration of the Pope's Jubilee. Many of them went through untold hardships during the journey, one young Scotchman dying, shortly after his arrival, from exposure during the trip. The weather in the north was extremely cold, the cars insufficiently heated and the railway accommodations execrable. A train containing 500 pilgrims would stop for refreshments, and only those who occupied the two railway carriages opposite the small buffet could secure food. Then the train would move on and hours would pass before another stop was made.

THE SWISS GUARD.

It seemed strange to read of Cook's pilgrims, but they were here by hundreds, many of them having put themselves in the hands of this well known tourist agent. But sad was the reception of a large number of these deluded religious enthusiasts, for three hundred of Cook's pilgrims spent their first night in Rome with no shelter and without beds, so enormous were the demands for and so inadequate the supply of accommodations.

There were various audiences at the Vatican and receptions tendered by the Pope to the several delegations. On Thursday, February 16th, at 9 A. M., 8,000 pilgrims from Southern Italy were received at St. Peters by the Pope, assisted by Cardinals Sanfelice, Guarino, Capecelatro, Di Rende, Rampolla, Ricci, Parraccian and Parrocchi. The Pope celebrated Low Mass in the Chapel of the Sacrament. After Mass he was draped in the red mantle, and placing himself in an armchair in front of the altar he received the pilgrims, who advanced to his feet one by one in procession. Each was presented with a medal in remembrance of the occasion. Among the crowd was a tribe of Neapolitan fishermen dressed in white, who brought several baskets of fish as an offering. The Peter's Pence was presented by a delegate from each diocese.

On Friday, 800 more pilgrims from northern and central Italy were given a reception. These brought rich offerings which were presented; an address was read by Cardinal Parocchi, to which the Pope replied in a few words; and then they passed by, one by one, kneeling and kissing the ring. The old man was feeble and quite pale, but bore up nobly under his unusual fatigue. The French, English and American pilgrims all had special

LEO XIII

audiences, as had also the foreign ambassadors.

The occasion which all faithful Roman Catholics celebrated on February 19th was the fifteenth anniversary of the Episcopal consecration of the Pope. The ring which a bishop receives at the time of this ceremony is typical of the union of the participant with the church. This is to the head of the Roman Catholic persuasion what a golden wedding is in the secular world.

The family name of the Pope is Count Gioachino Pecci. He was born March 2d, 1810, at Carpineto, near Rome, and graduated in theology in 1832. He was consecrated to the priesthood December 31st, 1837, by Cardinal Carlo Odescalchi, and then sent to Benevento in 1838, to Perugia as a Apostolic delegate in 1841, and to Belgium in 1843. In the Consistory of January 27th, 1843, he was elected Archbishop of Damiata, and on February 19th of the same year was created Bishop of Perugia. Pius IX made him a Cardinal on December 13th, 1853, giving him the title of St. Grisogono. In September, 1877, he succeeded the deceased Cardinal de Angelis to the Camerbengo, the highest honor of the church next to the Pope, and on the death of Pius IX was chosen to fill the papal chair on February 20th, 1878.

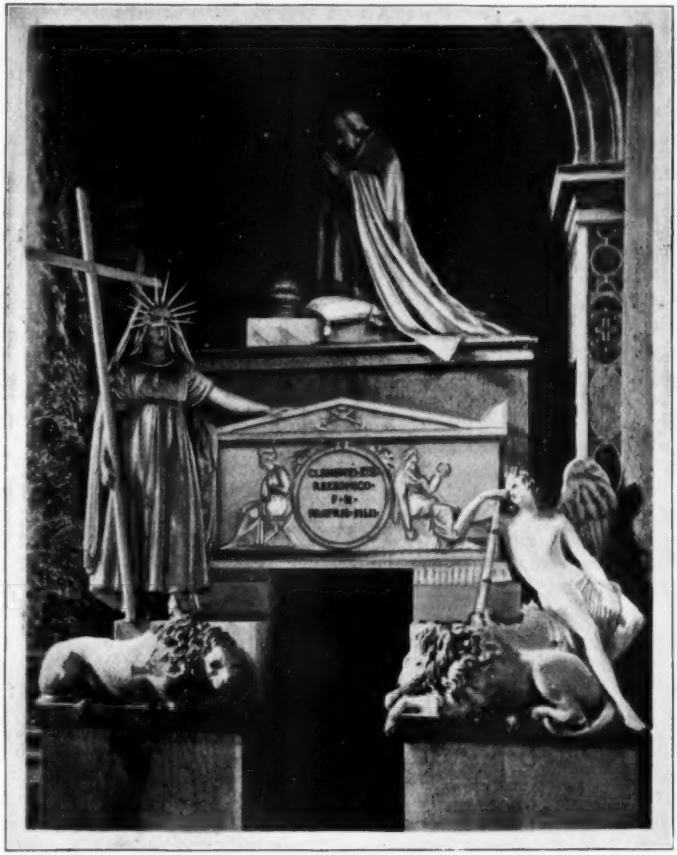
Five years ago, on January 1, 1888, Leo XIII commemorated the golden anniversary of his consecration to the priesthood, and those who saw the feeble old man of seventy-eight years carried, pale and emaciated, from St. Peter's to the Vatican thought never to look upon his face again. He appeared helplessly broken down, and his ashy paleness and worn, tired look only confirmed the impression. Many are the severe attacks of bodily illness which he has successfully resisted since then, and at this time one has only to regard the keen, searching eyes, the vivacity of his glance to realize the vital force of his will-power and to know that, although aged and infirm, he has still sufficient vigor to carry on his shoulders for some time to come his weight of responsibility.

As the great day of the jubilee approached nothing else was talked of in Rome. The usual salutation exchanged between friends meeting on the streets was: "Have you secured tickets for the jubilee?" These were held back until the last day, and so anxious were foreign visitors to obtain them that prices ranging from one to three dollars each were paid for simple entrance tickets. The porters of the hotels reaped a rich harvest in this way, for they pocketed the entire receipts without conscience. But those who possessed their souls in patience until the last day were offered without expense all they could use. Six thousand were issued, besides the pilgrims' tickets, and at the last many counterfeits were circulated. The high mass was to be celebrated at St. Peter's at 9 A. M., at which hour the doors were to be closed to the public.

At 7 o'clock we took carriages, and passing along the brow of the Pincian Hill looked down upon the still sleeping city. The mists of early morning rose from the plain below, and we could mark the Tiber's winding course by the haze which followed it like a thick cloud. It was the hour when the market wagons enter Rome, and many were the donkeys we saw decorated with roses. Great loaded carts and drays passed us, the horses almost hidden beneath the huge armfuls of hay which are tied to the shafts at the side for use as fodder during the day. As we descended the slope and drove through the Piazza del Popole, we passed the arena where the circus and games had been in full sway during the carnival, in imitation of the games of ancient Rome.

Here the procession of carriages appeared coming from all directions verging, without exception, toward one point. The sidewalks were filled with a hurrying crowd of pedestrians, while the residents of the neighborhood were congregated before their

houses to watch the passing multitude. Women sat warming their hands over the inevitable scaldino, so dear to the Italian heart. Young girls turned the cranks of roasting machines, from which the odor of cooked chestnuts



MONUMENT OF CLEMENT XIII, BY CANOVA.

greeted the nostrils and tempted the appetite of the passer-by. All hastened breathlessly toward the goal. Priests clad in voluminous robes of black touched elbows with peasants from Campazna, their feet tied up in rags and their picturesque short jackets and knee breeches covered with the large green-cloth cape slung over the shoulder. Nuns and market women hurried on side by side with the stranger and the pilgrim. Beggars jostled the richly clad dame, and all were unconscious of the incongruity in their haste to be on time.

The open square before St. Peter's presented a marvelous sight. A cordon of soldiers was drawn halfway across the space, just below the obelisk, and formed several gateways, which the crowd were obliged to pass through two by two. Two doors of the church were opened for entrance —the left door for those who had sim-

ply admission tickets, and the right door for those who, through favor, had seats on the tribunes, which were wooden stands erected on the sides around the altar. There were many who had taken their places within at midnight, and had stood patiently waiting ever since, so anxious were they to secure good places near the altar. Others came at four, five, six and seven o'clock. The press at the doors was something fearful, but fortunately it was of short duration and we were whirled through into the corridor, and then, after one more crush at the inside door, were fairly launched into the nave of the enormous church. This basilica was built on the site of the Circus of Hero, where, tradition says, St. Peter was put to death. Though the largest and most imposing church in the world, it has been so harmoniously planned, and its interior is so symmetrically proportioned, that one cannot realize its vast dimensions until some of its measurements are presented to the mind. Its area is about 1,800 square yards, nearly twice that of St. Paul's, London. Its interior length is 615 feet, height of nave 150 feet, breadth of nave in front 87 feet, and length of transept 450 feet. The grand dome, the crown of its beauty, designed with such perfect art and in such fortunate proportions by Michael Angelo, is 403 feet in height, and to the summit of the cross outside 435 feet. As all the sculptures on the tombs, the mosaics, angels and marble statues are colossal, one fails to note the immensity of the whole, and is more than pleased with the general effect.

But when a crowd of humanity is congregated on the pavement below, then the contrast forces itself upon the onlookers, and they feel like pigmies in contrast with the huge monuments, bas reliefs and statues. On this occasion the throng was packed in a solid mass extending from the altar out in all directions through the transepts and naves to each wall and down nearly to the entrance doors.

It was interesting to watch the crowd. Ladies were dressed in black, with black lace veils on the head. Priests, nuns, novices, seminarists, pilgrims and among the more secular soldiers, small boys, old women, beggars in tatters, and foreigners speaking every tongue were there. Many held rosaries to be blessed, and the church was filled with banners upheld for a benediction.

The papal gendarmes in splendid uniforms patroled the church to keep the crowd in order. Very fine were they, wearing black bear skins with red cockade, black cloth coats hung with white and silver trimmings and tassels, silver epaulettes and snowy white cloth trousers with patent leather spurred top boots. The church was decorated with red brocade hangings. The Chapel de la Pieta, first on the right, from which the Pope was to emerge, was surrounded by a body of Swiss guards who always accompany him whenever he appears in public. They were gorgeous in their snowy uniforms of striped black, yellow and red, with double white ruffs around the neck and white plumes falling over the helmet. A passageway up the central nave was reserved by wooden railings on each side, lined with two rows of the pontifical soldiers in their regimentals, and low hats with crimson cockades, bearing the gold badge of Leo XIII.

Patiently stood the closely packed throng, while many fainted and were borne away by the police into one of the four rooms placed at each corner called the "Chambres de Secours," where beds and appliances for illness were prepared and physicians in attendance. The basements of the columns, the holy-water fonts and every bench, settee or raised spot were occupied by the more fortunate mortals, who clung for hours to these vantage spots. Just before 9 A. M., the crowd within became so large that the doors were closed, and many were the disappointed ones who thronged the square without, all holding tickets

THE PONTIFICAL PROCESSION.

and vainly petitioning for entrance. It was estimated that 10,000 were thus left outside.

At half-past nine the procession descended from the Vatican and commenced to form in the Chapel de la Pieta. At a quarter before ten o'clock the red curtains were drawn aside, the famous silver trumpets gave out a blast of triumph from far up in the gallery over the central door, and the pageant slowly entered the body of the church, turning to the right up the central aisle. The Pope's choir of the Sistine chapel intoned a rich anthem, and a murmur of emotion passed over the throng of people.

First entered the Roman princes, representatives of the first nobility of Italy, the Pope's men of honor who are attached to the pontifical throne, and always attend on State occasions.

Next marched a detachment of the Swiss Guards ; then came the Knights of Malta, the diplomatic body and foreign ambassadors, all distinguished looking men. There were the Palatine prelates, the secret chamberlains, the College of the Patriarchs, archbishops and bishops, the domestic prelates, the masters of ceremony and the private chaplains, all dressed in richest gala attire. Then walked in stately file the Knights of the Sword and Cloak, all in black with velvet capes, knee breeches and white ruffs, with a gold chain around the neck. This is a secular order, and as its name signifies, it unites the laymen with the clerical. Their picturesque costumes were designed by Raphael. They were followed by monsignors and signors in purple robes, most of them fine-looking old men with white locks.

And now the Pope appeared, seated in regal state on a platform borne aloft on the shoulders of the pontifical gendarmes. He occupied the chair, which is of gold, richly carved, and was carried in with the oriental white feathered fans held upon either side. On his head was the silver miter or pointed crown, given to him by his Guardie Nobili. Clothed entirely in white corded silk, with vestments of magnificent solid gold embroidery (a gift of the Roman women of rank), white gloves and white slippers, he presented an imposing sight. The spectacle was grand and it was a splendid moment.

The immense crowd with one accord broke out into loud exclamations and applause. The cries of "Viva il Papa," "Viva Leo XIII.," "Long live our Pontiff," and so on, in all the European languages, rose and was swelled into an increasing volume, until nearly 80,000 voices were blended in a single roar of sound, which rose into the vast dome and re-echoed throughout its far-away recesses, returning to be caught up once more and repeated again and again. Handkerchiefs and hats were frantically waved, and many of the faithful wept tears of joy. The Pope looked well and smiled benignantly on his followers, raising his hand in benediction, while he turned first to one side, then the other. As the splendid cortége made slow and dignified progress up the nave, the roar of applause increased until the moment he reached the high altar, when it was truly deafening. He then descended from the chair, and began high mass, when silence fell upon the multitude at once.

The scene in the vicinity of the high altar was most impressive. The altar is just under the huge dome and is covered with the imposing bronze canopy, borne by four richly gilded spiral columns. It was designed by Bermine and constructed in 1633, chiefly from bronze taken from the Pantheon. It weighs ninety-three tons and is ninety-five feet in height. The high alter under it, consecrated in 1594, was draped with a white silk altar-cloth embroidered richly in gold, and was profusely decorated with flowers, as was the confessio behind it. All around in the vicinity were the reserved seats occupied by most distinguished personages.

Under an altar the Pope's relations were seated in a private box. They were the Counts Camillo and Hudinico and Countess Uoroni with their families. Near by were the invited guests, heads of religious orders, Italian deputies and Senators. The vocal services commenced immediately and were rendered most beautifully by the choirs of the Sistine and Julia chapels, directed by their leaders, Unstafa and Ueluzzi. Voices of children united with the stronger tones of the men, and Signor Uoreschi, the "angel singer" of Rome, who has the most heavenly soprano voice in the world, added the exquisite tones of his charming music to the sweet melody which rose and blended in glorious harmony.

At one time during the mass the sound of chiming bells was heard without, and all the faithful fell upon

ST. PETER'S, ROME.

their knees in silent prayer. The scene was most impressive. After the prayer the bells rang out again, the Pope was reseated on the platform, and this time led the procession. The applause commenced once more, then a hush as the Pope stopped on this side of the altar in front of the great bronze statue of St. Peter and audibly uttered a benediction. Now the silver trumpets broke out in triumphant notes, and the singers chanted as the pageant slowly filed down the aisle again. As he passed out, the old man seemed quite feeble and scarcely able to raise his hand in blessing. If he had fasted before mass, as he is supposed to do, it is not surprising that he looked pale and faint, for it was a quarter to eleven o'clock when he left the church to enter the Vatican.

The throngs from the center of the church now commenced to press toward the exits, and, as they were narrow, the people were soon packed solid and jammed in a mass at the doors. For a time there seemed great danger of fatalities. The shrieks and cries of both men and women, as they were borne back into the church were far from pleasant to hear; but in an incredibly short time the edifice was cleared. The crowd of nearly 80,000 people had been handled in a masterly manner, and with few casualties to report. After the majority had left the building, one could advance close to the altar and admire at close range the floral decorations. The beautiful white marble statue of Pope Pius VI., in the confessio below the altar, rested on a rich carpet amid a mass of flowers, and eighty-eight golden lamps were burning around it.

Our attention was drawn to the crowd before the sitting statue of St. Peter. It is said to have been cast from the old bronze statue of Jupiter by Pope Leo the Great, and brought by Pope Paul V. from the Monastery of San Martino. It is of rude work-

manship, and when dressed up for high festivals, as on this occasion, it presents a ridiculous appearance. We approached still closer and beheld hundreds pressing forward to kiss in turn the great toe of its right foot, which is almost worn away by this attention of devotees. It was attired in lace and a red cape, embroidered with gold, with a diamond clasp. On the raised second finger was a gold and jeweled ring, and on the head a triple crown. This inanimate figure has a special attendant or valet to care for its personal appearance, attend to its robes, and dress it upon great occasions. It is safe to say that its great toe was pressed by 40,000 persons that day.

We wandered around the vast edifice, enjoying again the symmetry of its huge monuments, one of the most beautiful of which is that of Pope Clement XIII. (who died in 1769), by Canova. It is the sculptor's most famous work, and was uncovered April 4, 1795. Canova, wishing to hear the opinion of the assembled crowd, disguised himself as an abbe and mingled with them. It is needless to say that he was perfectly satisfied with their comments. Compared with some of the monuments in St. Peter's of earlier date, it shows the wonderful progress of art. Pope Clement is represented kneeling in prayer over the vault, the entrance to which is guarded by two lions couchant, one awake and one sleeping. The sleeping lion on the right is especially grand in its pose. Two statues are on either side—Religion with a cross, and the Genius of Death, holding a reversed torch.

As we neared the exit we were tempted to turn aside to the Chapel de la Pieta, where all the processions of the day had formed, and which is one of the most famous in the church. It contains a column, which is supposed to have been brought from the temple at Jerusalem ; also, an early Christian

THE THRONE.

sarcophagus on which is inscribed an epitaph to the memory of Junius Bassus who was prefect of Rome centuries ago. But its principal claim to our attention is Michael Angelo's world-renowned work made by the master in 1498. It is one of his most exquisite and greatest masterpieces, and on the belt of the virgin he has chiseled his name. Death and grief are here portrayed but do not detract from the ideal perfection and beauty of the whole conception. The mother is young, but her sweet, sad face tells of sorrow patiently borne, while the figure of Christ looks almost youthful in its gracefully natural pose.

Leaving the church, we cross the square past the great colonnade of Doric columns, past the obelisk of ancient fame brought to Rome from Heliopolis by Caligula, and past the beautiful fountains which send their streams far aloft in a silvery spray; and looking back on the Vatican palace, we cannot but experience a feeling of pity for the feeble old man within. Solitary and lonely his life must be. Alone must he eat his daily meals. No domestic ties and their accruing pleasures gladden his life, but within those four walls he will spend the few remaining years of his fast-fading life, varied only by daily exercise in the gardens, and an occasional public appearance in St. Peter's.

INSPIRATION.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Not like a daring, bold, aggressive boy,
Is Inspiration, eager to pursue;
But rather like a maiden, fond, yet coy,
Who gives herself to him who best doth woo.

Once she may smile, or thrice, thy soul to fire
In passing by; but when she turns her face
Thou must persist and seek her with desire,
If thou wouldst win the favor of her grace.

And if, like some winged bird, she cleaves the air,
And leaves thee spent and stricken on the earth,
Still must thou strive to follow even there
That she may know thy valor, and thy worth.

Then shall she come, unveiling all her charms,
Giving thee joy for pain, and smiles for tears,
And thou shalt clasp her in thy longing arms
The while she murmurs music in thine ears.

But, ere her kiss has faded from thy cheek,
She shall flee from thee over hill and glade,
And thou must seek—aye, ever seek and seek—
For each new conquest of this phantom maid.

FIG. 1—STOOL IN CLAY.

EARLY ART IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN RICHARDSON.

IN the ancient graveyards of the Chiriquians have been found numerous specimens of various mechanical arts as practiced by these bygone people. Objects of stone, clay, gold and copper have been discovered in their tombs in considerable quantities and they represent an interesting variety of ornaments, utensils, and implements.

We have stone axes and celts of every description, all beautifully finished and belonging to the highest plane of Stone Age art; spearheads and arrow points of hard, dark tufa; innumerable specimens of pottery and terra cotta ware, ornamented with life forms and painted designs; we have spindle-wheels, needle-cases, stools, statuettes, mealing stones, drums, rattles and whistles; and we have a great variety of little ornaments and idols in gold and in alloys of gold and copper, all displaying a great advance in art.

Nearly all of these relics are found in the remarkable graves constructed by the ancient inhabitants of the province, and but for the contents of those tombs our knowledge of Chiriquian art would be next to zero. Of their architecture, their system of agriculture, and of their textile art we know literally nothing. They have left no monuments, no ruins of temples or buildings to throw light upon their domestic habits or religious customs and no recording hieroglyphics of any importance to puzzle the archæologist.*

These archaic sepulchres vary considerably in shape and occur in groups of particular forms. There are oval tombs, quadrangular tombs, and compound cists. Illustration, figure 3, shows the section of a grave pit. These pits vary in depth from four and one-half to six feet and from three to four feet in their greatest diameter. It will be observed that a wall of stonework lines the lower part of the pit, and from the top of this the space is closely packed with rounded river stones and earth. The quadrangular graves were constructed in two ways, one variety in a manner almost identical with the mode of construction employed in the oval form. Graves of this class have been discovered

*Pictured rocks, however, are mentioned by Seemann, McNiel and Pinart; and stones covered with allegorical designs are stated by M. De Zeltner to have been often met with in certain tombs. Several authors, moreover, speak of sculptured stone columns, none of which, however, have been found in place.

having a depth of six feet. In the quadrangular class a pit four feet by six and a half feet was sunk to the depth of three feet; below this a smaller pit about two feet deep was cut, leaving an offset or terrace eight or ten inches wide. The smaller pit was lined with flat stones placed on edge. In this lower excavation the human remains and relics were placed and secured from injury under the pressure of the superincumbent mass by flat stones resting upon the terrace.

M. De Zeltner, French Consul at Panama, 1860, describes another variety, very extraordinary in construction. Near the surface of the ground a paving of river stones, occupying an area of ten feet by thirteen feet with a depth of about two feet, covered the mouth of a main quadrangular pit which was six or seven feet deep. In the corners of this pit were pillars of cobblestones which probably assisted in supporting the pavement. At the bottom of the pit a shaft was sunk by which descent was made into an ellipsoidal excavation on the floor of which were deposited the human remains and most of the relics found in the tomb. The mouth of the shaft was covered with a paving two and one-half feet by three feet in horizontal dimensions, and the chamber underneath was about six feet by nine feet in its widest horizontal dimensions, and between four and five feet deep. The total depth of the excavations was about eighteen feet, and their construction was a piece of work of no small achievement for a barbarous people.

FIG. 2—LOST COLOR BOTTLE.

It must be mentioned that the explorer and collector, Mr. J. A. McNiel, is inclined to doubt the accounts given by De Zeltner and others of the form of this compound cist. McNiel certainly examined more of the Chiriquian tombs than any other white man, having carried on his explorations for a number of years, and he describes the grave pits as being of oval and quadrangular form, and varying in depth from a few feet to eighteen feet. But the fact that he was not fortunate enough to come across an example of this variety should rather be regarded as a proof of the rarity of the compound cist than as justifiable grounds for discrediting the observations of brother laborers in the same field.

While on the subject of these interesting cemeteries, it should be stated that the flat stones which were used to cover the cists are often ten to fifteen feet below the surface of the ground, and in some cases weigh over three hundred pounds. In instances a single stone is large enough to cover the mouth of the cist, though more frequently two or more stones are laid side by side over the cavity. Mr. McNiel is of opinion that both the slats and the bowlders used in constructing the side walls were in many cases brought from places at great distances from the sepulchres.

There being no monuments over these hidden graves, and very rarely any surface indication whatever to mark their subterranean positions, it may be thought that it would be extremely difficult to discover

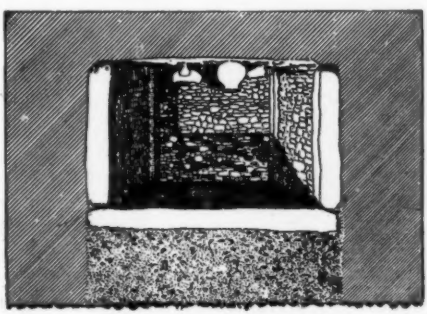


FIG. 3—GRAVE WITH PILLARS.

them. Experience, however, has made successful search for them a comparatively easy task. Such is the nature of the deep alluvial and light vegetable surface soil in Chiriqui that the grave-hunter only needs the assistance of a thin iron rod to make his discoveries. By running it into the ground, if it comes in contact with any hard substance he knows at once that he is standing over one of these prehistoric tombs. With this preliminary account of the prehistoric graveyards of Chiriqui, we will proceed to consider the degree of art to which the ancient inhabitants reached, as made known to ethnologists by the relics discovered in their tombs.

A study of the earthenware of this province leads to the conclusion that it exhibits the highest order of development of the ceramic art in America. No group of American ware displays a greater amount of skill in manipulation, a higher æsthetic taste, or a deeper appreciation of beauty of form. The specimens of this pottery seem to have been buried with the dead, or cast into the grave with the earth and stones with which it was filled, little regularity being observed in the position of the vessels. The number of such relics found in a grave sometimes amounted to twenty, the average, however, being about three or four; all of them bear evidence of a high degree of skill on the part of the potter. The precise methods of manipulation are not easily detected, but so symmetrical and graceful are the shapes of the vessels that the archæologist is almost led to suspect that mechanical devices were employed in the manufacture. It is, however, impossible to detect the use of either the wheel or molds. The keen appreciation in which grace of form was held by the Chiriquian potter is made apparent by the shapes of the vases presented in figures 2 and 12, the lines of which could hardly be improved upon.

The forms of these vessels and vases when divested of their extraneous features, whether ornamental or functional, may be divided into five classes, each marking a corresponding progressive stage in art. First, the simple shallow cup or dish; second, the hemispherical bowl; third, the deep basin with slightly incurved rim; fourth, the globular form; and fifth, the elongated. Occasionally, but rarely, an eccentric variation from these five classes occurs, namely, a flat-bottomed vessel in the form of a hemisphere, the plane of section forming the base, and a rather narrow orifice opening on the convex summit. From these typical forms complex and compound shapes were derived, the former being modifications of them and the latter the result of the union of two or more simple forms. These are comparatively rare.

While in grace of form and fineness of finish the Chiriquian ware is surpassed by that of no other primitive race, in a decorative point of view it displays a degree of culture inferior to that acquired by some more northern tribes. Pretty evenly divided into the two general classes of plastic relief and

FIG. 4—TRIPOD VASE, WITH ALLIGATOR DECORATION.

the flat or painted form, the ornamentation presents decided individuality. The latter class is divided by Holmes into nine different varieties, each group being designated by a name sufficiently suggestive of its distinctive character, as, for instance, the lost color group, the alligator group, the polychrome group. It is not, however, the painted decorations of the Chiriquian ware that we are going to make the special subject of this article, but rather the relief ornamentation, which was executed in plastic clay and displays an exuberance of fancy and wildness of imagination, and the grotesque wedlock of incongruous designs that afford the ethnologist an insight into the mental characteristics of the ancient Chiriquians.

FIG. 5—FISH VASE.

Plastic decoration embraced a very large number of animal forms, including the human figure which was usually treated in a grotesque manner. The number of species of animals that served as the artist's model was very large, those which more frequently appear being the crocodile, puma, armadillo, monkey, crab, frog, lizard, scorpion, snake and fish. The grotesque representations of men and animals and the unsystematic nature of the work point to the fact that this branch, at any rate, of the primeval Isthmian's art was not serious. These ornamental figures, some of minute size, were constructed separately, as also were the handles, legs and bases of ves sels, and were then *luted* on with such skill that the most delicate forms were not injured by the process, the irregularities of juncture being then carefully worked down. The figures were usually attached to the legs and handles of vessels, or were set upon the shoulders. Sometimes they formed parts of legs and handles and sometimes performed that function entirely. With regard to the human form, favorite subjects were doleful little figures in a squatting posture and indicating various emotions under grotesque expressions. It is hard to believe that the artist who designed some of them did not intend to represent a sufferer from bilious headache.

FIG. 6—TRIPOD VASE.

There is but a step from the grotesque to the monstrous, and the Chiriquians did not fail to give loose rein to their fancy and produce designs of horrible creatures and unnatural beings. In some the limbs of a human body are transformed into serpents which writhe and crawl about the person of the abnormity. Hardly

anything could be imagined more horrible than such mal-formations, and hopelessness and agony are thoroughly depicted on the human countenances. Figure 1, though classified as grotesque, is hideous, and serves to mark the stride into the region of the monstrous.

Among the relics are found representations of a creature having a trunk-like snout. "Such a form," remarks Mr. Holmes, "discovered in the earlier days of archæologic investigation would probably have given rise to many surmises as to the con-

FIG. 7—BASALT STOOL.

temporaneous existence of the elephant in Chiriqui. In reality the original was probably some unassuming little inhabitant of the Isthmian jungles." I would suggest that the tapir or dante was the creature from which the ancient artist derived his idea, the proboscis of that shy nocturnal animal being sufficiently developed to supply aboriginal tendency to exaggeration with all the necessary suggestion of a full-grown elephantine trunk. The monkey was another favorite animal with the potter, and it is represented in all kinds of attitudes and postures, figure 8.

A remarkable specimen in illustration of the legs of vessels being modeled to represent animal forms is given in figure 11. "Two rudely modeled, semihuman, grotesque figures are affixed to the under surface of the bowl, supporting it with their backs. The legs of these figures are spread out horizontally, so that a firm support is obtained. The periphery of the body of this vessel is encircled by a number of nodes and noded projections, which represent the heads, tails and spines of two crab-like animals. The heads, with arms attached, appear at the right and left, and the tails occur at the front and back, just over the heads of the supporting figures. The use of this crab in this way is quite common."

A most interesting and striking variety of leg-supported vessels is the tripod group. The legs of this class of ware are, for the most part, modeled after the forms of animals, that of the fish prevailing over those of all other creatures, while the human form rarely appears. The bodies of the supporting animals are hollow and contain pellets of clay ranging in number from one to a dozen or more; and in order that these pellets may be seen as well as clearly heard, slits are cut in different parts of the body or along its entire length. A fine speci-

men of this class of earthenware is illustrated in figure 6. It is of the fish-legged type, is of most graceful form and is finely finished and embellished. "The handles are formed of twisted fillets or ropes of clay and a narrow, incised, rope-like band encircles the neck, and alternating with the handles are two scrolls neatly formed of small round ropes of clay. The fishes forming the legs are very simple. The mouth at the apex is formed by laying on an oblong loop of clay, and the eyes are represented by two round pellets set into the soft clay of the head and indented with a slit that gives to them the exact appearance of screwheads. A pair of fins — small incised cones—is placed at the sides of the head and another at the sides of the body. The cavity contains a single ball of clay and the slit is long and wide."

FIG. 8—APE IN CLAY.

Another remarkably fine specimen of the tripod vessel is thus described by Mr. Holmes: "The figure is beautifully modeled, is symmetrical, and has a flaring rim, rounded and polished on the upper surface and drooping slightly at the outer margin. The body is hemispherical and is supported by three grotesque anthropomorphic figures that strongly remind us of the "mud head" masks used in one of the dances of the Zuñi Indians. The head is a rounded ball upon which pellets of clay are stuck to represent the features. The arms are against the sides of the body, as in other Isthmian specimens, the hips are excessively large, the legs straight, and the feet small and united to form the foot of the vessel. Nearly the entire surface is finished in a dark purplish red paint, which appears to have been polished down as a slip."

We will close this article with reference to a class of objects which is a puzzle to archæologists. Mr. Holmes, for lack of a better classification, has named them stools or seats. They appear both carved out of stone (see figures 1 and 7) and manufactured in clay. That they were not used as metates, *mealing* stones, is evident from their circular plate, marginal rim, and absence of signs of use in those fashioned out of stone, while the softness and fragility of those made out of clay would render them quite useless for the purpose of grinding maize and seeds upon them. Indeed the earthenware specimens are too slight and

FIG. 9—DISH.

FIG. 10—DOUBLE VASE.

FIG. 11—DECORATED DISH.

FIG. 12—DOUBLE NECKED VASE.

fragile to be used as ordinary seats, and Mr. Holmes is inclined to believe that they served some purpose in religious rites, possibly as supports for vases or idols, or as altars for offerings.

They are uniform in construction and general conformation, and reference to the illustrations will establish the identity in design and purpose of the stone and earthenware articles. A circular plate is supported by circular vertical walls, or by figures which rest upon a strong circular base. The plate is slightly concave, and its margin is usually embellished with an ornamental cornice of grotesque heads.

The specimen illustrated in figure 1 exhibits the Chiriquian favorite method of construction, that is to say, the modeling of the different parts separately, the object then being constructed piece-meal, each most important part being first set in position. In this specimen three grotesque figures with hideous faces alternate with the same number of flat columns ornamented with uncouth figures of alligators. The cornice which embellishes the rim of the plate contains eighteen grotesque, monkey-like heads which occupy the spaces of the margin of the plate which intervene between the heads of the anthropomorphic supports.

The stone specimen here represented is carved out of a piece of basaltic tufa. It is ten inches in diameter at the top and six inches in height. Around the margin of the plate is carved an ornamental band over an inch in width. The supports which connect the plate with the annular base consist of two elaborately carved figures of the monkey which alternate with two sections of trellis work finely executed.

The earthenware objects of this group are among the most elaborate products of Chiriquian art. Their dimensions vary from ten and one-fourth inches in diameter of the plate to seven and one-half inches in the smallest specimens. Six inches is the usual height of these puzzling relics of antiquity.

While the National Museum from the specimens in which, these illustrations are taken, possesses a fine and varied collection, it is doubtless true that a vast amount of ethnologic treasure still remains undiscovered, and will repay the work of future investigators. It is to be lamented that so many of these collections are leaving the West. It is fitting that the National Museum should have fine and repre-

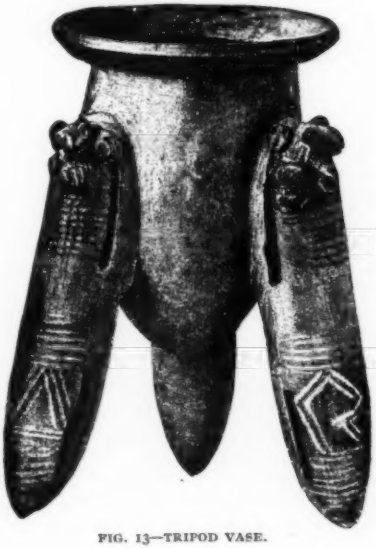


FIG. 13—TRIPOD VASE.

sentative collections, but the West is growing and cities like Los Angeles and San Francisco need fine collection as adjuncts to their public school system. The people of the West cannot all go East to study the native races, and in this connection it is urged that the fine collections of antiquities being made in the West be kept here. The well-known collections of H. N. Rust of Los Angeles County has recently been sold to an Eastern gentleman when by rlghts, it should have been bought by some wealthy Los Angeles philanthropist and deposited in a local museum to be used by educators. When California and the West awakes, all treasures of this nature will have taken golden wings.

FIG. 14—TRIPOD, WITH HUMAN FIGURES.

POET'S PLEASURE.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

There is a pleasure known to poets well;
A pausing in the glow of some fine thought
Divined all suddenly, the spirit fraught
With wonderment; uncertain 'neath the spell
Of various beauty: Oft the sun will tell
Hours ere the rapt one yields him to be wrought
Away to effort; ere the voice be sought
And into echoing words the thought compel
It is the pleasure that the bright bee feels,
When, wandering far on an elysian day,
He sights a hidden flower, and darts and wheels
About the nodding blossom as he may,
Ere deep into its bosom's depth he steals
To bear the wealth of honey all away.

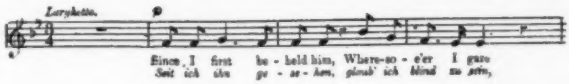
WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.*

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

SINCE the time I saw him
Blind I seem to be;
Wheresoe'er I look now
Him alone I see.
As 't were in a day-dream,
Floats his image nigh:
Springs from deepest darkness,
Brighter still on high.

All beside is dreary,
Wheresoe'er I turn;
For my sports with sisters
I no longer yearn,—
Rather would I, weeping,
To my chamber flee.
Since the time I saw him
Blind I seem to be.

*Translated from the German in the original metres by Frank V. McDonald.


Larghetto.
Since I first be - held him, Where-so - e'er I gaze
Seit ich ihn ge - se - hen, glaub' ich blind zu sein,

He of all, the best, the noblest,—
O, how mild! and O, how kind!
Gracious lips and eye clear sparkling,
Courage firm, and steadfast mind.

Just as in that deep blue vastness
Light and lordly yon fair star,
E'en so he in my bright heaven,
Light and lordly, high and far.

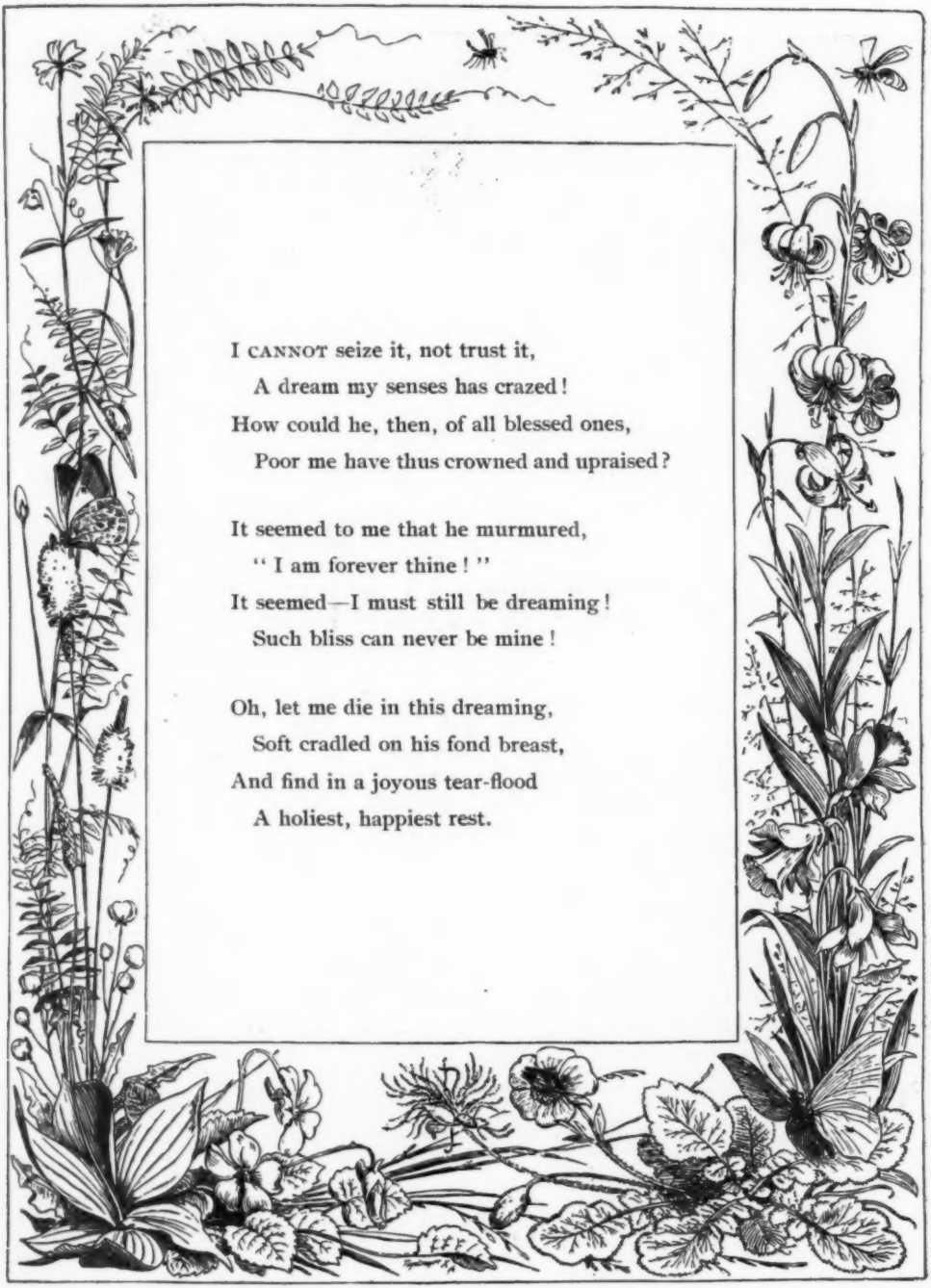
Wander, wander on thy pathway!
Only thy bright gleam to see,
Worshipful and humbly gazing,
Only sad, yet blissful be.

Hear thou not my silent praying,
Consecrated to thy weal.
Must not know me, humble maiden,
O my star, my high ideal!

Only she, of all most worthy,
Shall be honored by thy choice.
And I, too, shall bless that fair one,
Bless and thousand times rejoice.

Yea, rejoice I shall, and weep, too:
Happy, happy then my lot.
Should my heart e'en break therefrom, then
Break, sad heart; it matters not.

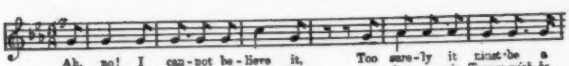
Allegro.
He, more knight-ly than the
Er, der Herr-lich-ste von

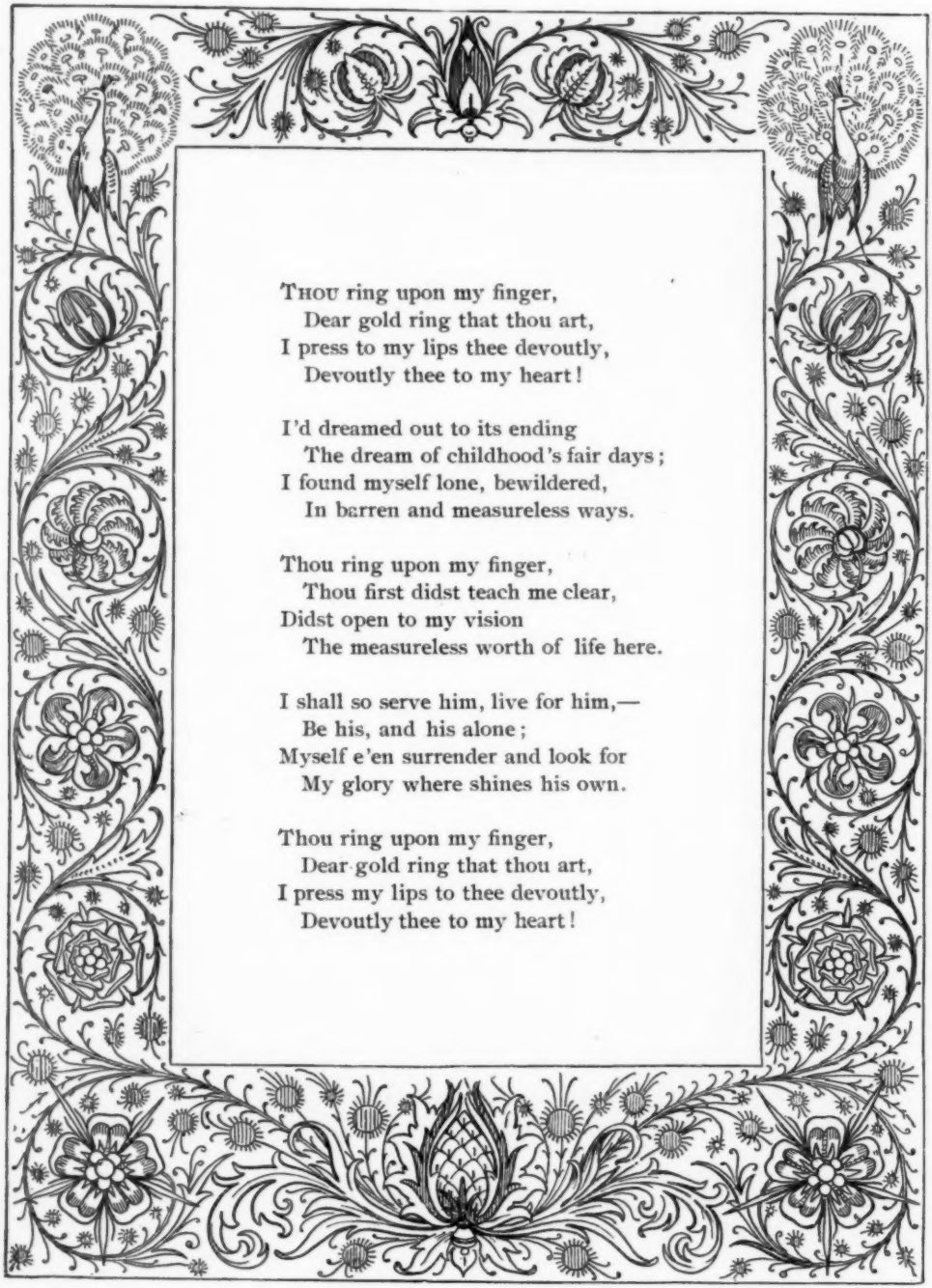


I CANNOT seize it, not trust it,
A dream my senses has crazed!
How could he, then, of all blessed ones,
Poor me have thus crowned and upraised?

It seemed to me that he murmured,
"I am forever thine!"
It seemed—I must still be dreaming!
Such bliss can never be mine!

Oh, let me die in this dreaming,
Soft cradled on his fond breast,
And find in a joyous tear-flood
A holiest, happiest rest.


Ah, no! I can-not be-lieve it, Too sure-ly it cannot be a
Ich kann's nicht glau-ben, nicht glau-ben es ist sein Traum nicht da



THOU ring upon my finger,
Dear gold ring that thou art,
I press to my lips thee devoutly,
Devoutly thee to my heart!

I'd dreamed out to its ending
The dream of childhood's fair days;
I found myself lone, bewildered,
In barren and measureless ways.

Thou ring upon my finger,
Thou first didst teach me clear,
Didst open to my vision
The measureless worth of life here.

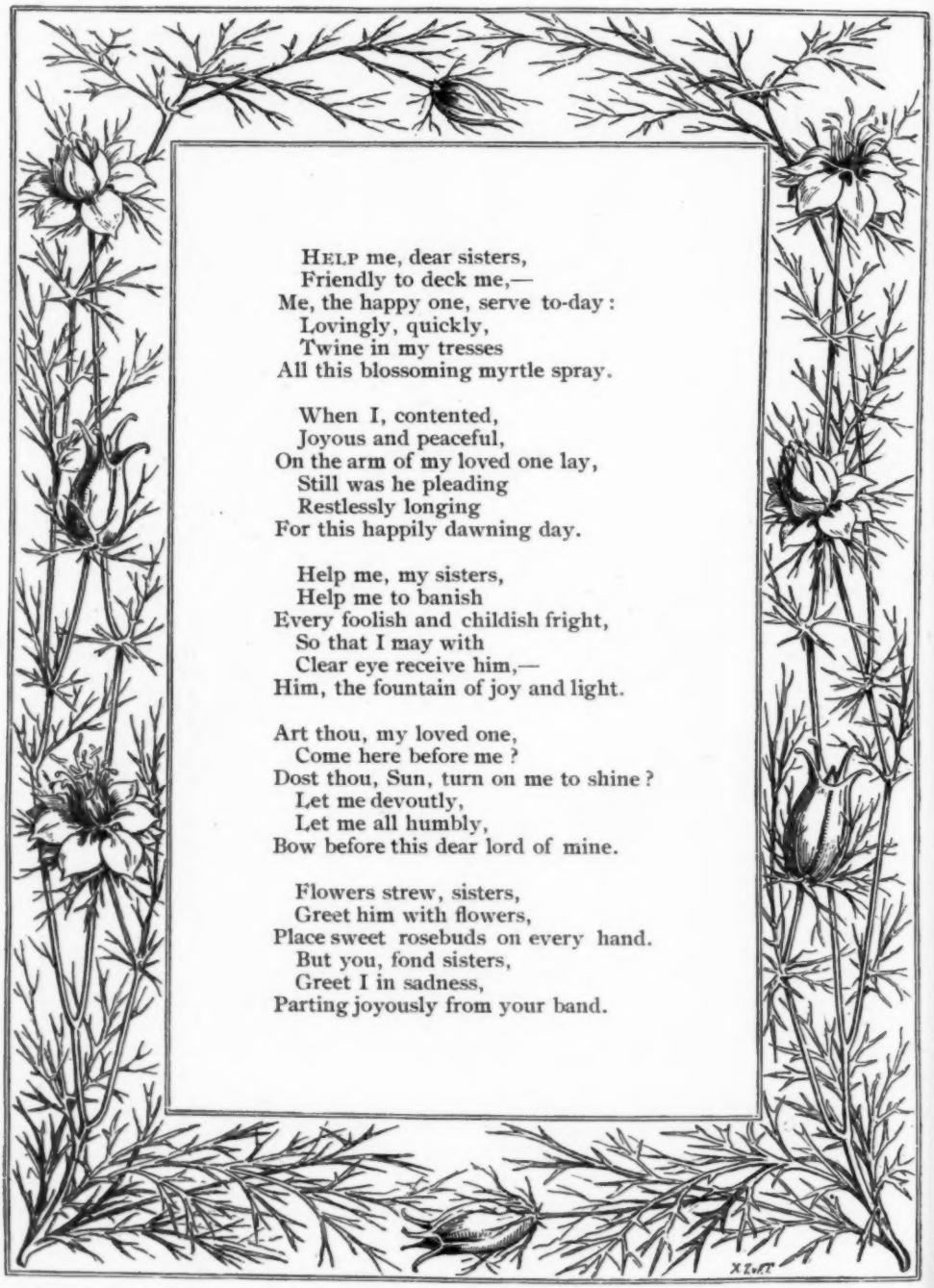
I shall so serve him, live for him,—
Be his, and his alone;
Myself e'en surrender and look for
My glory where shines his own.

Thou ring upon my finger,
Dear gold ring that thou art,
I press my lips to thee devoutly,
Devoutly thee to my heart!

f Con fuoco.

Thou ring up-on my fin - - - ger, Thou ring of spark - ling

Du Ring an mei - nem Fin - - - ger, mein gu - ldnes Fun - ke



HELP me, dear sisters,
Friendly to deck me,—
Me, the happy one, serve to-day:
Lovingly, quickly,
Twine in my tresses
All this blossoming myrtle spray.

When I, contented,
Joyous and peaceful,
On the arm of my loved one lay,
Still was he pleading
Restlessly longing
For this happily dawning day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me to banish
Every foolish and childish fright,
So that I may with
Clear eye receive him,—
Him, the fountain of joy and light.

Art thou, my loved one,
Come here before me?
Dost thou, Sun, turn on me to shine?
Let me devoutly,
Let me all humbly,
Bow before this dear lord of mine.

Flowers strew, sisters,
Greet him with flowers,
Place sweet rosebuds on every hand.
But you, fond sisters,
Greet I in sadness,
Parting joyously from your band.

Allegro assai.
·mf
Dear lov · ing sis · ters
Helft mir, ihr Schwe · stern,

A SUBMARINE CHRISTMAS.

BY THEODORE R. CALDWELL.

FINALLY the annual dinner of the Biological Society of Washington ended and I was enjoying the welcome of a big grate fire after a tramp through the rapidly drifting snow when the door bell rang and the following telegram was handed me:

AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND, LOS ANGELES COUNTY., via San Pedro,
Dec. 6th, 1892.

The *Squid* a perfect success. Expect you by Christmas. VAN REED.

Van Reed was an old scientific friend whom I had met in Germany years before, and while on a visit at my home in Washington, he had unfolded a plan which he had conceived of navigating the greater depths of the ocean. We had discussed the designs of his submarine boat night after night, and finally he had gone to the Pacific Coast a year previous to superintend the construction of the craft which was to astonish the scientific world. The boat had been completed some weeks, and Van Reed had taken her to Catalina Island, California, for his experiment, where I had promised to join him for the trip, providing he was successful.

This very night my colleagues had been discussing the subject of the deep sea, depicting its wonders with the aid of drawings made directly from the charts and sketches of the investigators on the *Albatross*, who had spent months in dredging in deep water, and here was the possibility of personal investigation. My answer, "Start at once," was sent flashing across the continent, and the next day I was following it, bound for the island of Catalina.

We left winter in New Mexico, entered the paradise of palms and orange groves of Southern California, and in less than a week from the receipt of the telegram, I stepped out of the train at San Pedro and was greeted by Van Reed who, as we crossed the channel to the island, unfolded the wonderful results he had accomplished.

"I took breakfast this morning, my dear boy," he said, slapping me on the back, "with 200 feet of water overhead," and his good-natured red face beamed with enthusiasm. "In short, the boat is a complete success, and I promise you a stroll on the floor of the Pacific, three miles down, on Christmas morning. My design for overcoming pressure has been carried out and I see no reason why we may not visit the deepest and most abysmal regions of the ocean."

"And freeze to death," I suggested, thinking of thermometric experiments that showed the deep-sea temperature to be just above freezing

"No trouble about that," replied Van Reed, "I have arranged a little device that will obviate that difficulty."

In the meantime we were nearing the island—a lofty range of mountains rising from the sea about sixty miles off shore, which, as we approached the little bay of Avalon, cast rich green shadows into the clear water—a

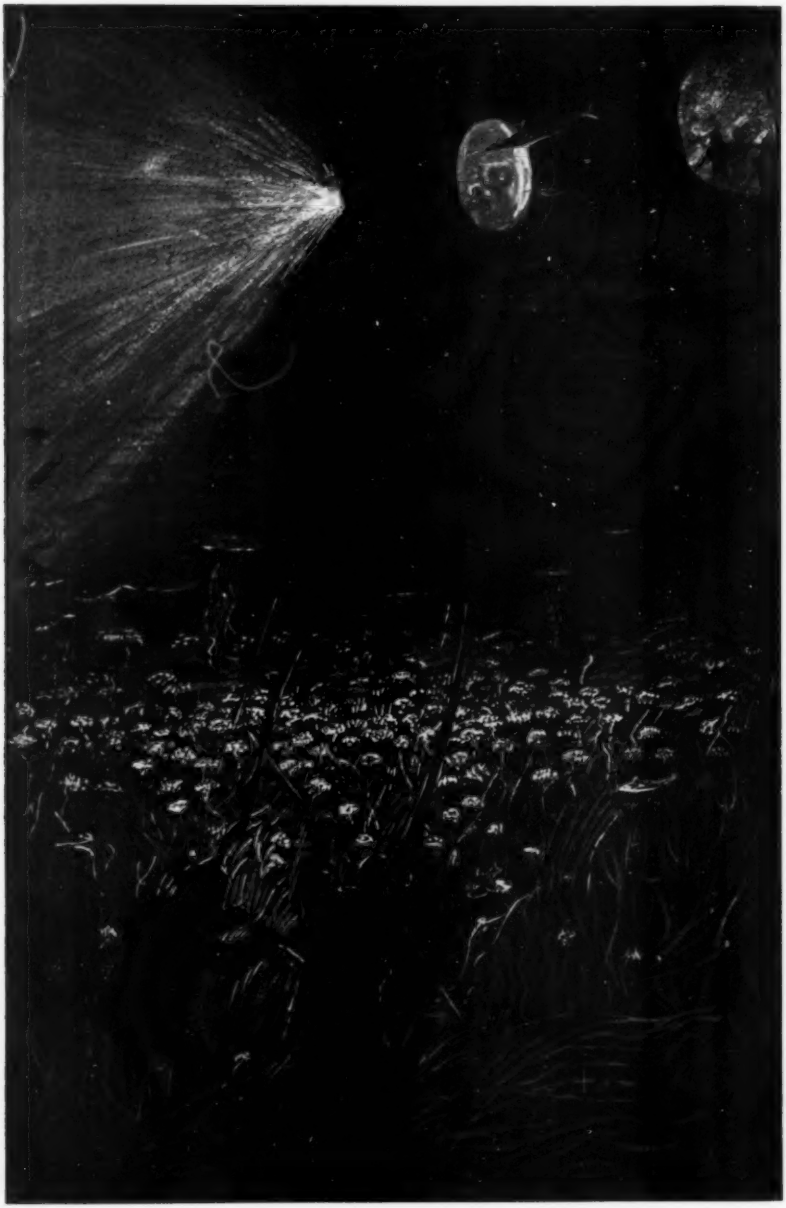
most entrancing spectacle to me, just from the snow banks of the East. The steamer landed us at the dock at Avalon, and the first object that caught my eye was a long cigar-like boat lying near shore, her big glass eyes glistening like those of an Ichthyosaurus.

Every attempt has been made to keep the true nature of the craft a secret, and it was generally believed on the island that she was a government torpedo boat down from the iron works on a trial trip.

"Isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed Van Reed as we pulled out to her. "She has all the lines of a fish and not a little of their staying powers under water."

The *Squid* was about one hundred feet in length, slender and narrow, floating on the surface, showing two big glass windows, one on either side of the bow, while on each side amidships I could see another at least ten feet across. The back of the boat was about a foot out of the water and looked like that of a whale; but as

"THE BOW GENTLY TURNED DOWN AND WE SHOT INTO THE RICH GREEN DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN."



"THE LONG STEMS WOUND AROUND OUR LEGS AND ENCUMBERED OUR ARMS."

we stepped aboard I saw a hatch open and going below, found myself in as cosy a cabin as any yacht could boast.

"Here we are," down among the mermaids," said Van Reed, passing me a box of cigars and a decanter of sherry, "yet with all the comforts of home."

"So she is a success?" I queried.

"A perfect success," replied my enthusiastic friend. "I have been running about here for a week and she works like a charm. I can lie at the surface, or deep beneath it; can steam or rather electrate along at any depth, and so adjust her that she will remain in any position; in fact she is a perfect squid, as you shall see." Suiting the action to the word, he touched a button and in a few moments the boat moved gently out from her moorings.

We were sitting in what was used as a library and chart room, facing the big window which was almost entirely submerged; and as we moved along, small fishes and various marine objects were as visible and distinct as though we had been in the water; indeed, I could only compare it to looking into the big tank of the Brighton, England, aquarium, which I had visited some years before.

"Yes, this is the way to study marine zoology," said Van Reed, anticipating my thoughts, "especially the fishes. I am preparing to write a book on their habits. I sink the *Squid* in a good place, turn on the searchlight, and while sitting here make my sketches from nature."

Van Reed now took me over the vessel; showed me the wonderful machinery and modern appliances, and gave me suggestions as to her qualities. The motive power was electricity stored in batteries. By an ingenious device the propeller acted as a rudder; there being two, one at the stern to dip, and one on the keel to lift perpendicularly, the vessel being in this way under perfect control. She was manned by a crew of four, and by an arrangement entailing compressed air, could make a trip of twelve hours beneath the water. The helmsman sat on a low turret on the bow that projected slightly above the deck, a large glass eye giving him a wide range of vision. Each man was provided with a wonderful diving suit capable of resisting pressure at a depth of four miles beneath the surface and each armor had a telephone attached so that by simply turning the head, the wearer could talk with the *Squid* which acted as "Central," and so with his companion. The boat was provided with powerful search lights, a complete, scientific apparatus, cameras, etc., as it was the ambitious inventor's desire to astonish the scientific world with photographs of life at a depth of several miles beneath the surface, where intense darkness reigned; where the pressure was sufficient to powder glass, and where the temperature was just above freezing. I possessed my share of the fervor of the enthusiast and was rarely satisfied if not engaged in the attainment of the unattainable; yet when I pictured myself taking this stupendous dive of four miles into the unknown, this land beneath the sea, peopled with uncanny creatures, the skeletons of ships and men, I must say I faltered, but it was too late to demur; my luggage was aboard and we were off.

"I have found," said Van Reed, "that there is a very gradual sloping of the ocean off the Pacific Coast, and I know, from the results of the dredging of the *Albatross*, that we can go down to about 300 feet on the edge of a great basin, then walk down hill for three or four miles, and so gradually assume the increased pressure."

"About 210 feet is the deepest that a diver has ever attempted, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Van Reed, "but my new armor will resist anything. In any event, if an accident occurs I have invented a submarine parachute which, if the vessel is lost, rises to the surface at the end of three days

and floats away with the announcement of our discoveries and," added Van Reed with enthusiasm, "our death."

I could not but admire the ingenuousness of my friend who so readily took such chances in the cause of science. It was a charming spectacle, and I was undoubtedly fortunate in being a participant of his glory and renown.

We were rapidly rounding the south end of the island of Catalina and soon were speeding along in the direction of San Clemente. We now sighted a large steamer moving up the coast, which Van Reed said he would surprise. When we were within a mile of her he assumed the helm; the upper hatch was closed, the long cylinder air pipe taken in, and sitting in the pilot turret, I saw the *Squid* take her first dive beneath the sea. It was very neatly done; a touch upon an electric button, a turn of the marvelous "Van Reed propeller," and the bow gently turned down and we shot into the rich green depths of the ocean. When about ten feet from the surface a horizontal position was given the *Squid* and we sped rapidly on until alongside the steamer. Then Van Reed touched a spring; the stern became depressed and we shot out of the water, the bow protruding fifteen feet, then falling back to dip as we dived again beneath the waves. In the momentary glance, I observed the passengers rush to the side and saw their gestures of amazement as we passed by. The *Squid* crossed the bow of the steamer several times and with her big glass eyes through which we were looking must have created consternation among the crew and passengers. Van Reed now headed for the island, and when about a mile off shore he proposed a stroll on the ocean bottom. One of the crew took the helm and with the help of my friend I was soon equipped with a light aluminum armor. We now ascended the companion way and took our stations on the outer deck; had our long slender armor tubes attached and, when the water-tight hatch had been replaced, Van Reed gave the signal and the *Squid* settled beneath the water. It was my first experience in diving, and I was analyzing my varied and not unpleasant sensations, when "hello!" came through the telephone at my ear.

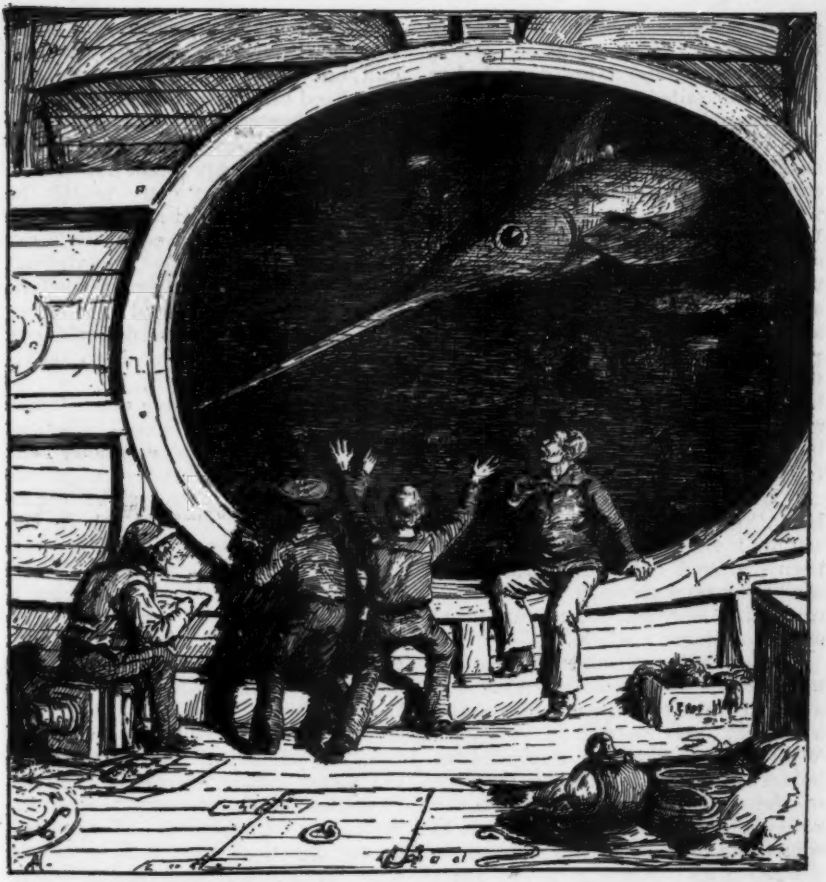
"We are now 300 feet down," said Van Reed; "deeper than a diver ever went before."

It was becoming perceptibly darker, but I did not experience the slightest difficulty from pressure, and as I was about to reply, "all ashore," came through the telephone, and looking down I saw in a great beam of light the bottom about ten feet below. We descended by rope ladders and landed on a ledge of rock covered with a rich growth of weed, and together moved along, with spears in hand, followed by the *Squid* which remained suspended directly above, providing us with air. It was a strange sensation, and the fact that I could converse with Van Reed made it all the more remarkable. As we entered a strip covered with hard white sand I suddenly felt his hand on my arm.

"Stop!" he shouted. I did as he requested, and made out in the gloom a strange bird-like figure moving by and over us.

"It is a giant ray, a *manta*," said Van Reed; if he fouls our tubes he might trouble us."

I thought of the patent parachute and shuddered as well as one could in an aluminum armor, but that moment the search light of the *Squid* was turned directly on the fish, which, alarmed, darted upward and away with the strange undulatory bird-like motion of its kind. It was at least seventeen feet across, and I distinctly saw the strange claspers about its mouth. We moved on, at times literally surrounded by fishes which seemed attracted by the electric search light and evidently thought us gigantic crabs. Crossing the sand spit we again found a rocky country covered



"IT STRUCK THE SIDE OF THE WINDOW SO POWERFUL A BLOW THAT THE VESSEL REELED."

with masses of deep red and purple sponges, delicate fronds of seaweed, brilliant-hued anemones, some of huge dimensions, while great abalones, whelks and other mollusks appeared in countless numbers. From beneath the rocks projected the serrated whips of cray fish and colossal crabs moved clumsily away. As I stood absorbed in this strange spectacle a message came from Van Reed to remain perfectly still. I did so and a gigantic fish, certainly weighing at least 400 pounds and looking like a black bass, moved by me. It was over five feet in length, of a rich chestnut color, and rolled its funny eyes at us as if wondering what we were.

"Its a jewfish," telephoned my companion. I could but admire the grace of its fins, which vibrated gracefully with a screw-like movement as the huge creature turned and advanced toward us, then dart away at an involuntary motion on my part, almost overturning me in the rush of waters.

Thinking that I had been below long enough for my initial trip, Van Reed telephoned me that we would return,

and we were soon aboard ship and at the surface. That night we lay at San Clemente, and a few days before Christmas sailed to the west and on Christmas day dived down upon what, Van Reed said, was the edge of a deep basin where we should find water several miles deep. Before descending we made a trial trip in deep water. While flying along 800 feet from the surface we were sitting by the big window watching the jelly fish, tunas and albicores as they darted by, when suddenly an enormous swordfish appeared; the next moment it struck the side of the window so powerful a blow with its sword that the vessel reeled as if she had received a death blow, and we were thrown headlong to the deck.

"If that had not been a glancing blow," said Van Reed, picking himself up, "I think the glass would have been shattered. These swordfish can send their rams through the solid oak of a ship's bottom. The brute probably took us for a whale."

We gradually settled to the bottom until water 1,000 feet in depth was attained, then the search light showed a hill and over this the *Squid* poised. With lances in hand, we descended the ladder and stepped out upon the floor of the ocean, looking down into the valley of the deep sea. There was something impressive in going out for a stroll with several miles of water over one's head, and when Van Reed called a "Merry Christmas" through the telephone I realized that such a Christmas was never before experienced by living human beings.

We moved gradually down a steep sandy hill, here and there dotted with small stones which I believed to have been meteoric. The water was illumined by the search light, and every few steps we ran into huge jelly fishes whose tentacles wound about us. These beautiful objects took on marvelous colors in the bright light, and their chaste and artistic shapes stood out in bold relief. To stand and look up under one of these jelly fish and watch its every pulsation was more than marvelous. Traveling was difficult, but we made good progress and Van Reed called to me that his aquameter indicated that we were a mile and a half below the surface. "If you did not have my armor on," called my companion, "you would be crushed to a jelly here. You are holding up a weight equal to a car loaded with pig iron." Yet I did not feel any inconvenience except a slight tightness about the throat. Walking gradually became more difficult, our lead-soled shoes sinking deep into a soft gelatinous mud.

"Its is the globigerina ooze;" and here is a forest of umbellaria," shouted Van Reed and I could distinctly hear the exultance in his voice as we stopped amazed at the sight before us. Imagine a cornfield where the stalks were slender as pipe stems, but six or eight feet in height and waving gently to and fro, the tops forming a flower-like series of blossoms. The long stems wound around our legs and encumbered our arms, and after a few steps we were literally floundering in the forest.

"Now I will show you a forest of fire," called Van Reed through the telephone. He telephoned to the *Squid* and in a moment the search light was extinguished, I expected to see darkness most intense as we were in an abysmal region where sunlight had never penetrated, but instead of darkness, the water appeared filled with lights, and the forest was literally a forest of fire. The tops of each umbellaria shone with a vivid phosphorescence, and stretching away into the vast unknown were myriads of lights. A more marvelous spectacle could hardly be realized and I was lost in wonder. We plunged on, every movement creating new splendors; the slightest wave of the hand was followed by a streak of fire—flashes of luminosity followed the pipes, while the *Squid* was outlined in radiance—a veritable fiery dragon ablaze with living lights.

The umbellaria forest occupied a belt about 1,000 feet across and, as we stumbled along plunging deeper and deeper in the ooze, we came upon an object which proved to be a wreck.

"ITS ARMS WERE THROWN ABOUT THE BOAT; ITS UNCANNY BLACK EYES GLOWING LIKE HUGE PLATES IN THE GLARE OF THE SEARCH LIGHTS."

Like a castle it loomed up, bedecked with lights, and as we drew near we saw that it was the hull of a large iron ship. The bow was buried in the globigerina ooze, the stern high, showing that the ship had dived headlong to its doom. We climbed aboard and sat upon the rail of the spectral craft. The hatches had burst away, and strange fishes swam about; curious creatures, cellular to their very tissue,

living sponges through which the water permeated, their only salvation in this land of enormous pressure. All these forms were light-givers. I recognized the forms as Plagiodus, Beryx, Chiasmodus taken by the *Albatross* and *Challenger*. Schools of Malacosteus darted by, bearing soft white lights upon the head, while many others which I did not recognize were luminous over the entire surface and looked like living coals. Several pelican fish, Eurypharynx with enormous pouch moved lightly away from my foot and the strange crab, Colossendeis, perched on high, stilt-like legs, was dislodged from the deck in numbers as we moved about. In the crevices glowed a luminous star fish which I recognized as a Brisinga, nearly every one being luminous.

"You see the deep sea is not the 'dark unfathomed' place it is supposed to be," called Van Reed through the telephone. "It is a very densely populated region, and each inhabitant carries its own light."

We could not find a name on the ship and so walked down her decks out into the ooze. We again went down hill rapidly, a blaze of light being everywhere. We made but slow progress, the mud being in places knee-deep. Strange forms of fishes, some like snakes, as Eustomius, others short and lumpish, started from the mud, and suddenly a gigantic shape at least seventy feet in length arose before us and wriggled off

"The sea-serpent, as I live," called Van Reed, as he fell against me blinded by the mud.

To my eyes it resembled a mosasaurus, as it was a gigantic serpentine shaped monster, with four paddles and long tail outlined in fire against the gloom.

"If we could capture that fellow, or even carry off his head," telephoned Van Reed, "we would immortalize ourselves."

I pictured in my mind how Mososaurus Caldwelli Marsh would look in the report of the Biological Society and wondered whether Cope would claim it as an old species, if Marsh described it, or vice versâ. We had evidently discovered the sea-serpent, but that we could capture so huge a creature was impossible, though Van Reed appeared to think otherwise.

"I am going to return to San Pedro," he telephoned, "have a huge trap made and bring one of these monsters to the surface and to the attention of the scientific world."

"Good!" I answered, and I confess eagerly, as I had begun to experience a strange nervous exhaltation that I did not fancy. We were moving toward the *Squid*, when, looking up, to my horror I saw a huge form wound about it, and the boat turned upon its side and evidently sinking or being dragged down. I endeavored to telephone Van Reed but the instrument would not work. I now saw that the object was a giant cuttle-fish (Architeuthis), a monster at least seventy feet in length. Its arms were thrown about the boat; its uncanny black eyes glowing like huge plates in the glare of the search lights; its long tentacles moving about our craft like snakes, and kindling the sleepy water into vivid phosphorescent flame, while the huge, bag-like body of the animal hung pendulous from its side. It was evidently entangled in the propeller and the boat was sinking into the ooze. Van Reed seized me by the arm and we stood fixed as statues, stunned with the horror of the situation. If the boat touched the ooze and sank into it, we were lost irrevrocably. Down it settled and we moved back insensibly to avoid the struggles of the monster that lashed the fiery water with its cup-lined arms. We could see the men looking out of the window, evidently paralyzed with fear. The boat sank lower, turned half over, giving our tubes a wrench which threw us down into the yielding ooze; a sense of suffocation, an ineffective attempt to scream, a feeling of unutterable

despair and then there came through the telephone, loudly but familiarly, "Theodore!" and I found my wife shaking my arm and expostulating against my screaming in my sleep. I had been dreaming. My library fire still blazed brightly, and Van Reed's Patent Submarine Parachute was not needed to carry the news of that Christmas experience.

THE ROMANCE OF FORT ROSS.

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THE missions of California have been exploited at such length and so loudly, so monotonously and impressively, that it is little wonder both native and tourist have accepted them as our only monuments of historical interest. And yet high on the northern coast, secluded in their fastness between the mountains and the sea, are "ruins" quite as significant and interesting as the crumbling adobe walls of San Diego and San Juan Capistrano.

Few there are who have not read (and recited!) Bret Harte's poem celebrating Concepcion Arguello, one of the most famous women of the old Californians. Fort Ross, whose brief eventful career is the subject of this paper, owed its birth and rise to the wisdom and executive genius of her lover. The great Russian fur company at Alaska being threatened with starvation during the long unproductive winters, its Governor, Alexander Rezânof, determined to establish a branch company on the fertile coasts of the Californias and supply the mother colony with the necessaries of life so richly yielded by the wild, beautiful dependence of Mexico. He accordingly visited San Francisco and held conference with Arguello, Commandante of the Presidio, and obtained reluctant consent to his scheme. But both demand and consent were mere formalities as Russian and Spaniard knew. The northern coast, where Rezânof proposed to colonize, was separated from the Spanish settlements by miles of almost impenetrable forest and valleys jealously guarded by Indians. No army would have reached Fort Ross in condition to fight. And although Mexico might bluster—as she did—she had other use for troops than to waste them on a small and friendly foe.

Meanwhile, Rezânof in love with the beautiful, vivacious daughter of the commandante, won her heart and her father's consent. The proposed union met with the approval of both Russians and Spanish, being regarded as a token of permanent peace; but although the peace was found to need no cementing, the lovers had no such pleasant destiny. Rezânof returning to St. Petersburg to lay his plans before the Czar and to obtain the royal consent to his marriage, was thrown from his horse and killed. Concepcion gave up the world as soon as the news was brought to her, retiring to a secluded room in the great De la Guerra mansion at Santa Barbara until the Monterenas erected a convent and asked her to be its abbess. To her went the daughters of the aristocratic families to be educated. The very old Californian women of the upper classes who are now dying off were all taught by her, and describe her as a calm sweet-faced woman, always gowned in a gray habit fastened at the throat with a cross.

But Rezânof's plans matured as rapidly as if directed by his own energetic hand. The Russians settled within the year on the spot he had chosen. They called the place Fort

Ross, from the same root as the word Russia, and established a branch colony a few miles below at Bodega Bay.

Fort Ross has been selected for its timber, its natural defences, the admirable farming land in its vicinity, the seals on its coast and the otters in its forest. That it was a spot of ideal beauty probably went for little in the selection, but was doubtless appreciated later on by the exiles, aristocratic and humble. A lofty mountain spiked thick with redwoods describes a semi-circle about three fertile tablelands each sloping gently to the one below; the lowest and finest ends with the cliffs. The cove so formed is about two miles wide and one deep at the midmost point; the mountain tapers at each end of the arc, looking as if extending long determined arms to grasp the cliffs and guard the spot between for whosoever should be wise enough to elect to dwell therein. The forests at dusk look like a black wall, nothing could be denser, darker, gloomier. As you approach a great wave of cold air rushes out to greet you, but if you venture within, there is beauty of fern and creek and rolling, wreathing fog, grandeur of aisle and silence to offset the chill and the gloom.

A few yards beyond the forest all is light and pastoral strangely mingled now with death and decay. Cows nibble at grass that the fog keeps green from winter to winter, the few modern buildings are simple and pleasing; but two tottering bastions, unlike anything in modern California, and a delapidated chapel of Greek architecture arrest the eye and arouse anger at the indifference of the owner; while on a lonely knoll between the forest and the gray ponderous ocean, flanked on either side by wild beautiful gulches, are fifty or more graves of dead and gone Russians, with not a line to preserve the ego, once so mighty. The rains have washed the mounds almost flat, thrown down the crosses, doubtless filled the graves. And in one of them a beautiful girl is said to sleep in a copper coffin.

The highest intelligence directed all that the Russians did. They erected a quadrilateral stockade of redwood beams pierced with embrasures for cannonades. At diagonal corners were graceful bastions furnished with cannon. Mounted cannon were at each of the four gates and a number were ranged about the plaza; sentries paced the ramparts. At the southeast corner was a Greek chapel, surmounted by cupola and cross, magnificent within; the pictures were in jeweled frames and the ornaments were of gold and silver. Since then it has been a stable, and to-day it is as decrepit as a man in his third childhood. It takes imagination to reconstruct it, dim and odorous with incense and filled with the music of its silver chimes.

The Governor's and officer's quarters were in a long low building, built of redwood logs and so skilfully constructed that it stands intact to-day. At right angles to it is another building of similar architecture which did duty as barracks. Granaries, storehouses—one with a cellar for treasure, so the story runs—an armory, a dance hall, were also within the enclosure; and without was the "town," a collection of some 800 huts occupied by Indians and Russians—the latter convicts for the most part—the servants of the company. On a cliff, across the gulch were the warehouses and conveniences for shipbuilding. Over the mountain, beyond the redwood forest, were the skilfully managed farms whose products amply justified Rezànof's judgment.

Secure in their fortress, the Russians were only menaced once. The slaves of the "town" caught and skinned the seals and otters with utmost precision; if they did not they were flogged; tradition has it that the more unruly were beheaded down on the rocks, the bodies thrown to the waiting devil-fish and crabs. The Governor, despite his exile, managed to

RUINS OF BASTION AT FORT ROSS.

pass the time very agreeably. When his duties did not absorb him, he could read French novels in his luxuriously furnished house, eat the viands his French cook prepared, and drink his delicate wines. In the forest were deer to hunt and bear to trap, and the fields ran wild with quail. When these imported and bucolic pleasures palled he sprang on his horse and rode down the coast to the Presidio of San Francisco where he was always royally welcomed by the Commandante, perchance he pushed on to Monterey, capital of the Californias, and as honored guest of the Governor, made merry with those gay, laughter-loving people of an Arcadian court life whose like the world has never seen.

It is not necessary to give further historical data of Fort Ross; all that can be found in Hittell and Bancroft. The object of this paper is to set forth what is preserved of its legend and romance.

Life at Fort Ross, save for the occasional *amour* of a Governor and an Indian maiden, was prosaic enough until the advent of the last Governor, Alexander Rotscheff and his beautiful bride, the Princess Helene de Gagarin. The latter was a blonde of the purest and most exquisite Russian type, brilliant, amiable, and the possessor of a Parisian wardrobe which made her bloom like an orchard in a desert. Fort Ross at once became gay as the court of Monterey. Cavalcades of Californians — the men in lace and silk and silver, gold embroidered serapes and silver on their gray sombreros, their horses trapped with silk and silver; the women gay in flowered silken gowns, the rebosa or mantilla draped about their graceful heads came sixty miles and often more to dance for a week in the halls of the Russians. During the day these indefatigable pleasure-seekers raced over the cliffs or wandered through the redwoods. On Sunday afternoons dinner

was served in the orchard, a large enclosure half way up the mountain ; a delightful spot with paths winding around and over the knolls, the cool, dark, musical forest curving about the sides, a glimpse of the ocean through the leafy branches of the fruit trees and a long summerhouse, gay with the colors of Russia, wherein was spread the feast.

Duftor de Inofras writes enthusiastically of the elegance and luxury of the Russians at this period. It certainly required both determination and brains to rise above the primitive meagre civilization. The Rotscheffs did everything that ingenuity could devise to make time pass ; they even had a swing in the plaza to which the Princess and her guests would run when all else failed, and command some Indian retainer to work his stalwart arms in their behalf. On national holidays certain men of the " town " were allowed to enter the gates and wrestle in the plaza for the benefit of the house party on the verandah, the officers and soldiers. Others wrestled on the cliffs to a humbler but no less appreciative audience. It is recorded that they even had fireworks which must have made that sombre spot infernal on a dark night.

During the long winter months, when the rains turned the forest into an impassable marsh, and swept, gray and cold and incessant over the tableland and the invisible booming ocean, the Princess Helene yawned in her luxurious drawingroom, strummed the piano or sought consolation in the French novel and the society of her handsome husband. But at best it was an unsatisfactory life for a brilliant and fashionable woman, and after the novelty wore thin she doubtless longed faithfully for Paris and Petersburg. Her exile lasted but a few years, happily, and towards its close was in the way of being rounded off by a climax of a highly exciting nature. Prince Solano, Chief of all the Sonoma Indians, saw her as she rode home from a great fête at General Vallejo's, and became promptly and mightily smitten with her blonde loveliness. He vowed he would have her in spite of the forty cannons of Fort Ross and forthwith summoned all the chiefs and tribes of the Mayacumas Range to his aid. He was a powerful and popular neighbor ; dusky battalions swarmed to his standard, and the plan of attack was laid before them. They would storm the Fort by night, spike with arrows all who resisted and in the height of the confusion, while flames leapt and smoke blinded, Solano would snatch the beautiful Princess from the ruins and carry her off to his mountain lair, which, for all that is known to the contrary, may have been a " big tree." But alas ! before the army was in marching order, some traitor discovered the plot to General Vallejo, who advised the amorous prince to disband and forbear lest he and his followers be exterminated by the combined armies and navies of Mexico and Russia. And Solano, who had great respect for General Vallejo, sighed, and sacrificed his passion to the good of his race. Rotscheff thought that all things considered, it was time to go. The seals and otters were giving out, General Sutter made a reasonable offer for the land, and in 1841 the Russians departed forever, after a peaceful and profitable sojourn of thirty years.

Shortly before leaving, Rotscheff with a party of friends made a pilgrimage to the interior, ascended the highest peak of the Mayacunas Range and inserting a copper plate in its apex, christened the peak Mt. St. Helene after his wife.

General Sutter, finding Fort Ross a white elephant, sold it to a young man named Bennett, also a bridegroom. But Bennett was not a bridegroom of unleavened happiness, being much disturbed as to his financial future. He had paid a large sum of money for the property and in what manner to make the property reimburse him was a question revolved in his own mind

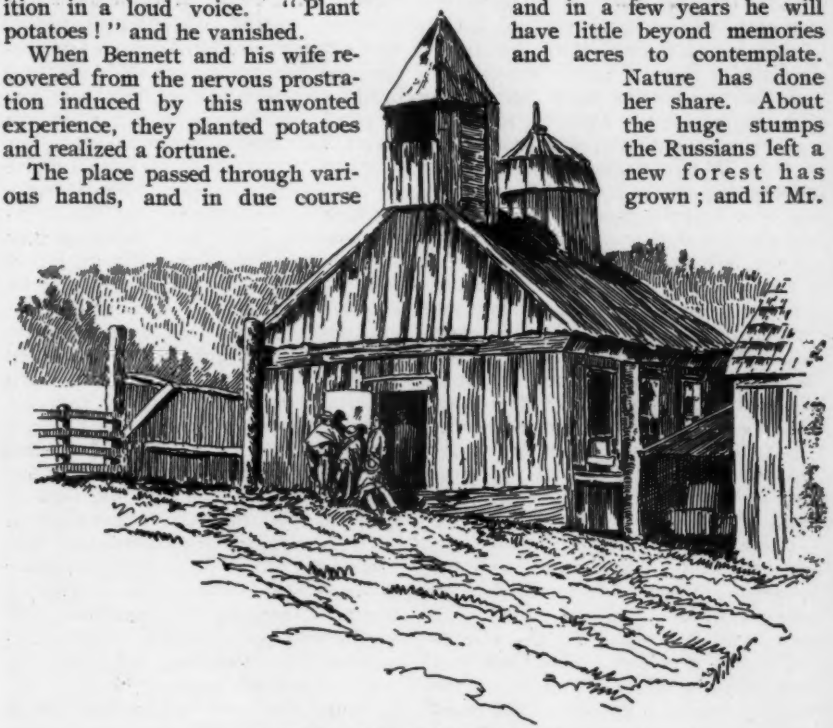
and discussed with his young wife day and night. Then—here is encouragement for the Occultists—a strange thing happened. One night he and his wife suddenly and simultaneously awoke to behold a tall, gray, venerable, transparent Russian looming out of the dark.

"Plant potatoes!" cried the apparition in a loud voice. "Plant potatoes!" and he vanished.

When Bennett and his wife recovered from the nervous prostration induced by this unwonted experience, they planted potatoes and realized a fortune.

The place passed through various hands, and in due course came to be the possession of another beautiful and brilliant woman. Mrs. Fairfax, wife of Charles Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, a Virginian, noted as the only American owner of an English title, bought it in partnership with a man named Dixon, and for a time made large sums of money with her sawmills. She also did much entertaining, and if it was not as picturesque as the Princess Helene's, that was the fault of the prosaic American times. But Mrs. Fairfax's beauty, both stately and dashing, her luxury and her splendid toilettes are part of the reminiscences of the place.

Mr. Call, the present owner of Fort Ross—and of many thousand acres round about—takes great pride in his historical possessions, but unfortunately his pride stops short of repair, and in a few years he will have little beyond memories and acres to contemplate. Nature has done her share. About the huge stumps the Russians left a new forest has grown; and if Mr. Call does not repair neither does he devastate, for no one dare fell a tree on his land.



RUINS OF GREEK CHAPEL, FORT ROSS.

Many are the traditions of murders and ghosts. A man of the "town" once flung his wife over the cliffs, cracking her in small pieces on the jagged rocks below. Another wife went over of her own account, doubtless preferring the initiative. Straggling up the mountain were huts, more or less isolated. In one of them,

its back windows looking into the forest, dwelt a young Russian with a Californian woman of the people, a beautiful girl who had come as handmaiden to one of the Princess Helene's Southern guests. The couple had a child and were very happy, ideally so. Rotscheff was kind and gave them their solitude; the wife never mingled with the rougher members of the town. One night the husband returned home to find his wife and child murdered. As none of the household possessions were touched nor the house burnt, Indians were evidently not the criminals, and suspicion settled upon a former lover. He could not be taken, however, and the husband, when the fruitless search was over, killed himself. The cottage was never occupied again; the cradle, years afterward, was seen untouched in the corner where the child had been murdered; superstition kept even the curious away; and the Castilian roses climbed gayly over the little house, and the panthers came out at night and prowled about it, until, beaten by the east winds that drive so furiously through the gorge in winter and rotted by rain, it fell to earth, and not a board remains to mark the spot.

There is a story of a beautiful Russian girl whose ghost used to appear carrying a copper box studded with nails in which were the letters of a lover who had died on his way to Sitka; but it is very mixed and is, I strongly suspect, a branch of the Rezánof-Arguello episode. She used to sit on this box in the moonlight, let down her hair (golden) and moan loud and long. Perhaps she too loved Resenoff, and, having been scorned, does not sleep as peacefully as Concepcion.

While I was visiting Fort Ross last winter, Mr. Morgan, the proprietor of the hotel, after much kind effort finally induced an old woman, half Russian half Indian, to come down from her mountain fastness and talk to me. She was the oldest inhabitant, having hidden when the Russians left, that she might not be forced to go with them. She was wholly Indian in appearance, her face unwrinkled, but strangely rutted and moth-patched. Her white teeth glittered like porcelain and her eyes were as black and bright as glass; but her hair was grizzled and hung in ragged wisps about her face. She was bent, but needless to say, as colorless in attire as an April meadow. She talked—through an interpreter—of the Princess, whom she had extravagantly admired, particularly as to hair. I told her that the place was said to be *haunted* by several generations of ghosts, and that these same intruders came out at night and rolled huge stones through the church and down the corridors. Much to my regret I had not heard the stones and I asked her if she had. She shook her head scornfully at these commonplace manifestations, but assured me and at great length, that Fort Ross used to fairly swarm with apparitions of red-headed dwarfs. They did not appear to have any object in swarming beyond showing themselves and frightening people half to death, particularly the Princess, who had no use for them whatever.

Some cultivated millionaire should buy Fort Ross, and erecting a stone house of mediæval architecture on the very face of the cliffs, where the roar of the ocean could be heard at its best, and give such brilliant house parties and splendid fêtes as are due to the traditions of the place.

A GARDEN ON TELEGRAPH HILL.

HILLS AND CORNERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

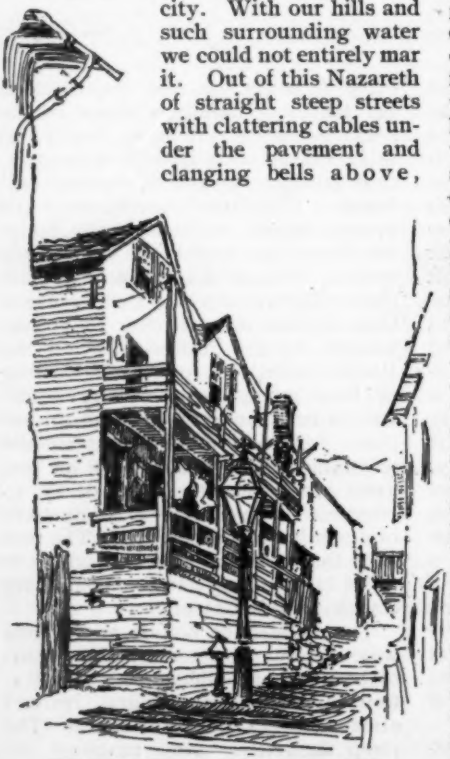
BY ELODIE HOGAN.

SAN FRANCISCO is the Pallas Athena of the modern world. She has sprung out of the skull of that bravest of people, the men and women who are generous and careless enough to lose their identity in Cosmopolis. The swift development of the majesty of her surprises and upsets the rest of the world and she comes in for heroic doses mixed of praise and blame. She has a civilization, a temperament, a coloring, a wisdom and a folly that are peculiarly her own and miraculously complete and perfect in her own singular way. More than any other city in the Union and in an equal degree with the great cosmopolitan cities of Europe—London, Paris, Constantinople, Naples—she is all things to all men. Much of beauty she has not. But there is no line that can be drawn to mark the end of her capacity to interest and entertain the curious or idle one who is willing to dig for her treasures of the grotesque and the bizarre.

It is the habit of the æsthetic-minded to bewail the mistakes of her early founders because they builded her high big buildings down in the flats instead of crowning her pyramidal clusters of hills with structures, thus giving a sky-line of architectural beauty. The superb loveliness of the broken heights of Genoa and Naples are always the models for which they mourn. Nature did no more for these cities dipping into the Mediterranean than she has done for San Francisco, washed by the restless tides of the Pacific, with her rocky hills coming up from among her trembling sands. But nature soon gets tired and throws down her tools in a hopeless muddle of unfinished material, leaving her two great auxiliaries, time and decay, to complete her work. She is impatient of much human tampering. The best way that man can improve nature is to set his marring hand to something else, leaving her alone.

The builders of Naples and Genoa were inately possessed by the genius of beauty and builded at the instigation of mere instinct, and instinct always follows the line of nature. The steep declivities were mounted by pleasant tortuous paths; the gorges

were spanned by bridges and viaducts; the villas, palaces and convents with their open porches and arcades were located at the will of the owners; the arches, walls and towers were planted where safety required them. Not anywhere was there straining at effect, or outspoken effort at adornment. So *Santa Maria in Carignano* and the hoary walls and cloisters of *San Mattino* crown each a picture so cunningly devised of hill and woods and rock mingling with the work of human hands that it would seem that nature and the workers went hand in hand. We Californians have followed I know not what instinct and for our sins we have the machicolated barn on Telegraph Hill and the plaster insipidities of Thorwaldsen overlooking our seas. We have almost spoiled our city. With our hills and such surrounding water we could not entirely mar it. Out of this Nazareth of straight steep streets with clattering cables under the pavement and clanging bells above,



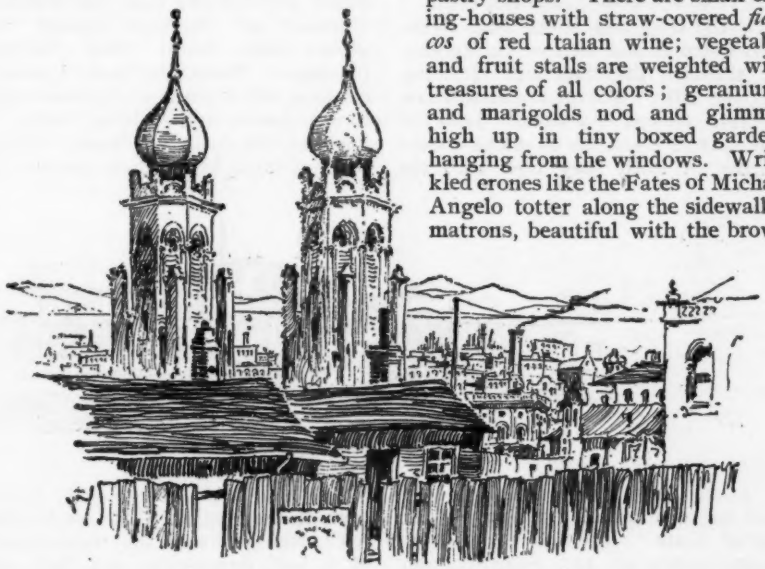
THE SHAMBLING BARRACKS OF THE POOR.

some good even yet may come. And not the least of blessings may be the necessity to hunt for beauty through our apparent trade-ridden hideousness; and hunting always keeps alive the old Argonaut spirit of youth and adventurous curiosity.

San Francisco has two *ensemble* prospects, of her hills and of her waters, that are a joy forever. One may be had from the highest part of the California-street Hill. If there were in San Francisco a dictator fond of wide-reaching views, his first official action for the general well-being should be the razing of the houses which line the south side of California street between Mason and Jones streets. He might except one, the pleasant, creamy house built by Mr. Browne who knew enough to give many lookout points from windows and arcaded balconies. The other houses just shut out the view from the person on the pavement, which person may whistle for his knowledge of the hills unless he be willing to be satisfied with the meager scraps of beauty caught through the corners of the gardens and along the edges of the houses. The best viewing point is just where Jones street falls off the hill. The hills toward the Potrero, scrawled over with roads, slip down on the east to the level lands, where a small lagoon comes in from the sea —bleak, quiet and dull. A dead level of grey is there until the eyes come upon the outlines of the far-off Santa Cruz mountains. The houses thicken and pack the valley and even straggle up the slopes. But the bare hills sweep to the west in curving loveliness until a whole chain girds the horizon like a scalloped rampart of smooth gold. The city rests in dumb sordidness with a sullen cloud of gray haze hanging over it. But always the hills are there—warm, glowing, radiant, so near that one feels the desire to reach out and caress them. They lend themselves to a thousand transformations from the time the light creeps up the east until the sun goes behind them

and their own shadows fall upon them and they stand purple and radiant in the deep distances of evening.

The summit of Telegraph Hill is the look-out point for the view of the waters lying around San Francisco. To get up to the top of this bald-scarred heap of yellow earth one takes one's way through the most interesting quarter of the town. Where Vallejo street dips down into Montgomery avenue, the old church stands,

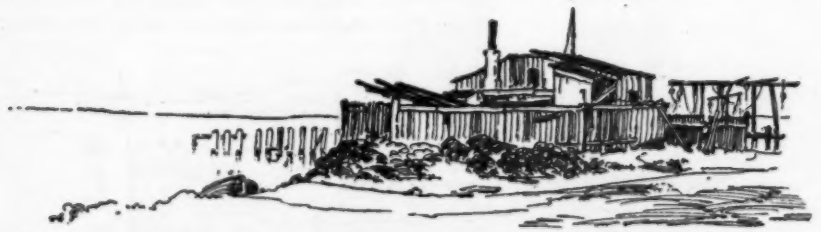


THE SYNAGOGUE, FROM PINE STREET.

"Dedicated to the honor of God under the invocation of St. Francis of Assisium," as is proclaimed from the marble tablet set in the wall above the entrance. The church of the Seraph of Assisi with its eucalyptus tree and ivy could not have been more aptly located than here in the very middle of the Latin quarter in this very Latin town. The brown church stands on the corner surrounded by houses that were carried around Cape Horn—low buildings with overhanging eaves, wide balconies and many windows open for the sun and air. If Saint Francis could come down from his little niche near the eastern tower and in his tattered brown frock walk among the crowds about there, he could easily think them the soft-tongued, brown-eyed brethren of his own Umbrian hills. For *little Italy* begins at Dupont and Vallejo streets and runs its course, ending somewhere up on the face of the hill. Yards of spaghetti and macaroni hang like golden cords in the windows of the pastry shops. There are small eating-houses with straw-covered *fiascos* of red Italian wine; vegetable and fruit stalls are weighted with treasures of all colors; geraniums and marigolds nod and glimmer high up in tiny boxed gardens hanging from the windows. Wrinkled crones like the Fates of Michael Angelo totter along the sidewalks; matrons, beautiful with the brown beauty of the South sit on the doorsteps and gossip as they dress children fit to be the models for a Holy Child of Perugino. No English is heard up there save that which drops from the small red mouths of the youngsters. Follow a rickety stairway between two houses and you can come upon a slum not to be outdone in Bethnal Green or Saffron Hill. However distressful may be the poverty of Italians it is never sordid. If a hillside may be found they are always on it to catch the light and shadows, and they never live without

the sun. The boys use the level bed of an alley for a ten-pin passage and throw huge stones for balls. The smaller ones roll stones down steep ditches and find the torture of Sisyphus to be their fun. Always going up, on our way, we pass the butt end of Kearney street. Its first few blocks with the swarming crew of fluttering, tinselled butterflies would never claim as kin this stingy by-way that runs into an abrupt *cul-de-sac* which is the solid yellow side of Telegraph Hill.

To the west and south San Francisco's streets and houses lie, spreading through the flats and climbing over the hills. To the north and east the bay sweeps — a dumb waste of blue. On toward the west the waters narrow in until they flow into the wide sea through the open way of the Golden Gate. The bronze hills of Marin County are as a golden border to the deep purple thrown on Tamalpais by the haze and chaparral. The Berkeley hills flank the eastern shore of the bay which stretches away in "liquid miles" of rippling lustre until it is lost to the south in the lagoons and marshes near Alviso. Around Sausalito whose green slopes dip into the bay, great, heavy, deep-sea boats lie dumb and dead, unmoved by tide or wind, unsailed and unrigged. The great Cape Horners creep to sea, or swing in heavy majesty tied to their monstrous anchors in sight of their haven under the hill. All is blue above and all is blue beneath with the encircling hills hanging unhinged between the two great deeps of azure. To get off the hilltop it is necessary to thread a web of steep alleys packed with houses—the shambling barracks of the poor. The abrupt cliffs are thatched with crazy wooden stairs that carry one over the perilous, slippery downward paths. Here abide, for the most part, Spaniards and Mexicans. Canary birds hang out of the windows and through their green painted cages send out their trills. Small gay parrots from the woods of Yucatan or Durango squeak and gibber and flaunt their brilliant plumage. From the wide balconies clothing of all kinds and colors stream like banners, and bedding hangs all day long out of the windows. Always seeking sunlight are these brown children of the tropics. The air is filled with music. From the black mouth of a foul downstairs den there will float up from a guitar the notes of a gay bolero or fandango; from a high window down into the street a rain of melody will fall from a flute; the sounds of cornets and violins break through the roar of traffic, and one has not the heart to resent even the sound of an accordion when it gasps out an Italian fisher's song. Through the open ends of streets the city lies and shines against the sun with towers and steeples tearing into the blue of the sky. There are occasional gardens, too, with thickets of jessamine, honeysuckle, flaming geraniums and scarlet carnations. Stand where Montgomery street crosses Broadway and



THE WATERS OF THE BAY ARE FRINGED WITH CRUMBLING SHEDS.

to the east, through a wild intricacy of rigging like a mammoth spider's spinning, the hills of Berkeley gleam and shine. All the way down one catches tangled views of hills, water, ships, masts, rigging, warehouses, with an occasional white-sailed ship or lugger moving swiftly across the dumb waters.

Broadway runs just at the foot of Telegraph Hill. The back ends of the taverns, eating-houses, and queer inns of the quarter scratch the very face of the jagged pile of yellow earth. The middle of the block that lies between Kearney and Montgomery streets possesses a real crown. Fearfully perched on the very edge of the dizzy cliff is a scalloped coronet of shanties, thistle brush and small slat fences, that make the brain turn lest they all topple headlong into the open street. *Il Fior d' Italia* is well named. It is just under the crown and with its square bay windows and hideous fire-escapes it is not a beautiful blossom of architecture, but then it grows out of the very hillside. *Little Mexico* straggles on to the north environs of Chinatown and spreads to the west until it abuts upon and half crawls up the thistle-lined paths of Russian Hill. Here are to be found in shops *enchilladas*, *tostados*, *tortillas* and the more plebian *tamales*. Wonderful pottery is here. Bulging skillets and broad jars; pots of weird shapes as if they came from the den of an alchemist; lean pitchers and dumpy cups, all glazed and decorated with mysterious figures and designs. The gaping mouths of gunny sacks disclose beans of a dozen kinds and colors. There are festoons of red peppers and yellow gourds and piles of different kinds of corn. A dumb solitude pervades the place, and every one seems to rest and doze and has no care how runs the world away.

Walk one block from Broadway on Stockton street and without a breath of warning you plunge from the dreamy atmosphere of Latin rest into the most amazing agglomeration of Oriental paganism which can be found in any Christian country. The reeking sidewalks, foul with unknown trash; the nauseous odors vomited from black cellars; the strange wares for sale and on view in the shops; the wilderness of alleys running in all directions like the chambers of a rabbit warren; the garish colors of the houses; the flamboyant trappings which deck the porches and the balconies; the yellow and red bulletins with their black hieroglyphics glaring and shouting from off dead walls; the barbaric splendor of the colors of the clothing of the denizens; the grisly yellow banner with its dragon whipped and shaken by the winds far up in the sky; the strange, vowel-laden tongue; the sphinx-eyed, crafty-faced yellow men who glide along the narrow pavements; these and a thousand more phenomena startle and dismay one as he enters Chinatown.

THE NORTHERN EDGE OF TOWN.

Hugo's Gringoire in the terrible Court of Miracles in mediæval Paris

was not more confounded than is the most commonplace American of to-day as he plunges into this whirling pool of Mongolian clamor and motion. A formidable gloom colors one's spirits and a vapor like the mist of a nightmare spreads itself about the surrounding objects.

You seem to move among chimeras and phantoms instead of things of earth and of humanity. It is a new world, unknown, outlandish, deformed, swarming, fantastic, unholy — like "the jumbled rubbish of a dream."

The very houses suffer a change. They are, for the most part, well-built structures. Smeared and grimed with greasy smoke and filth, they seem like huge monsters frowning upon some diabolical orgies raging down among the yawning depths beneath their foundations. Back of the chattering tumult of her streets there broods strange silence. She guards her secret well! Though her streets and alleys are open for the wandering footsteps of Caucasians; her cavernous dens and brothels be not hidden; her monstrous vices flaunted in palpable defiance of Christian habits; though like a huge reptile she lies coiled, bitter and disdainful, sleeping in our sun, yet the mystery of her flits before one and eludes at every step. She is the Sphinx of the Occident; and like that other one brushed by Saharan sands and burned by Egyptian suns, she keeps her secret well. So inscrutable is she that for all her apparent exhibition of herself she might as well be wrapped about with fragments of that great wall which swings impregnable through the plains and mountains of her mother-land. Robert Louis Stevenson, that hardiest of wanderers and healthiest-minded of all moderns, was quick to catch the charm of the grotesque and fantastic which so colors Chinatown. Somewhere he has said: "Chinatown by a thousand eccentricities, drew and held me; I could never have enough of its ambiguous, inter-racial atmosphere, as of a vitalized museum; never wonder enough at its outlandish, necromatic-looking vegetables, set forth to sell in commonplace American shop windows; its temple doors open and the scent of the Joss-stick streaming forth on the American air, its kites of Oriental fashion hanging fouled on Western telegraph wires, its

AN ALLEY IN CHINATOWN.

BROADWAY'S CROWN OF SHANTIES.

flights of paper prayers which the trade wind hunts and dissipates along Western gutters."

Far to the north of the town Van Ness avenue opens upon a wide and desolate expanse which stretches in tipsy style to the water's very edge. Low, rounded dunes roll over each other, their monotony of *ecru* broken only where they are tufted irregularly with bunches of yellow lupin and great patches of the mottled thistle plant which bears a gorgeous purple flower. These sands lie uncovered to the sun and blister all day long in his hot rays. Just beyond them lie the waters of the bay fringed with crumbling sheds and worn-eaten piers haunted by occasional fishers who ply their trade with nets. At night when the moon is up the sands gleam white, sinister and ghastly. They are obedient to the noisy winds and when the order comes they think nothing of stumbling and wallowing over the fences or anything else in sight. This accounts for the sudden disappearance of posts and railings—swallowed up and buried beneath the shifting heaps. Between the sands and Union street a large tract of land has been redeemed. Some industrious French nurserymen have actually made the desert to blossom as the rose. *Parterres* of marigolds, bachelor buttons, candy-tuft and marguerites gleam among green shrubs. Gilly-plants and wall-flowers and sweet-peas all mix together their fine, delicious, old-time garden smell. If the vicious winds have made a menace of the near-by sands, they have been made to pay a servant's toll to further the work of the industrious Frenchmen. In the small area of the gardens there are nine windmills. All day long and through the night their untired arms whip the restless air. There is not a breath born out on the Pacific and on its way to the Sierras that does not do drudge work to make those gardens bloom. And the way the wind careers and chases across that uneven space! It does one good to see those nine gaunt windmills snap it up and spitefully pump and pull the waters up from away below the sands. The small clap-boarded houses where the nurserymen live nestle close to each other and some of them are almost buried in their vines and shrubs. There are many tiny dove-cotes and flights of pigeons wheel through the air with flapping wings. Some contractors have undertaken the work of filling in the hollow space in which the gardens lie. So big, four-horse wagons and dumpcarts ply up and

A STREET IN CHINATOWN.

which sweep in from the ocean and with malicious energy scale the high down piled with stones and earth and sand. And the little gardens with their pleasant smells and gay *parterres* are pitilessly covered with dry earth. Yard by yard the ground is made; and yard by yard the space covered with the clumps of honeysuckles, marguerites, and sweetpeas contracts and narrows in. The roofs of some of the small houses now barely peep above the level of the new-laid streets. Whatever the fate of the flowers, and whatever befalls the industrious sons of France and all their little pigeons, those nine windmills stand grim guard still, and swing and turn and catch a hold on every wind that blows.

The old graveyard sleeps in the shadows of the red-roofed Mission Dolores.

"Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years
Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred as if thro' tears."

An ugly iron railing separates the eastern end from Dolores street. The three other sides are closed in with a high fence which supports against its strong boards the rotting moss-covered palings of a half century ago. No noise penetrates within, and the only sound is the rustling of the winds fence. The little yard is so crammed with the homes of its silent citizens that there seems to be no space for another grave. It cannot be called neglected, this little graveyard, for the tender tonch of time and decay have laid such strokes of beauty on it as the neatest landscape gardener would fail of attaining. The paths zig-zag and criss-cross each other, running through tangled growths of myrtle, straggling boxwood and heaps of ivy. They lead to the doors of tombs and to the gaping mouths of sunken graves, as if the ghosts of restless sleepers growing tired of their narrow beds, walk abroad and look up at the stars during the dreary time of night. For no living feet in the light of the sun could trace such confused windings as these tiny labyrinths among the graves and blooming thickets.

The heydey of purple and gold is splendid. The royal colors run rampant all over in the bloom of alfalfa and mustard ; of myrtle and jessamine; in gorgeous thistles and poppies, in heliothrope and broom. And if the gentle spirit of Omar Khayyam could leave its rose-strewn resting place in far-off Naishapur it could find no lovelier spot to end its wanderings in than under the hedges and thickets of the pink Castilian roses, planted by the brown-frocked men of Spain.

WHEN ANGELS WEEP.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

When men consign to earth a brother's dust
Their sighs and tears are not so manifold
As is the grief of angels, who behold
Men losing and betraying common trust.

ONE NIGHT IN PRAGUE.

BY

Charles Edwin Markham.

Once in the crowded city of Prague,
A man stopped me begging for a meal.
I did not help: he muttered something that I did not hear—
(What were those words he said that night in Prague?)
He was gone in a moment, swept away in the surf of the street.
Something bit my soul—I turned my head:

He was looking back, his hand lifted high out of the crowd
and waving
Again and again, till the darkness blotted him out,
I saw his hand on high, waving, waving.

And now, years after, I still see a hand waving above crowds—
Eternally waving above crowds.

A CASE OF AUTHORSHIP.

BY THOMAS R. VAN REED.

JOHNSON's book was out His library door was locked and the author sat before the blazing fire, inhaling the delicate aroma of an after-dinner cigar, deep in the anticipated delights of a first glance among the uncut pages of the virgin volume that rested beside him on the table. A messenger boy had brought it with the compliments of the publishers not ten minutes before, and Johnson, under the plea of important business, had hied him from the bosom of his family to gloat in quiet over this offspring of his brain. Settling himself comfortably in the big arm chair he took the gleaming walrus tusk that served as a paper-cutter and pushing it slowly beneath the string of the package, burst the bands. The thick brown covering parted, there came a gleam of flashing tin corner protectors, a rustle of tissue paper, and Johnson's book, his first attempt, lay in view before him. What his sensations were it would be useless to describe; every author knows them. It need only be said that closing his eyes for a moment, Johnson experienced that peculiar delight and satisfaction which comes but once in a life time and is gone like a fleeting shadow. He first looked at the binding. It was a credit to the publisher, to him, and to the importance of the subject: rich, beautiful, even æsthetic. Again he looked into the fire, holding the volume caressingly as he watched the flames play through the smoke and cinders, and for another few moments indulged in the intoxicating delights of authorship, a weakness which he would have scorned to exhibit in public. Recovering himself, he turned to the title page. Ah! there it was: Absalom Courtney Johnson. He read every letter, then scanned each word; gazed at it from the north, from the southeast, from every point in the compass, from above and below. He lingered over it long and tenderly until the ashes of his cigar rolled up his sleeve; then he turned to the table of contents, the list of illustrations, and finally began the preface, reading it over and over, coming to the initials A. C. J. each time with a great and growing satisfaction. Then he conned the succeeding pages, finding new pleasure in the lines and the appearance of the work, and finally as the gong of the mantel clock sounded the hour of twelve, laid the book down and rose, conscious that a new epoch in his career had begun.

Johnson was well acquainted with himself, as the saying goes. He was a practical business man, possessed of all the natural shrewdness that underlies success in trade, and being a conscientious man he did not have so high an opinion of his intellectual powers as he wished the world to have; hence in this evening of pleasure, in his sensations of delight and triumph, there had been a faint element of surprise that he had been able to produce a book of this kind. As he thought it over, he slowly came to the conclusion, however, that a man may be a genius and his innate modesty never find it out except by possible accident. The more he considered the matter, the longer he gazed at the volume, the more he became convinced that for years he had been blind to the shining light burning within him, and that by consecrating all his efforts to the "canned goods" interests he had possibly deprived the public of valuable services in the field of letters.

This line of reasoning was accumu-

lative, and turning out the gas Johnson walked up stairs to the partner of his joys and sorrows with a new-born dignity.

Mrs. Johnson immediately noticed it. "What's the matter?" she exclaimed, dropping the coil of hair which she was unwinding with that peculiar back hand motion possible only to her sex. She had caught the new expression in the mirror, and as she turned, Johnson approached and silently held out the book.

Mrs. Johnson took the volume curiously, opened it at the title page, and as the author's name greeted her eyes she turned slightly pale, then flushed, exclaiming naively, "Absolom! you don't mean to say—"

"But I do," retorted Mr. Johnson, folding his wife in his arms; and if any one had been on the other side they might have seen a salt and plethoric tear of supreme joy and gladness coursing down the author's cheek.

It was but the weakness of a moment; recovering himself, with conscious pride, the author told his story; how he had worked for months on this to surprise her; how he had found a publisher who, after examining the manuscript, had pronounced it one of the most remarkable books of the day and had encouraged him to issue it immediately, he (Johnson) paying the simple, ordinary expenses of type-setting, binding and publishing, while they circulated the book to the four corners of the earth. All the minute details of the work were gone over; how upon various occasions he had been nearly caught while writing; what a time he had had keeping the proof away from the curious eyes of the family, and much more. Mrs. Johnson was delighted. She had never suspected that her husband was literary and frankly told him so, but as Johnson had not suspected it himself until very lately, he was not discomfited.

The following day Johnson entered the Board of Trade rooms with a new individuality. The rumor had already gone abroad, and he was introduced to his colleagues by a facetious friend as "a author," while in honor of the oocasion another friend had suspended from the wall a gigantic gold pen, borrowed from a stationer, suggestive of the supremacy of that weapon either in war or peace.

"Johnson," in the words of a friend on the bull side of the market, "stood the racket well"; he could afford to, as he had produced the book and was the lion. His mail quadrupled. Congratulations poured in from all quarters; likewise requests and hints for a copy of the work, and in one way and another the author gave away twenty copies with his autograph in writing on the title page in two days.

He had previously subscribed to two literary press-clipping bureaus, that promised for the small sum of five dollars to send him one hundred notices of himself and his book, culled from the papers of the world. They said it was the custom to do this among literary men, so Johnson did it; besides he wanted to know what the world thought of his efforts.

Within a week of the publication two small local papers gave the book some very favorable reviews. The Evening Herald, in which Johnson was a stockholder, published a column with a sketch of Johnson's life. A morning paper in which Johnson and Blear were heavy advertisers, gave the merchant what the literary reviewer called a "hundred-and-fifty-dollar send off," and mailed him a copy marked with blue pencil, with a hint that Johnson might buy 2,000 copies to send to his friends and other papers throughout the country to the advantage of himself and the book. The editor, who described himself as an "old-timer" informed him that hundreds of small but influential papers could not pay for reviews, but would copy them if they received them already prepared.

Johnson saw the point at once, and believing that he could in this way

materially aid the publishers in advertising the work, a check for one hundred dollars was forwarded to the editor, who promised to send marked copies to over 1,000 papers. The author also received a letter from the editor of an established publication enclosing a four-page account of his life and stating that just as they were going to press it had occurred to the editor that the value of the sketch to the reading public would be enhanced by a picture of the author. The editor regretted that the expense in preparing the article prevented them from making any further outlay, but if Johnson desired to pay for the picture, which, if of the kind usually used by first-class authors, would be $200, they would be very glad to publish it. The plate, the editor added, would be the property of the author, who could thus send impressions to personal friends.

The $200 looked large, but Johnson saw or thought he saw, that all this would help run up the circulation, so it was a small matter after all; the money went out this way, but it came back through the book with interest. Again, he had always been an advertiser. It was a common saying that Johnson "believed in printer's ink," and his business was a justification of his course. Indeed the author was not indulging in fanciful vagaries. He was successful in politics and business, a reader of men, a man who never made a move without looking at the proposition from all sides, and it is due Johnson to say that he grasped the problem of the book with the same vigor that he had other projects that had borne his name with great profit and financial successes.

The days slipped by, and Johnson began to wonder when the Daily Argus would review the volume. This was the most influential paper in the city and had for years been noted for its literary flavor. It was said that the columns were so well set up, so correct in style, diction and punctuation that the teachers used them as examples in the schools. Nearly all the reporters were college graduates, to which fact was due the idiomatic snap and sparkle that pervaded even the advertisements.

The Argus reviewer was not known. Perhaps it was better so, as numerous authors, if the truth was told, thirsted for his blood, while several, it was said, had given up literature and devoted months to the detective business in hopeless attempts to discover his identity.

Johnson appreciated the importance of the opinion of the Argus, as it set the pace, as it were, for the press of the State, but he also believed that it would be very poor policy for a city paper to attack a home production. His friend Briggs, also a politician, took a somewhat different view, and as a result a coolness sprang up between them. Briggs argued that as Johnson had defeated the editor of the Argus in the race for alderman two years before, and having been engaged in a most rancorous fight for weeks, the editor would now in all probability take his revenge.

"You know the old saying," said Briggs, "'Would that my enemy would write a book.' Shipley has got you right where he wants you and he's merely standing you off. He has you," said Briggs, dismally, "on the hip."

"I don't believe it," replied Johnson, and in truth he did not. But Briggs was a true prophet; two days later the blow fell. Johnson came down to breakfast a little late that morning. He had attended a syndicate meeting the night before and was not in a particularly good humor. He picked up the Argus and glanced over the telegraphic headings, then turned to the editorial page, and finally came to the literary notices. His heart gave a leap. Yes, there it was, an entire column. Johnson took a drink of coffee, and opened out the paper.

It is not necessary to quote the article entire; but the author sat in

his chair, rigid as a statue, the lines in his face growing deeper and deeper, the veins in his forehead swelling until finally, forgetting everything in his fury, he brought his heavy fist down upon the table with such force that the dishes made a clatter that brought his wife rushing in from an adjoining room to see what was the matter.

"Matter? Nothing!" roared Johnson, dashing the newspaper to the floor.

"Nothing?" repeated his wife in astonishment. "Surely something *must* be the matter, Absalom, or you have gone mad."

"You have hit it," retorted Johnson, as he stopped pacing up and down the room, "I am mad. Here," picking up the offending sheet, "listen to what this viper of an editor says about me and my book: 'Johnson has written a book—save the mark! The subject is one about which the author knows absolutely nothing — "The Financial Future of Republics." This possibly is the one redeeming feature of the book. If he had been competent to write on the subject, simply a poor book would have been the result, but as he knows absolutely nothing the corrugated mess is one of the funniest things of the day. Here is a sample of Johnson's style, which, like his politics, is bad.' Here follows a dozen lines and this note: "If there was ever, even in the middle ages, such a farrago of utter imbecility it has been our good fortune to miss it. The book, looking at it as the work it is intended to be, is a good example of the kind of bosh that would, had it any influence at all, lead the world back into the depths of intellectual vacuity.

How a sane publisher could place his imprint on such rubbish is past comprehension. Either Johnson paid for it out of his own pocket or it is intended as a joke, in which case we welcome Johnson as a big success.'"

"It is outrageous!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, as her irate spouse again flung the paper from him. "But, my dear," she added soothingly, "pay no attention to it, your friends will understand it."

"Matilda," said Johnson, slowly. "I am going to have that man's life."

"Oh, no, you're not," broke in his wife, coaxingly. "Calm yourself, my dear. Every author has just such experiences."

"Well, what is it?" demanded Johnson, savagely, as a maid appeared at the door with a card in her hand.

"A gentleman, sir," was the reply.

"Tell him to go to the devil; I'm not at home," retorted Johnson.

"You had better see who it is," said Mrs. Johnson, taking the card and reading aloud, "Robert Henry Dancer, Lawyer and Counselor at law. Do you know him?"

"No, I don't, but I'll go and put him out," responded Mr. Johnson, as he strode into the hall. "Well, sir, he said to the tall thin young man who stood before him, "I hav'nt a moment; am very busy. What is it?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "I finished reading your new book last night and laid it down with the feeling that I had learned more about the subject than I ever knew before, and I determined that I would hunt you up and congratulate you personally on the completion of your great work."

"Step this way," said Mr. Johnson with a change of tone, leading the way to the library, "it's rather draughty out there."

"As I was saying," continued the visitor, "I rose this morning and said to Mrs. Dancer, 'I am going to call on the author of the "Financial Future of Republics," and thank him in person for this great contribution to the literature of so important a subject."

It is very kind of you," responded Mr. Johnson, beginning to feel somewhat calmer

"But," added the lawyer, gazing fixedly at the author and through him to the wall beyond, "when I picked up the Argus this morning and read that scandalous and libelous article my

feelings changed. I became possessed of a desire for revenge, and to make a long story short, Mr. Johnson, I determined to offer my services to right you with that scoundrel of an editor."

"Have you any show?" asked Johnson, filled with a new light.

"All the show in the world."

"For what?"

"Libel and ten thousand dollars damages."

"Libel!" retorted Johnson, "why I want him hung."

"Well," said the lawyer, quietly, "if you want him killed that is another matter. But I think the easiest, the safest way would be to tackle him on a libel suit; men *have* been worn out by that means."

"Slow torture," remarked Johnson grimly.

"Exactly," was the reply.

"But can you make a case?" queried Johnson. "This free-speech humbug gives these villains a chance at every literary man and no resource."

"I think we have him," said the lawyer, softly, rubbing his palms together, "you see, you as an author have committed yourself naturally to the judgment of the public. You are liable to experience criticism and even abuse and ridicule if your work is ridiculous, but it is not; and farther, sir, the law of libel steps in and makes it a libel for a reviewer to ridicule an author, for while it may be a public duty to show up a poor book, there is no such obligation on the part of the publisher or editor, so far as the author is concerned. The law distinctly says that beyond his connection with his work, the author is a private individual and is not subject to comment as is a candidate for office. But this reviewer has gone beyond this. He says your motives are dishonest. He says in so many words that if your book is intended as a serious effort, it is a dishonest attempt to influence the money market, etc. This, of course, is not so, and is a libel. It is a stigma upon you and will ruin the sale of the book."

"You are right," interrupted Mr. Johnson, "and I am obliged to you. I confess I intended going down this morning and having it out with this fellow, but I will give him a taste of the law. You are sure you can work him?"

"Sure," replied the lawyer, "if I can't I will make him so uncomfortable that he will wish he had never been born."

"Well, go ahead; don't let up on him," said Johnson, as he bowed the visitor out.

That afternoon the evening papers announced in big headings that one of the most novel suits on record was to be tried. The papers all took it up and it was the talk of the day. It the meantime the publishers announced that the book was selling like hot cakes, and Johnson began to feel in a better frame of mind, until the mails brought him reports from various literary bureaus. Each one sent him the original Argus review, so that he received five within a week. Two he had contracted for; two others were sent as samples of the bureau's enterprise, while another, whose offer he had refused, was sent as a pleasant reminder.

Meanwhile the bureaus which he had employed were pouring in hot shot, each letter containing from five to ten clippings from papers all over the country, and, to Johnson's rage and astonishment all were unfavorable. One paper wondered if he was still at large. Another, after making mention of the book, gave a column to the responsibilities of publishing houses that publish such books, while another denounced him as a crank. In short, the Argus reviewer seemed to have inspired all the rest, while the marked copies had fallen by the wayside.

These reports began to tell on Johnson's disposition. The servant brought in the mail with fear and trembling, and Mrs. Johnson frequently retired from the breakfast table in tears. Finally Johnson refused

to open this portion of his mail and forwarded it to his lawyer with instructions to "open up" on everyone that came within the law of libel.

Yet there was another side to all this. Johnson was in constant communication with his publishers who had now sold four editions and the trial had not begun. They seized the idea of sending out agents with the books, and hundreds of copies were thus disposed of in every town in the State, and finally, when the case was called, Johnson's book had the reputation of being the financial success of the season.

The court room was crowded on the day in question. Such a distinguished audience had not been seen in the gloomy rooms for years, and several guests sat by the side of the judge. Writers especially took an interest in the trial, as the question was one that interested them all in the right of a newspaper to kill a book by unjust criticism. Every writer knew that the Argus wielded a wide influence, and that one man who really represented the ideas and opinions of an individual was their literary censor, and the trial was to determine whether he could be stopped or not.

The selection of a jury occupied nearly the entire week. The attorney for the defense, an old and distinguished member of the Horton County bar, seemed determined that the services of men should be secured who knew nothing—a proceeding that Mr. Dancer for the plaintiff did not object to in the slightest. The first man called was a butcher. Yes, he had read the account and had views. He thought the Argus editor should be tarred and feathered.

"Was the plaintiff a customer of his?" "Yes, he was." Whereupon the attorney for the defense objected to him and informed the opposition that he would tell them then and there that any attempt to pack the jury box with their minions would be defeated. Mr. Dancer here rose and said that the age of the gentleman prevented the retort that came to his lips, but that he would allow the defense to select the jury, and so he did.

The drawing was rich in young men. The first said he was a clerk; had read the account but was not biased either way; would decide strictly on the evidence, but would rather be excused.

Finally the entire jury was obtained and it was remarked that they were an unusually intelligent body of young men. They might have been teachers but were mostly bookkeepers or clerks.

The trial progressed for several days. After the complaint was read testimony on behalf of plaintiff was introduced.

Mr. Dancer had fifteen witnesses: men and women with big bulging foreheads; men of curious appearance; women with short hair, who carried pamphlets and read in court; men who looked literary and smelled musty—all of whom testified to the sound logic of Johnson's book and expressed mild surprise that it could not be interpreted.

One man, a small bald-headed individual, was called as an expert in matters relating to the financial operations of republics, and was so deep and learned, so far above the rest, that even the judge looked puzzled. This witness created a strong impression in favor of the book, and Johnson himself was amazed at his own knowledge.

The publisher took his place in the box, while several assistants handed up a pile of massive books, by which he proved the enormous sale of the work. The only thing he could say was that he hoped to induce Mr. Johnson to prepare a second volume. The book possibly contained errors, every book did, he knew this through his experience of forty years as a publisher. He considered the review not a criticism but an attack, and that the effect it had on the sales of the volume was disastrous. While they were large and phenomenal, as the subject and method of treatment demanded,

had it not been for the attack no one could estimate how much greater the sales might have been.

The plaintiff rested his case, and the defendant moved for a non-suit; whereupon Mr. Dancer smiled, and his smile was not mirth-provoking; indeed, the editor swore softly and privately to himself as he saw it. The motion was argued and promptly denied.

The case proceeded. Counsel for defendant, in his opening statement, claimed that it was customary to use license in reviewing books. They were sent to him for that purpose; that the reviewer, a literary person schooled in the work, considered the book a poor thing and simply said so. Perhaps the language was strong, but it was made so to effectually prevent the author from repeating the offense. This created smiles and laughter which the judge quickly suppressed. He then called witnesses to prove that the book was even worse than the reviewer had said. One man testified that he had been given a severe headache in his attempt to understand it. Another stated that when he got through with the book it left him in a dazed state. He considered that such a work mixed a man all up and muddled the ideas he already had.

A dozen readers were called: men and women, who stated they had bought the book because of the excitement it had created, but had been unable to wade through it. Finally the author was called, and the defense attempted to prove by him that he knew nothing about the subject on which he had written. But Johnson was so deliberate and slow, and worked in so much about the sale and success of the book that the defense was glad to release him. The only point they made was, that while Johnson might know something about republics and finance individually, when the two were joined as a homogeneous whole he knew nothing. Johnson admitted that he had studied both subjects separately, then joined the facts so obtained, which he claimed was the only way it could be done. Finally the author sat down, having created the impression that his book must have been a good one and if the people could not understand it, it was because they were lacking in intelligence.

When Mr. Dancer, for the plaintiff, took the floor, there was silence. There was a troubled look on his face, an expression of pity and sympathy for the defense. Indeed, Mr. Dancer informed them and the jury that he did not propose to be hard on the defendant. He knew that the editor of the Argus had not gotten over a certain political defeat, but he was not going to refer to that. But he had referred to it and several other things somewhat to the defendant's disadvantage.

The attorney for the defendant, after a strong argument in favor of his client, made his final appeal amid much excitement. He denounced the trial as a farce; that it was continued to keep up the excitement and sell the book; that if the doors were thus closed to free speech, it would be stopped once and for all. When Mr. Dancer rose to reply, he was conscious of the interest of the audience. He alluded to his client as a gentleman who had aided in the development of the city. He traced his life up to the time he ran for alderman against the editor of the Argus, showing that the editor of said paper, in the slang of the day, "had it in for him," and attacked the book to strike him down at the very pinnacle of his literary success. Mr. Dancer made an appeal that brought tears even to the eyes of the janitor. He pictured the struggling writer, his privations and trials and other heart-rending experiences, and finally in a burst of oratory sank into his seat, bowing his thanks to judge, jury and audience for their attention. The judge charged the jury who were out exactly five minutes. They returned with a verdict for the plaintiff and assessed his damages at $5,000.

Five years later the editor of the Argus had occasion to visit the State Capital, where he found Dancer, the lawyer who had defeated him, installed as Speaker of the House. One day in the lobby of a hotel, he struck up a chance acquaintance with a politician who happened to be an intimate friend of Dancer's.

"How was it?" asked the editor that Dancer so rapidly acquired prominence?"

"His prominence seems to have dated from the famous Johnson libel case," replied the other. He won it by a clever trick."

"Trick?" said the editor, starting but recovering himself.

"Dancer could never have won on the merits of a book that contained such unmitigated bosh," continued the other. "But what was the trick?" queried the editor, faintly.

"A very simple one — Dancer selected the jury."

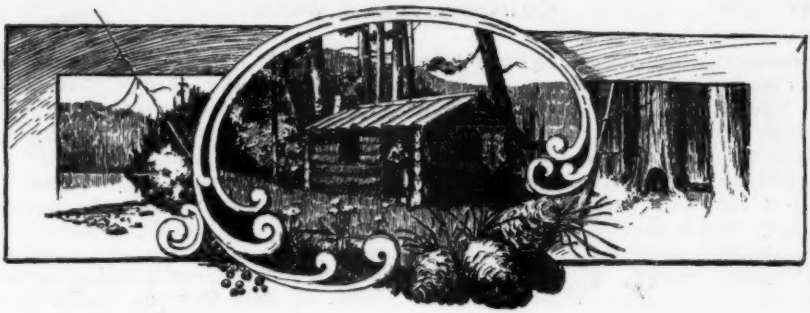
"What! I heard he tendered the other side that privilege."

"So he did, but Dancer saw that the right people were drawn, and when the jury was selected, by a mysterious dispensation of Providence every juryman was a writer whose stories or books had been attacked by the Argus. Dancer knew there were many in the city, and based his calculations on their desire for revenge. There he is now. Shall I introduce you?"

At Christmas tide, glad festal time,
May Heaven's peace with all abide;
Oh, let not discord mar the chime
At Christmas tide.

May hearts estranged united be
Forget the wrong, abase thy pride
So shall Heaven's peace abide with thee
At Christmas tide.

J. Torrey Connor.



CALIFORNIA FOREST TREES.

BY BERTHA F. HERRICK.

THOSE who miss the gorgeous tints of the Eastern Indian summer time, have been known to complain of monotony in the California forests; but to the loyal nature lover each season has its individuality and its own peculiar charm; not only in spring, when the trees are budding and wild flowers run riot at their feet, when summer breezes sway their summits and birds hold revel in their branches, in autumn, when squirrels with full pouches race up their trunks from the hazel nut bushes, and cones fall with a gentle thud upon the aromatic carpet of pine needles; but also when buffeted by winter winds, or weighted, as in our higher altitudes, with the burden of December snows.

When the boughs of these "Christmas trees" creak and grind before the breath of the storm king, there is produced a sound akin to the roar of surf upon a distant beach, or the music of "a harp of a thousand strings."

What words can adequately describe the grandeur of our vast Sierra forests—clothing deep cañons and rolling uplands; fringing long ranges of terraced mountains, and disappearing only in the purple distance with the snowpeaks for a background.

Would that the weary toilers of our over-populated cities might find repose in this great untenanted wilderness, in whose sylvan fastnesses the timid deer roams unmolested; where now is heard only the stealthy tread of the grizzly; and the gaunt wolf howls to the moon, or prowls cautiously around some lonely mountain sheep fold.

Here were the haunts of the "noble redman," some of whose half-civilized descendants still remain in isolated tumble-down wooden wigwams and indulge in the unique pow wow.

The two most beautiful and important trees of this locality are the sugar and the yellow or pitch pines; the former being distinguished by its mammoth proportions, its smooth round trunk, often branchless for the distance of fifty or one hundred feet; its long sweeping boughs; its saccharine sap, and enormous cones, from twelve to twenty-two inches in length; and the latter by its erect, symmetrical appearance, its delicate foliage, its clusters of small, brown-purple cones, and its spongy yellowish bark, in which the

provident woodpecker delights to hide its winter store of acorns.

The blue-jays also frequent these trees, cawing volubly down from their lofty perches on occasional intruders; while the thieving crow feasts greedily upon the seed packed away in the horny cone husks.

Another giant is the magnificent Douglass spruce, or Oregon pine, prized for its strong, reliable timber, and rivaled only by the rugged cedars, foliage and rough, picturesque red bark; its odorless, brittle wood and innumerable quantity of small red-brown cones, it is indeed a veritable prince among its fellows.

These trees usually grow in groups; not infrequently forming themselves into natural cathedrals, complete in every detail of column and arch, so that one finds himself listening for the chime of bells and the rustle of a great congregation. But here is a

MOSS COVERED OAKS AT SANTA BARBARA.

centuries old, or the superb red firs, with their neat, conical outlines and cylindrical upright cones.

But the monarch of the California forests is undoubtedly the majestic redwood, usually known by its Indian name of Sequoia. The habitat of the coast species (Sequoia sempervirens) is the central and northern portions of the Coast Range, as it thrives best when within reach of the cool breezes and salt fogs, which sweep in from the broad Pacific. With its rigid, tapering trunk, often upwards of 300 feet in height; its delicate evergreen silence more eloquent than speech; a solitude beyond the reach of the thronging multitude.

A peculiarity of these forests is their indestructibility; for, unlike other members of the Pine family, no sooner is a tree felled, than from six to twenty young shoots spring up around the parent stump, as though Nature was defying man's feeble attempts to despoil her handiwork. Such rapid growers are these herculean infants that they are ready for the saw when about twenty-five years of age, at which time they are nearly

two feet in diameter. It is this singular method of reproducing its kind, which renders this conifer so invaluable for building purposes and cabinet work, more especially as a second or even third crop presents itself if these young Sequoias are destroyed by fire.

That far-famed cousin of the redwood, the "California Big Tree," (Sequoia gigantea), grows only on the western slope of the Sierras, at an elevation of between 5,000 and 7,000 feet. The traveling and the reading world are already so familiar with its towering heights of 350 to 450 feet, and its enormous girth of from 60 to 100 feet, that detailed comment would be tiresome. Every one knows that a four-house stage coach is driven through an opening in one of these monstrous trunks and that a hollow stump once afforded winter shelter for the family of a wood-chopper.

But when we consider the soil, made rich by centuries of vegetable decay, the abundant irrigation from creeks and rivers, and the equability of the climate, it is not surprising that they should attain such gigantic proportions—any one of them being capable of producing sufficient timber to build a good-sized house.

The comparative scarcity of animal life in redwood forests is often a subject of comment. All day the pine woods are alive with squirrels and chipmunks; and by night the owl and the mourning dove hold their solemn vigils; while the bat wheels through the smoke of some solitary campfire; but for hours in the redwoods the stillness remains unbroken save for the wind in the treetops.

The Monterey coast cypresses are also world-renowned. They have often been compared to the ancient cedars of Lebanon; and by their grotesque, gnarled, and storm-tossed aspect also suggest the weird conceptions of Doré. It is from the seed of these trees that we get our useful hedges and wind-breaks. The cones are insignificant, not more than an inch in length; and the trunks are often covered with trailing parasites and velvety golden-brown moss.

Under the pines of Monterey the Pacific Coast branch of the Chautauqua Society finds its chief inspiration. Skirting the edge of the cliffs, within sight of the ocean, they are in truth "The sea-suggesting pines, with the moan of the billow in their branches." A proof of their beauty is found in the fact that those in charge of the parks of Hotel del Monte retain them as one of their chief attractions.

Along the western foothills grows a medium-sized tree, with a gray ish leaf, known as the Digger pine, on account of the large cones, which yield nuts prized as food by the Digger Indians.

The lone, or Torrey pine, is an isolated tree peculiar to Southern California; and the Cambra or white pine is a dwarf tree with a white trunk, clinging to the rocks near the snow line on Mt. Shasta.

The big-cone pine (P. Coulteri) has the largest cones in the world, the finest specimens weighing from five to eight pounds, and measuring nearly two feet in length.

Another member of the Pine family is the juniper, of which there are several kinds. They inhabit dry hills, deserts or swampy lands, and bear small, resinous, blue or reddish berries, some of which are edible. The hard thick trunks produce a very serviceable timber. Turpentine is also obtained from the berries.

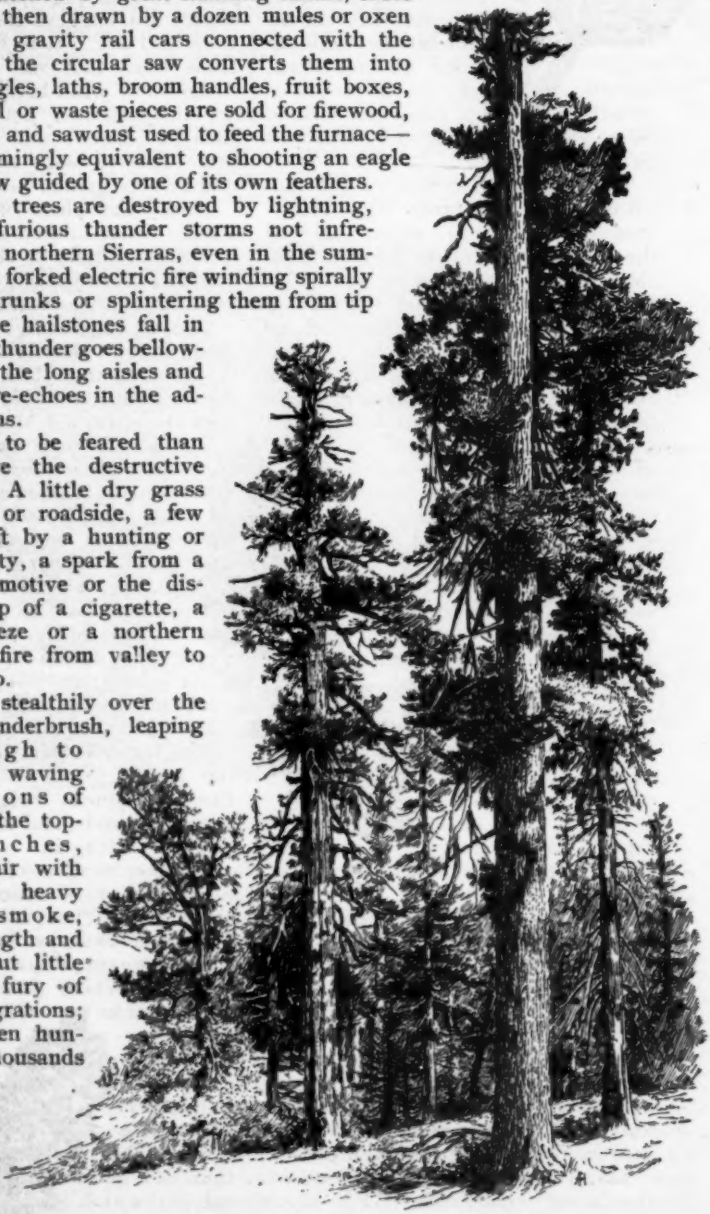
Lumbering is naturally the principal cause of the destruction of our primeval forests. Felled

to the earth by the pitiless axe, the patriarchs of the woods are stripped of their luxuriant foliage, and their huge, mast-shaped trunks divided into equal lengths. Fastened by great clanking chains, these sections are then drawn by a dozen mules or oxen to flumes or gravity rail cars connected with the mill, where the circular saw converts them into planks, shingles, laths, broom handles, fruit boxes, etc. Knotted or waste pieces are sold for firewood, and shavings and sawdust used to feed the furnace—a process seemingly equivalent to shooting an eagle with an arrow guided by one of its own feathers.

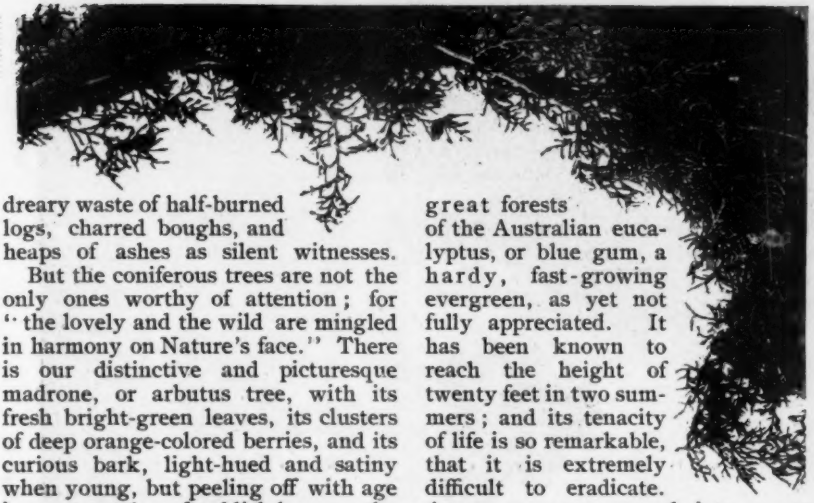
Sometimes trees are destroyed by lightning, during the furious thunder storms not infrequent in the northern Sierras, even in the summertime, the forked electric fire winding spirally around the trunks or splintering them from tip to root, while hailstones fall in torrents and thunder goes bellowing through the long aisles and echoes and re-echoes in the adjoining cañons.

But more to be feared than lightning are the destructive forest fires. A little dry grass by the field or roadside, a few live coals left by a hunting or camping party, a spark from a passing locomotive or the discarded stump of a cigarette, a fanning breeze or a northern wind—then fire from valley to mountain top.

Creeping stealthily over the crackling underbrush, leaping from bough to bough, and waving great pennons of flame from the topmost branches, filling the air with sparks and heavy suffocating smoke, human strength and skill avail but little before the fury of these conflagrations; scores or even hundreds or thousands of acres of valuable timber being often consumed, leaving a



SUGAR-PINE.



dreary waste of half-burned logs, charred boughs, and heaps of ashes as silent witnesses.

But the coniferous trees are not the only ones worthy of attention; for "the lovely and the wild are mingled in harmony on Nature's face." There is our distinctive and picturesque madrone, or arbutus tree, with its fresh bright-green leaves, its clusters of deep orange-colored berries, and its curious bark, light-hued and satiny when young, but peeling off with age in great patches of reddish brown; the slender-limbed alder, allied to the birches, with its roots tangled in the creek banks, and its checkered boughs, yielding a charcoal used in the manufacture of gunpowder; the curious buckeye, a family connection of the horse-chestnut, bearing numerous spikes of highly fragrant white flowers, succeeded in autumn by feathery, pear-shaped fruit; the great fragrant California bay or laurel, the wood of which is prized for cabinet work, and the leaves for the infusion of bay rum; the maple showering down its yellow leaves; the cottonwood, representing the poplars; and the willow suggesting basket work, whistles and willow switches.

There are also many flowering shrubs, which often attain the proportions of trees, such as the toyon, or American holly, with its well-known Christmas berries; the blue-fruited elder, sometimes thirty feet in height; the wild choke cherry, the leaves of which vie, in September, with the blood-red hue of its clusters of astringent fruit; the ceanothus, or mountain lilac; several kinds of dogwood, and the tree manzanita, measuring sometimes twenty-five feet.

Along the coast foothills are planted great forests of the Australian eucalyptus, or blue gum, a hardy, fast-growing evergreen, as yet not fully appreciated. It has been known to reach the height of twenty feet in two summers; and its tenacity of life is so remarkable, that it is extremely difficult to eradicate. A stump once carved into a carriage post, sprouted vigorously from the root, to the amazement of all beholders. In some species the young leaves are round and bluish, and the older ones, on the same tree, long, narrow, and of a deep-green color. The bark is deciduous in old specimens; and the fleshy seed-pods emit a penetrating but not unpleasant odor. As a shade tree, along our streets, it is undesirable, as the roots interfere with the sewers and cement sidewalks; but the wood is very valuable for fuel, and from the leaves is made an oil used as a medicine and to remove incrustations from the interior of steam boilers. It is also said to prevent malaria, and to be of use in pulmonary diseases; so that proposals have been made to place young trees in tubs in the corridors of hospitals.

Among the dozen or so varieties of oaks, the most common is the evergreen oak, growing singly, or in park like groves, in almost every section of the Bay counties. The trunks of these venerable trees are often mantled with thick growths of wild English ivy, and their branches adorned with long gray streamers of Spanish moss or bunches of oak mis-

NATIVE PALMS IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

OAK AT DEL MONTE.

tletoe. The small pointed acorns, dried and ground into flour, once formed the Indian's staple article of diet.

The live-oak sometimes covers an area of nearly half an acre, and the white oak often reaches the elevation of one hundred feet.

In Southern California grow the lofty sycamore and the great lustrous castor-oil trees; while the drooping foliage of the graceful pepper, which is shown on the cover of the CALIFORNIAN, meets the eye at every turn.

East of San Diego is a forest of wild fan-palms, hoary with age, and attaining such gigantic proportions as to resemble small cccoanut trees, or long-handled Japanese feather dusters, exaggerated to an inconceivable size.

The weird, fantastic yucca palms of Mojave Desert are familiar to railway tourists through that arid region of scorching heat; but not every one knows that from the fiber of these gaunt and apparently useless trees, is manufactured a paper on which are printed bank notes and no less a journal than the great London Telegraph.

Among the varied bounties which Nature has lavished upon the Golden State, none should take higher rank than her noble forest trees—in sun or shade, in calm or storm, ever living monuments of grace and beauty or rugged sentinels of majestic strength.

CYPRESS AT MONTEREY.

IF I WERE CALIFORNIA.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

PROSPEROUS, prolific in resources beyond all lands under the sun, almost beyond conception, in truth, yet bands of men go up and down crying out that they are hungry and loudly demanding employment. Now what is the matter?

By way of preface let it be noted that San Francisco is not all of California, however this great big spoiled child may assume or succeed in making the world believe she is. Nor are the newspapers of that city all of San Francisco. Nor is the sand-lot or hoodlum element with its army of tramps all of the newspapers, however full they may fill the papers year in and year out with their strikes, political schemes, including speeches and wailings for work. And let it here be briefly added, these men do not want work. This army of idlers will not work at any price longer than a few years. For six years I have experimented with these men here on my ranch. My foreman has had instructions all these years to give every man work who came, and to discharge no man, yet the biggest sum that any one man remained to earn was sixty dollars. As for the servant girl from that element she is still more restless and irrepressible when in the country. She wants to live in the city. She is not idle, perhaps not vicious, but her brother, lover, husband, is both vicious and idle. He will not work but he wants his wife, sister, sweetheart, to work, to do the hotel waiting, the chamber work and his mother to do the washing. And that is exactly where it is and what it is now. The sole question to-day is, Shall we ranchmen be permitted to employ reliable help on such wages as we can; or must we still submit to the dictation of tramps with their headquarters in San Francisco?

As for this matter of "deportation" let it be bluntly set down that if a vote of this State could be had to-day as to whether this disturbing element or the Chinese could be "deported," the vote would astonish the world; and the prosperity of California from the date of its enforcement would be the marvel and the altruism of civilization. Of course, it is social and political death in San Francisco to say these things as with the abolitionist in New York of old; but the truth takes care of its own.

The time has come to be very serious; practical rather than sentimental. Let us have facts rather than poetry for the Christmas of 1893 in California. I live within a mile of the suburbs of a great and generous city. Yet as I enter the city I am solicited by many strong men for work and for bread. Point away to the fields where fruit is going to waste by the hundreds of tons for want of harvesters; they shake their heads sulkingly and answer in all sorts of evasive ways; and almost always insultingly if a piece of silver is not promptly handed out.

I have been the length and breath of this fertile State within the year. I found the same stagnation of blood and congestion of labor from one end to the other: what is the matter? Is the fault with the farmer, the man who has the burden of this great State on his bowed shoulders and holds the honor of the land in his toil-hardened hands? Or is it with the bands of men who go up and down crying out for work and bread? Let us very seriously try to find out.

Last fruit harvest as the raisin grapes began to ripen, hundreds of

men, working men so called, banded together in and about Tulare and went from farm to farm demanding that certain laborers, who were doing the work on these farms at that very critical season, should be discharged.

One farmer, whose hard earnings of a lifetime were tied up in that one crop, and he was only one of thousands, answered, "I will dismiss all the workmen I have if you men will take their places and save my crop and save me from ruin."

"Go to h—, you and your grapes; we will dismiss them for you!"

And they did. They proceeded to where those peaceful and patient laborers had shut themselves up to rest from toil for the night, and after firing shot after shot through the walls of the house and finding the tenants unarmed, they finally, after hours of harder work than they had ever been willing to do in the fields, pulled the house down on the patient and defenseless toilers. They did indeed dismiss them; three, it is reported, were dismissed to eternity.

The total loss was of course serious, to say nothing of the loss of life, but the broad effect was almost fatal to this State and must be felt for years. For the lurid telegraph operator gave it to the world day after day in that graphic fashion for which he has become famous in California that the grape fields were red with gore and that the glorious climate had generated the hot blood and internal strifes of Mexico, Chili and Peru.

Fortunately for us the Anarchists of Chicago and New York had gotten up counter irritants in those two places, which claimed the attention of the world at the time and kept the newspapers busy vindicating their own localities, else they had just about burned us up in California. For these cities, Chicago especially, has ever been most willing to put us in the shade and divert immigration and all fair notice from our fair land by the sea of seas. But let us see what New York and Chicago found at home on sifting their own troubles down to the bottom; for it may throw light in our own path.

Well, of all the thousands who paraded through the streets of New York, demanding bread and work on the ground that they and their wives and little ones were starving, the committee appointed for the purpose of offering relief reported but two cases of absolute want.

In Chicago about two thousand consented to register for work; of these only about five hundred appeared next morning to be taken to the place of public employment and of these more than half refused to take tools in their hands when taken to the grounds and given a chance to go to work at good wages with the city as paymaster.

These facts place our whole tramp problem in California in a new light. Permit one who knows something about tramps to briefly state his experience on both sides of the question. On my second return from Europe I landed at Boston, to see Emerson, Whittier and others of our venerated authors, and became the guest of Harriet Prescott Spofford. Whittier's home, Amesbury, was only a few miles away, and I walked there one warm Sunday and walked back. But I got tired, there being no cars then, and I sat down in the straggling suburbs of Newburyport by the roadside on a stone to rest.

"Here! Get up, get up and go on!"

"Well, if I get up I will knock you down," I retorted. "Now you leave me alone."

But he didn't. Showing his star he whipped out his club with one hand, and with the other he pulled me down on my face.

By showing the Quaker Poet's letter I got off without going to jail; but the magistrate read me the most ironclad tramp law that language ever could construct; though it is generally conceded that Massachusetts is a very humane State and not without heart.

But the big headlines in the papers

next morning made me furious and I went to Boston and stated the case to the Governor. He scarcely deigned to look up, even with that peculiar eye of his, but merely remarked that people who didn't like "The tramp laws of Massachusetts had better go West—go West or cut their hair."

And what of all this? Nothing at all; only please note that Massachusetts has no tramps, no tramp riots, no tramp parades, as has New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

Born with a romantic love for the gypsy, the Indian, the rover and wanderer of whatever name or nature, and trained by William Morris, the gentle poet Socialist of London, to love all men in their love of freedom, I built a house here on my hillside for the Wanderer, as Morris admired. This house for the wanderer was better and bigger than the one I built for myself, a good deal. I built it remote from my private little home so that they in their liberty and hilarity of any sort would not disturb me or I them.

Results? In less than a year the last sheet, pillowslip, bedspread, frying pan and coffee pot was gone. Not only that, but the windows were broken and the sash burned. Too worthless to go out and carry in wood one crowd broke up and burned my table and chairs, and when I put in my head to protest they threatened to "cremate the old crank in his own fireplace."

With this experience I fixed up the place for my mother and built "The Guest House" close to my own; and bought a pistol. Then I came so near having to shoot one of these tramps to prevent bodily harm that I stopped housing them entirely and only gave them work, if able to work; otherwise a very small sum of money. For with tons of fruit going to waste all around me it is silly to do more. For more than five years I gave either work or money to every man who came; generally working in the fields with those who worked. But after those Tulare riots I suspended all relations with the tramp tribe and bought a big dog.

My experience of the past six years here in this respect, would make a marvelous book; but I can only note a few dry facts here. In the first place a good many of these tramps are insane or partly so. This is a sad fact, but none the less a fact. Horrible as it may read very nearly all carry small flasks of alcohol. This fearful stuff may have a lot to do with their degradation of mind. Of course in the interior, or remote from towns, they may not use this so much; but those poor fellows nearly always left an empty alcohol flask in "The Wanderer's Home."

Another thing to note, I found them very gregarious — clannish among themselves, and not at all lazy, at least not when I worked with them. Another thing, they are well informed, as a rule; good readers of the daily papers and posted in current things a deal better than their host. Men are singularly fond of quoting poetry, and many a tramp has walked up to me quoting my poetry, as he thought; though it was generally Bret Harte's or John Hay's.

One thing more to note: there are no Jews, no Japanese, no Chinese, no Mexicans, none of the weak or despised people of the earth among them. They are, as a rule, the most robust of men, and a sad number of them are ex-convicts. Some of them are authors of pamphlets or little books of verse, and they are nearly all orators of the Sand-Lot order. They are not fools. I have not encountered a single dull one yet. Even the insane or partly insane ones are bright.

The remedy? If I were California I would put the sand-lot orator among the extinct animals. A man who has sense enough to lead those unbalanced men, and bad men, and all such men as make up the great brigade of California tramps ought to have sense enough to get off the curbstone and go to work. Civilization has a right to a fair trial and the sooner the incen-

diary gets out of her path, the better for him and his poor followers.

Five years back I would have been furious at the idea of enforcing the State and municipal tramp laws of Massachusetts here, but with the experience stated, I hold it to be a duty to the tramp, to say nothing at all about the State to utterly obliterate him. His clans are the school of crime. It is there that the ex-convict finds sympathy for his misdeeds and is prepared for another term. And some day when the State is in trouble it is not hard to predict on which side he will throw his brute strength. He will be the first to take her by the throat.

Finally, if I were California, I would not only put the tramp to work, but I would protect every person within my lines who cared to work, of whatever name or nation. If the farmer and the fruit-grower shall not be allowed to employ such men as he may please to employ without asking permission of the tramp, then farewell to fair California. I can't say certainly how it is in Oregon and Washington; perhaps farmers are not pushed to the wall at times up there as they are here where harvest time is so short; besides, they have some Indians there who are good in the hop-fields; but as for California, she needs her brown men. California needs her Chinamen, she wants her Chinamen and she is going to keep her Chinamen; and California is going to protect her laborers in her fruit fields, even though she has to shoot down every tramp in the State.

I take the responsibility of saying to the "President and all others in authority" at this Christmas time that the people of California not only will protect the Chinamen now here, but they want the Golden Gates swung wide open to all the world, as God made it.

And why has this not been said before? It is a long story, and the trouble grew slowly; but finally, the tramp or sand-lot element, all voters, became a formidable factor in politics.

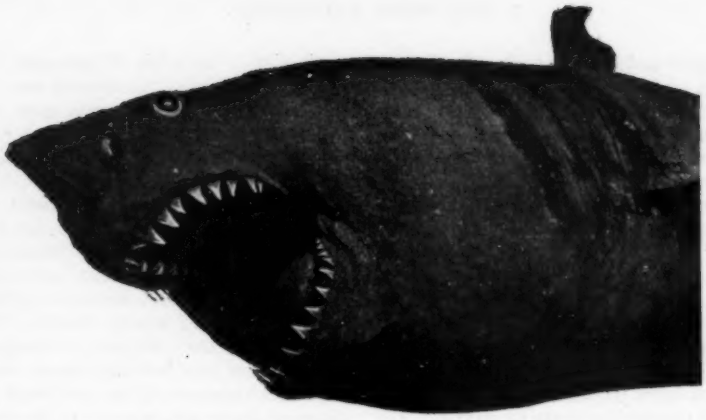
Briefly then, every bright "heir apparent to the throne," editor, and politician of any sort fell down before that monstrous sand-lot god and worshipped there till it grew to be the fat and formidable beast of to-day.

The farmer wants and must have labor and cheap labor at that. His margin of profits is small. His busiest season is hot and short. He can trust the Chinaman and he cannot trust the tramp.

And we tillers of the soil in this wilderness and in this night of trouble have already fixed our eyes on the pillar of fire which we are to follow.

This question of cheap labor and the employment of whom we please to till our fields is to be settled at the ballot—the Australian ballot, mind you; not the saloon ballot or the sand-lot ballot. The issue will be: Shall a man employ whom he pleases and pay what he can? or shall he submit to the dictation of tramps?

Had I the qualities or even a disposition to be the next Governor of California, I would lay down these hurriedly written pages as the chief planks in my platform; and trusting to my fellow toilers and tillers of the soil in California would quietly pack my trunk for the Capital.



MOUTH OF CARCHARODON—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

AMONG THE MAN-EATERS.

BY J. HERNDON CAMPBELL.

EVERY lover of sport has a fad, and for a number of years shark fishing and these grim monsters have had the greatest fascination for me. I have tried conclusions with them in nearly all the waters that beat upon American shores, and the recollections of their various struggles and manœuvres are replete with interest.

The shark, or man-eater as some delight to call it, is more sinned against than sinning, as the actual casualities that are laid to its tooth-lined jaws are comparatively few and far between. Still the shark, like the professional bully, has earned a reputation for savageness that will always cling to it.

Shark fishing is not merely a sport. It requires as much science for a single fisherman in a light dinghy to conquer a thirteen-foot man-eater without being tipped over, as it does to capture a tarpon or a giant bass with a light rod; and if the shark is approached fairly and single-handed, it provides not merely sport and a magnificent display of power, but gives the fisherman a variety of exercise not dreamed of in the philosophy of the professor of athletics.

I venture to commend a course of shark fishing to the business man whose digestion is impaired and who needs something which will bring long-forgotten and neglected muscles into play. As a rule, the shark is looked upon as an enemy of the human race, and when hooked as many men as possible "clap on" to the line and the gamy monster is dragged ashore by main force. This in the unwritten ethics of the sport is unscientific; and the following accounts are based upon attempts to handle large sharks as they should be, single-handed. The materials for the sport are a long hemp line, of the thickness of a clothes-line, the longer the better, a steel hook a foot in length, to which is attached a three-foot chain; fresh fish-bait is the best, though the hungry shark is by no means dainty.

In Californian waters, especially in July and August, sharks are very common, especially the hammer-head, while huge shovel-nosed fellows are

often seen. The hammer-head is particularly gamy, and its vicious head, from each side of which extend hammer-like projections bearing the eyes, gives it a disagreeable appearance.

The effect that can be produced by one of these creatures on an average man was well illustrated off one of the Santa Barbara islands. I was sitting in a small boat, fishing, while about twenty feet away was another boat containing some young men who were enjoying their first day's fishing on the ocean. As fast as they caught a fish, it was strung on a line and thrown over to keep it fresh. The current carried the toothsome odor of fish far down the shore where an eleven-foot hammer-headed shark took the scent and followed it up. I first noticed it as it bit off my hook with a vicious jerk, then gliding along, with the big dorsal fin cutting the water like a scythe, it made directly for the fish. I warned my neighbors, who pulled in the string, whereupon the shark began to circle about the boat, not five feet from it, presenting a form that was nearly the length of the boat and of formidable proportions. The men watched it for a moment, then dropped into the bottom, thrusting a rifle over the gunwale and taking stray shots at the exposed back of the monster, but with no effect. The shark almost touched the boat and the occupants were completely demoralized by its temerity; even my fair companion took alarm and insisted upon being landed.

This shark could not be driven off, but followed several boats, trying to steal the fish, and on the surface openly defied a dozen boats and armed men for over an hour. Finally it headed out to sea, and having secured a line I gave chase, and coming up to it a mile off shore soon succeeded in throwing a tempting bait six feet in front of it, buoyed up by a piece of wood. The shark dashed at it at once; a second later the float disappeared, and the line began to pay out with the rhythmic thrill peculiar to such occasions.

My boat was a small flat-bottomed skiff with a square flat stern. My companion had the oars, and I stood in the stern paying out the line. I let the shark have about ten or fifteen feet and then jerked the big hook into it. A second of delay, and then with a mighty rush the line went whizzing and singing over the side as the big fish sounded. Stopping the line was no easy matter, but finally it was caught and the light boat went whirling along over the bay, ever and anon dipping deeply as the monster plunged about. After a deep dive it came up, still towing the boat along at steamboat speed, and I slowly took it in, giving and taking line. The shark tried as many tricks as a salmon. One which nearly turned the tables was to swing around in a circle, a game which wrenched the line over the side, then giving a lunge which almost carried the gunwale under water, and but for a quick movement would have ended in a capsize. For half an hour I played with the shark, trying to wear it out, and finally, when completely exhausted myself, felt that it was giving in. During the struggle we had been towed half a mile at a speed that made it impossible for other boats to catch up, but now, one after another, the boatmen threw us lines, and soon a procession of five boats towed the shark in slowly, which fought and struggled every yard though I had its big head at the surface.

The strength of a thirteen-foot shark can be well illustrated by one I captured in the Gulf of Mexico. I hooked it on the edge of a deep channel, and it towed our heavy boat for nearly half a mile at steamboat speed. We were then crossed by a twelve-oared barge that tossed us a line, and fourteen men pulled against the shark and for some time failed to stop it, and only after a long fight was the fish conquered. When I succeeded in hauling it up to the boat it

turned and seized the keel near the cut-water in its jaws and gripped it as would a bull terrier. This shark fought for two hours before it was landed, and had then almost completely exhausted three fishermen, as well as myself.

With an abundance of line a single fisherman should be able to handle the largest shark by skilfully taking advantage of its rushes and manoeuvres, and by drowning it into submission. I once had an opportunity of illustrating this at the mouth of the St. John's River, Florida. It was at the beginning of the shad season when these fish were filling the rivers. The hauling of the nets possibly attracted the sharks; in any event, they were fairly common, and I determined to test conclusions with them. Just east of Pilot Town there was a long sandy beach above the oyster-beds where the channel came in shore, and here I selected a base of operations and soon had my shark-hook, baited with a big shad, twenty feet out in the stream, and my long line coiled on the sand and in turn fastened to a huge root. The bait was not long neglected, and there soon came a delicate tremor as if a crab was nibbling at the dainty; then the rope stiffened and thrilled in my hands and slowly ran out. I paid out ten or fifteen feet of line, then checking it slightly allowed it to come taut; and then as the shark felt the first resistance I jerked the steel hook in among its seven or eight rows of teeth. The result of this was a response which sent me sprawling on my face in the sand, so that I lost the line altogether and it ran out like a snake, cutting the sand like a living thing. I soon caught it, however, and again was jerked from my feet; but I still held on and was dragged bodily to the water's edge where I was forced to let go.

Evidently the shark was a large one and was going to lead me a race. Its first rush was directly out, and by slacking the line and running up stream I succeeded in turning it, and then began the fight which lasted an hour. I ran along the beach, taking in the line as rapidly as I could, thus bringing the shark in shore; then it would turn and dash out, dragging me through the sand, feet-first, until I made the turn in the opposite direction.

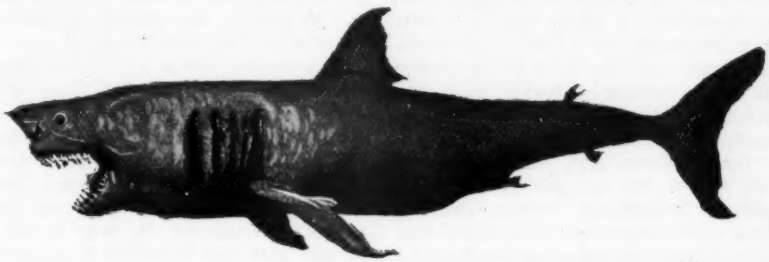
Up the beach it dashed, taking in a single rush all the slack I had gained; then turned and cunningly rushed in shore faster than I could take in the slack overhauling as fast as arms could work. Soon came a jerk that sent me down again; the shark had turned and was rushing straight away, taking the line with irresistible force; this time it carried out all the line and started the heavy root rolling down the beach while I vainly tried to stay it. A yard more and the game would have been up, but I broke the rush by taking the line up the beach again. Rush followed rush, until thoroughly exhausted I sat down on the beach, my feet braced deep in the yielding sand, and held on, taking the sledge hammer-like blows until my arms were almost pulled from their sockets. Finally the monster weakened and the long rushes grew less. I was drowning it in its own element and, by pulling in rapidly and letting go, I soon had the shark so subdued that I got it within ten feet of the shore; but the moment it saw me all its strength seemed to return and its rush for deep water kept me dancing to avoid the leaping coils of rope. This was the last rush, and I soon had it "fin out," along shore. It was about twelve feet long, a very bulky fellow, and as it beat the sand and water the little remoras, or sucking fish, still clung to it, standing by their friend as it was pulled high and dry later on by a dozen men.

There is hardly an animal so repulsive as a shark and few can inspire greater terror. I well remember on one occasion the effect a sudden view of sharks had upon me. I had hooked one which must have been a fourteen-foot man-eater, judging from its strength, for I never saw it. It towed

us a mile, then, when another boat came to our assistance, ran away with both, finally breaking the rope after I had gained ten feet on the line. So violent was the rush of the shark that I was fearful that the line would go over the side, in which case a capsize would have been the result; so I stood on the little deck, holding the rope in a notch in the cut-water, with the water boiling on each side, the bow deep in the water as we went rushing along. I was kept busy watching the line; but chancing to cast my eye down I saw a sight which sent a cold chill up my back. On either side were five or six sharks nearly as long as the boat; curiously marked fellows, known to the fishermen on the reef as tiger-sharks, swimming along, keeping exact pace with us and apparently ready to embrace any opportunity that might come to avenge their comrade. They were in all probability deeply influenced by curiosity, as they swam swiftly but quietly along about ten feet below the surface and disappeared when the shark broke away.

During many years passed in the tropical shark country, and constantly on the water when large sharks were always present, I was never attacked, nor did I ever hear of an instance. So common were sharks that they were not feared, and I have frequently with several others dived from a deck when a twelve-foot shark was still in sight twenty or more feet below. There was probably safety in numbers. Once in wading over the reef I was followed by a six-foot shark so faithfully that I took to the land; but it was probably mere curiosity on the part of the fish, inasmuch as, when I reached the bare reef and tossed a dead head of coral at it, my follower disappeared.

One of the most exciting rides I ever took was behind a ten-foot shark. In pulling my boat over a shallow lagoon one day in the Gulf of Mexico I came upon a school of twenty or more large sharks lying on the bottom. In a moment I had my grains—a small spear—fastened into one, and away went the fish like a shot. The line was soon exhausted, and as the board to which it was attached went over the side, I grasped it, and losing my balance went overboard, and found myself dashing along behind the shark. The lagoon was not over three or four feet deep, so I determined to hold on while shoal water lasted. The lagoon was half a mile square and I was towed for some distance, my companion rowing the boat after us and finally intercepting my steed and taking me aboard, when we succeeded in bringing the shark to a neighboring island.



THH MANEATER, CARCHARODON CARCHARIAS.

While sharks do not attack men in this locality they make warfare against other large game. I have frequently found large turtles weighing several hundred pounds whose flippers had been completely bitten off, and to judge from marks and signs the shark had made desperate efforts at the head. They also follow the large sting or

whip rays, the falling of their flat bodies often being heard on the reef at night as they leave the water to escape savage rushes.

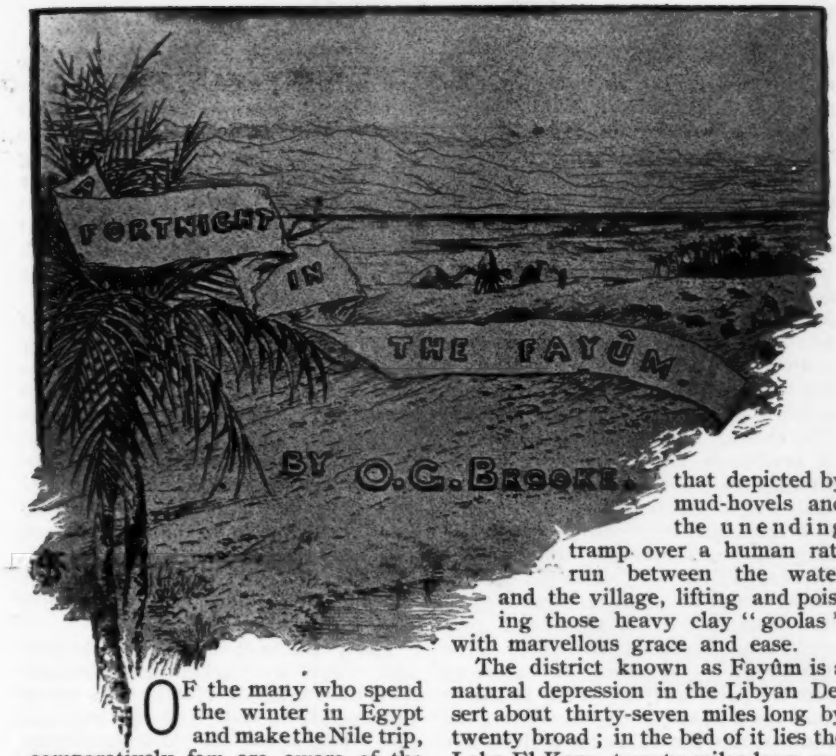
Many erroneous impressions hold regarding the method of attack of sharks. They do not always turn upon the side. As a rule the movement of the shark is slow. If the weather is warm and the water is smooth it often seeks the surface, and in July and August hundreds of shark's fins may be seen in the Santa Barbara Channel, cutting the water like knives and glistening in the sunlight. Sharks scent their food a long distance, eyesight playing a small part, and will follow up the odor of dead fish for a mile or more against the current. I once saw a dozen large sharks attack a cow. It was in deep water and the sight was a savage one. The savage brutes rushed at the animal and bit wherever they could, running their heads out of the water in their efforts, and on securing a hold pulled the animal down out of sight for a moment. I was drifting quite near in my boat and could not see that they turned upon the back in biting.

The man-eater, or *Carcharodon carcharias* of the Atlantic, is a formidable creature, and one caught some years ago was nearly thirty feet in length. Such a shark could easily devour a horse at a meal. The body is huge in bulk, the mouth enormous and filled with row after row of serrated teeth so sharp that the slightest touch brings blood. When inoperative all the rows but the outer one lie flat; but when the shark makes an attack the eight or nine rows rise erect and the object is cut in two at the onset. The capacity of these monsters is enormous. One taken in Australian waters was found to contain the parts of a complete horse that had been thrown overboard. The largest shark of to-day is the Rhinodon, a harmless creature with small teeth, found in the South Pacific, attaining a length of seventy feet. The ordinary Bone shark of North Pacific waters attains a length of fifty feet and is almost as powerful as the whale. For a number of years a large shark made itself dreaded on the New England coast by attacking fishermen, and it is supposed that this monster is the one which carried off a well-known citizen of Lynn, Mass. The victim had gone out with a fishing party, and thinking to improve the fishing jumped into a dory and pulled away from the large vessel. Suddenly he was heard to shout, and his horrified companions turned to see a huge shark throw itself into the boat, sinking it, and carrying off the fisherman. Such attacks are exceptional, the shark being, as a rule, a cowardly scavenger; not ornamental, but a valuable animal, filling the place in the ocean that the vulture does on land.

DUTY.

BY LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

Thank God for Duty—noblest, truest, best,
Of all the throng who lend my soul's unrest.
She hath no fear: when beating storms arise
I see her looking back with pitying eyes
  And reaching hands that too must blindly hold.
Hope, Pride and Joy—all fail, and turn away
Love is not wise; and Friendship will not stay,
  When dark the night, and fierce the wind and cold.



OF the many who spend the winter in Egypt and make the Nile trip, comparatively few are aware of the existence of the Fayûm except perhaps as a fertile oasis some where in the desert to the west of the Nile. Yet this interesting district is within a day's journey by rail, or two and a half day's march of Cairo ; and to those travellers, weary of the interminable mud-banks and stagnant waters of the receding Nile or of the stifling Cairene Bazaars, no pleasanter change could be afforded than a fortnight's camping out in this cheerful region of running streams.

How often on the Nile does one long to be able to see the native life as it is without the aid of a dragoman and his too-ready "Kurbash," away from the regular tourist track and if possible out of the sound of the pattering feet and the ever-present cry "'sh, 'sh Bakshish O Hawadji," to see if there is no pleasanter side in the lives of the women and children than that depicted by mud-hovels and the unending tramp over a human rat-run between the water and the village, lifting and poising those heavy clay "goolas" with marvellous grace and ease.

The district known as Fayûm is a natural depression in the Libyan Desert about thirty-seven miles long by twenty broad ; in the bed of it lies the Lake El Karn, twenty miles long and seven broad in its greatest part. This lake is below sea-level and the waters are brackish. Its nearest point on the Nile is perhaps Maidum, about fifty miles distant. An Egyptian colony was formed here as early as the XII Dynasty, and tradition has it that it was the Joseph of the Bible who first opened up the country as an agricultural center by making the great irrigation canal now known as the Bahr Ysuf from the Nile at Benisuef to Medineteel Fayûm (the capital) as well as to Lake Mœris—perhaps the most ancient reservoir in the world, the remains of which can still be seen to the north of the town—and it was probably used as a means of regulating the water supply for irrigation. Here also are the ruins of that extraordinary building known as the Labyrinth, the use of which has puzzled the archaeologists of all ages,

the majority thinking that it was a temple. To me it appears as being more like a fortress or place of refuge for the early settlers from the warlike tribes of the desert.

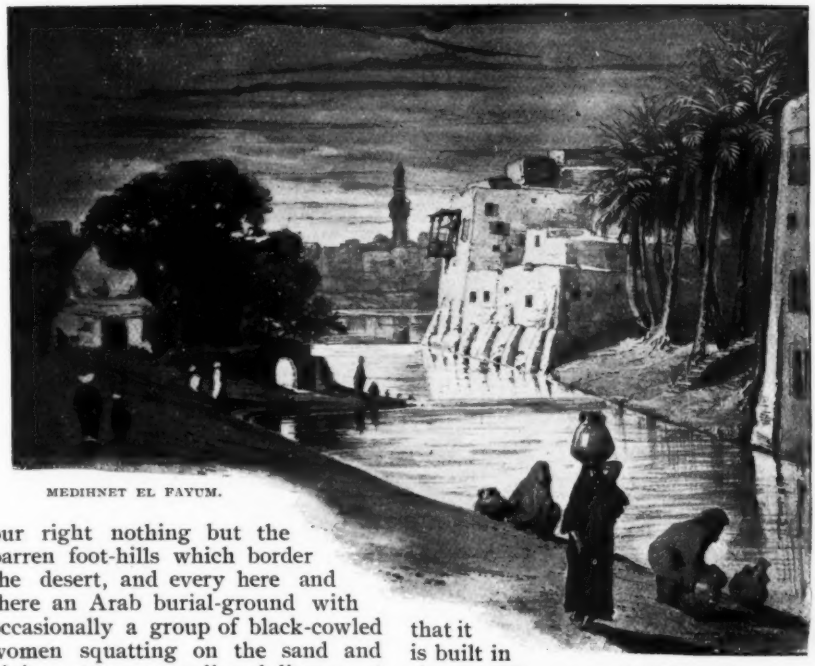
The writer having found two companions also anxious to visit the Fayûm—one, S. a fellow-traveller on the Nile boat, the other, B. an officer stationed in Cairo—the first thing to be done was to make arrangements for a camp-outfit. This can be accomplished more easily in Cairo than anywhere else, provided one makes up his mind to be fleeced to a certain extent. Round Shepheard's and the Continental hotels are always plenty of dragomen for whose comparative honesty the hotel management will answer, and, having stated one's wants to several, the best plan is to put the carrying work out to competition. The bargaining will probably occupy two or three days, as at first exorbitant demands will be made, but generally one dragoman, who may have just missed a good thing, will agree to take the party at from eleven to thirty shillings a head per day according to number, and for this sum will undertake to provide all camp-equipment (in our case three camels, two donkeys, one sleeping tent, one dining tent, one kitchen and one servants' tent), a cook and table servant, or "boy" as he is generally termed regardless of his years. Also all board which can be specially specified beforehand and forage for horses and ponies. It is generally understood that travellers provide their own wine and soda water, but in our case the latter was found for us. "Shikarees" have to be paid for extra, by sportmen.

Having made all arrangements for our trip, on the last day of January we directed our dragoman to start on the following morning. Of course his name was Ibrahim, but he was an extra fine looking young fellow, a son of the Sheik of the Pyramids who derived a solid income by levying a tax of three shillings on every one who ascends or goes inside the huge structure, and in return is supposed to be answerable for the safety of the tourist's life, limbs and chattels. Our orders were that the camels with tents should start early in the morning and pitch camp beyond Sakara where would be our first halt—as for ourselves, we would spend the night at the Pyramids Hotel at Gizeh, which would allow plenty of time for the march to Dashur, or thereabouts.

So on the evening of the first of February we rode out of Cairo by way of Gesireh and along the monotonous but shady avenue which stretches across the flat plain all the way to the Pyramids. On either side of the road were rude encampments of Bedouin Arabs, who come from the desert and rent from the fellahs acres of the rich lucern, (a specie of clover) to feed herds of camels which could be seen browsing in all kinds of uncouth attitudes, tethered so that they could only reach a short distance.

Early the next morning, February 2nd, 1893, we started on horseback from the Pyramids Hotel. The dawn had already broken, and the sun was just rising above the Mocatam Hills on the other side of the Nile, guilding the clouds of mist as its warmth drove them from the low ground across to the desert. The Pyramids were shrouded in an opaline haze, but just as we passed them the head of the great Cheops appeared turned to a warm brick-red color by the fiery rays, just as the Peak of Teneriffe so often appears from the sea when the land itself is not in sight.

Our horses were fresh and had evidently been well-cared for at the hotel stables, so we galloped merrily along the edge of the desert in order to get as much as possible of the day's work done in the cool. We passed several parties of Cairo sportsmen quail shooting in the cultivated land on our left, and thought of the better sport we ourselves were likely to find in the Fayûm where the quail arrive in large quantities as soon as the heat in Nubia and the Libyan Desert increases. To



MEDIHNET EL FAYUM.

our right nothing but the barren foot-hills which border the desert, and every here and there an Arab burial-ground with occasionally a group of black-cowled women squatting on the sand and giving utterance to dismal dirges; at the same time they did not seem indifferent to their own wants, but made a lugubrious picnic of their lamentation.

Arrived at Sakara we lunched in the delapidated house in which Mariette Bey lived while he was making his celebrated researches in Memphis; afterward we visited the interesting tomb of the chief priest Tih and the sepulchre of Apis where are entombed the sacred bulls. One is well repaid for the dive into the suffocating atmosphere by the sight of the huge corridors cut out of the solid rock, with numbers of unadorned square chambers in which lie the ponderous granite sarcophagi of the sacred bulls. These funereal receptacles are for the most part sculptured all over. The mummied bulls have all been removed. We started again at four o'clock, being satisfied with only a cursory examination of the Pyramid of Sakara, the oldest of all and differing from most in that it is built in tiers. We soon sighted what we supposed was our camp, but which turned out to be only a collection of Bedouin tents; however, by six o'clock we arrived at our own encampment which was in perfect order. The smiling Ibrahim met us; baths were ready filled with cool water and we were told dinner could be had whenever we felt disposed. Satisfaction must have beamed from our faces, but we did not say much, as experience of the East had proved to more than one of us that it is better to stint praise, especially at the beginning of an expedition of this kind.

There was no wind, consequently no drifting sand, so we dined outside our tent which was still rather hot, but by the time we turned in it was cool and comfortable. The stars came out, story-telling began, and the first day's experience was voted delightful.

The following day we were up with the Egyptian lark which appears to be much the same as his European

From the famous picture of Theo. Chas. Frère.

IN THE NILE COUNTRY.

cousin in his habits. There was one slight shadow; B's "sais" complained that Ibrahim had failed to bring water enough and had given the horses the soapy water of our baths, and that he would not be answerable for their condition if this practice were allowed to go on. Ibrahim with many gesticulations indignantly denied the charge, but their was little doubt that he was guilty; however, the horses were fresh and the fuss blew over. The whole of this day, after packing up tents, was spent in marching at a pace which the loaded camels arranged amongst themselves. One could hear them plotting the whole time with terse grumbles. It was not enjoyable, as the sun was severely hot, but it gave one an idea of the kind of life a caravan must lead crossing the Sahara—days of nothingness on a stretch.

A VILLAGE ROAD.

There was literally nothing to interest one in the surroundings, not a living thing apparently; a few whitened camel bones here and there and a tuft of camel grass in places; even the pebbles seemed colorless. Once, and once only, a hawk flew by. B. shot at it with a pea-rifle, out of curiosity to see what kind of a bird would live in such a place. I was glad when he missed and left something alive. At six we pitched camp, and by eight o'clock Ahmed, who had been cook's boy on a P. & O. steamer and could make excellent dry curry, gave us a first-rate dinner. At night a hot wind raised the sand and made sleep a difficulty, so that there was no difference of opinion as to an early start.

We left our camp men to pack up and follow us, and rode on slowly, By mid-day on the 4th we suddenly came in sight of our promised land, a dip in the desert and there, about ten miles below us, lay the Lake El Karn, like a torquoise dropped in the desert. To our right rose a range of hills which terminated in good-sized peaks; between us and the lake, sand; beyond a land flowing with milk and honey. Yellow corn and green bean-fields, groves of palms and smoke of villages. It was a pleasant change to the eye, and we got off our now weary ponies and enjoyed the view. After what appeared to us an interminable wait the camels caught up to us, and we started into the valley, meaning to camp on the shores of the lake. At the foot of the mountain spur we came upon the camp of a German prince and two companions, who had been there several weeks in search of large game. Their only trophy was the skin of a rather mangy hyena that had been slain after the sacrifice of a donkey bought from one of the villagers—an expensive amusement, and one which we concluded was not worth the candle. After leaving what newspapers we had, we pushed on and that night slept close to the alkaline edge of El Karn.

Although we knew from experience that the best quail shooting is to be had on the cultivated ground bordering

NIGHT IN CAMP ON THE DESERT.

the desert, where the tired birds drop after their long flight, yet we had had enough of the desert for the time, and determined to push into the interior of the cultivated land and encamp in one of the cool palm-groves. Ibrahim was anxious to go to a village called Abshawai, where evidently he had friends, and we made no objection. Accordingly that evening we found ourselves settled in the most charming quarters in a large palm-grove with a sunny stream close by, yet no mosquitoes. On our arrival a visit of ceremony was paid us by the village sheik, a rather good looking man of about forty. After taking coffee and cigarettes he informed us that two watchmen would be appointed to look after our camp at night and keep off thieves. This is another form of backsheesh, as there is not much fear of thieves, who have a wholesome dread of the firearms of Englishmen, and usually the watchman's snores kept one of our party awake until he went out and kicked him up. At the same time in case of any loss the sheik holds himself responsible, and the amount paid is not ruinous.

Abshawai in itself represents a very fair specimen of a well-to-do village community. The houses and compounds, or walled yards surrounding them, are well built of sun-dried bricks of mud, or of what is called "adobe" in California, and thatched with corn stalks. Only the sheik's house, the Mosque and the pigeon houses were white-washed. These latter form an important feature in all Arab villages, but in the Fayûm they are more ornate and quaint in their architecture than in most places on the Nile. The pigeons never appear to be killed, unless a cold-blooded white pays for the privilege of shooting them as they circle round, and the main object of attracting and housing these semi-wild birds is to obtain manure for the communal land. The birds are of the "blue rock" species and a white pigeon is seldom seen. The small mosque, shaded by a big banyan tree, was clean and unpretentious, with palm matting spread over the floor, and devout men are to be seen bowing towards Mecca whenever the Muezzin calls to prayer.

The people, too, were friendly and

invited me into their houses. The women and children stood around while cigarettes were exchanged with the master of the house, and did not bolt like frightened rabbits. Not once did we hear the hateful word "backsheesh"; but it would be rash to guarantee that the next visitors would be exempted. Owing to the number of small streams and irrigating canals, water is near at hand and, consequently, one does not enounter the long lines of over-ladened women-folk at every turn. They seem to lead a more healthful and pleasant existence in herding the flocks and gleaning. A curious adjunct to most houses is an object like a huge egg-cup, made of mud, in which grain is stored out of the reach of rats and mongoose which are very prevalent. In the hot season of the year, also when scorpions abound, I am told that the women keep their little children in it out of harm's way. The sheik appears to arrange about the working of the communal land, from which he receives a tithe, and is responsible to the Khedive's government for the collection of taxes.

Since the British occupation these latter have been reduced in a manner which now permits the "fellah" to enjoy some of the fruits of his labor, and he is waxing fat; whether he appreciates or not the cause of his improved condition is another matter, and I am inclined to think that the old adage might be applied to him, "A wife, a spaniel and a walnut tree, the more you beat them the better they be." Armed robbery is comparatively common, and each village has its guard armed with Remingtons provided by the Government. These guards must number several thousand, and in case of a fanatical uprising might prove a thorn in the side of the very Government that instituted them. However, they appear to be a necessary evil. The village land supplies most of the people's wants; sugar-cane, pumpkins, wheat, beans, maize and clover seem to grow equally well. Cattle and sheep look fat. The natives' expenditure on clothing cannot be great, and I think the "fellaheen" ought to be, and are, comparatively happy and contented.

Our days were spent in shooting

PIGEON HOUSE AT ABSHAWAI.

quail in the meadow land and snipe that still lingered in the low ground in spite of the lateness of the season. We did not make any very extraordinary bags, but every day got sufficient shooting to keep us amused and killed enough quail to make us loathe the sight of them as food. It was an agreeable change from the country around Cairo to find the fellah taking quite an interest in the sport, never grumbling at our walking through their crops and surprised that we refrained from tramping through the beans. The difficulty was to restrain them from following in numbers, as they straggled over the fields and made shooting dangerous. On one occasion there was a slight accident which might have been serious. On our way to camp one evening, S. lent his gun to his "shikaree" who had been boasting of his prowess as a marksman. A quail got up and he grounded it in good style. Immensely pleased with himself, he fired wildly round at the next bird which rose and flew back; to my horror I saw a straggler right in line with the bird flop down in the barley. On going up to him we found his face covered with blood, and he had given himself up for dead. However, we found that one pellet in the nose, one above the eye, and three in the shoulder was the extent of his injury, and after bathing his wounds he went on as if nothing had happened. How different would have been his behavior in case one of us had shot him I need not mention. As it was, the cause of the trouble had the impudence to suggest that we should pay for his rashness—a suggestion which was met by a threat of his instant dismissal for his carelessness, with the result that the affair was never mentioned again.

It is difficult to describe the charm of a life such as we led during these favored days; the freedom from care, the peaceful evenings, cool enough to make a fire cheerful, yet quite dry with a clear sky overhead.

In order to stay in the Fayûm as many days as we could, we determined to go back to Cairo by rail from Medinet; consequently, as our holiday drew to a close, the last day found us in the capital of the Fayûm, inspecting its crowded bazaars and picturesque canals and water-wheels.

Medinet el Fayûm has been called the "Venice of Egypt," and the term is to some extent appropriate, allowing for the difference in architecture and the habits of its people The "Bahr Ysuph" (Joseph's Canal) runs through the town, whose house-walls and palms are reflected in it, and then opens out into modern reservoirs from which run flumes in all directions, working water-wheels and irrgating the surrounding country. All surplus water eventually finds its way into the salt lake from which there is no outlet except by evaporation. The people here have the reputation of being next to those of Tanta in the Delta the most fanatical in the country, and no doubt cause the English Protectorate a certain amount of anxiety. However, as elsewhere in Egypt, all is peace on the surface.

The country is wonderfully fertile; peach and olive trees flourish, roses abound, but the quality is not fine; the crop of beans is plentiful, and though short in the straw the bearded wheat has a very full ear. Centuries do not seem to have marred its productiveness.

THE LOST MISSION OF SANTA ISABEL.

ADRIFT IN A DESERT.

BY LIEUT. R. E. L. ROBINSON.

TO-DAY no country on the American continent is less known than that lying about the mouth of the Colorado River, and for four hundred miles south on either shore of the Gulf of California. The ill fortune of the early missioneries, the superstitions of the Indians who once inhabited portions of it, and the fact that it is surrounded by salt water and desert, making it extremely dangerous to enter, are all conducive to the mystery and ignorance that mantles it. If one will look on the maps of that section he will at once notice the meagreness of information, and the total lack of detail, and will wonder why he has read so little about the immense strip more than nine hundred miles in length and of irregular breadth, skirting either side of the gulf—likewise as little known—while every other nook and corner of the country has been invaded by the correspondent, miner and the homeseeker. That it is unknown is a fact, and the reasons are perhaps those given above, though if the territory belonged to the Government of the United States or any other power than the Mexican, so thoroughly endowed with the spirit of mañana, it would long ago, doubtless, have been thoroughly explored and opened to the action of civilization.

There are some who tell of desert shores, beyond which lie beautiful vales of green and flowering shrubs; cañons in the depths of which are massive fortifications of a pre-historic race; rocky islands inhabited by strange people; tropical foliage through which flit birds of many hues and almost insurmountable hardships through which one must pass to reach them, but it is all tradition, for there are few living who ever saw them.

In the spring of 1893 the writer in

company with J. W. Baker, a miner of Honduras, and Severin Andersen, a Swedish sailor, determined to test these mythical stories, and on the 20th of June set sail for Yuma, Arizona, with the intention of floating with the current into the Gulf, when we would visit the various islands about which the Indians tell such wonderful stories, and finally make Guaymas, sell our boat and return through Mexico. Whether we found much of interest or not we intended to spend the summer in those waters, and were thoroughly equipped for sounding, noting the height of the tides, the channels and direction of the winds.

Our vessel, the *Dart*, was thirty feet long, six and one-half feet beam only partly decked and at the beginning rigged with a Chinese lug sail.

Any seaman will know at once that it was entirely unfit for sea use, especially in the roughest gulf in the world, but if a priest could make the voyage in a canoe and alone, why could not three of us make it in a boat twice the size?

Regardless of the advice of friends we started, and through the good fortune, or more vulgarly speaking, "luck," by which ignorance is often protected, we escaped with our lives, though we still feel amply repaid for the hardships we were compelled to endure.

Like the Nile, the Colorado has its great rise in summer. During the year the volume of water discharged into the Gulf is about equal to the discharge of the Columbia, and as the larger part comes down through the months of May, June and July one can, without seeing it, form some idea of the rapidity and force of the current.

We began our journey as the river began to fall, and between looking out for drifts, sandbars and snags we had all we could do from the start. The expression "lazily floating with the current" does not apply to the Colorado River. The stream, at its height cuts new channels. Such streams as New River and other feeders of the Salton Sea are continually breaking out. Immense trees are torn up, roots and all, and are whirled here and there in the swift current in such a manner that to strike one means certain wreck. In places where the banks are cutting away the water runs fully twenty miles an hour, and in the general rush of drift and débris, it is very difficult and perilous to handle a boat. We succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Hardy River, however, in five days, with no other mishap than catching squarely on a drift of green cottonwoods, when the strong current pushed us over. The only damage we sustained was intense fright, for no one can swim far where the current is running like a mill-race, and we fully expected the boat to part in the middle and throw us in the whirlpool.

We had other troubles, too, that began with the first day. As soon as the sun disappeared the mosquitos came in swarms. Like the sands, they were innumerable. Mosquito-bars were of no avail, and even huge fires of rotten logs gave no protection against them, unless one kept almost within the flame. The heat was intolerable and if we wrapped ourselves in blankets it became suffocating, so that the only way we could find relief was in buttoning oil-coats about us and fighting them from our faces with wet towels. This kind of experience continued four days and nights, during which time none of us succeeded in sleeping any, doing nothing but battle with insects that became so vigorous as we went further down, that they would come from the shore into the boat, under the blazing heat of the noonday sun. I have been in the swamps of Louisiana and Texas, and on the Mosquito Coast, but I never saw a country where there were more, or more voracious ones, than the mosquitos on the Lower Colorado.

By the windings of the river it is fully two hundred and fifty miles

from Yuma to the mouth, and though we were unable to run at night we made the distance in a little less than five days. Here we were relived from the scourge of mosquitos, but during the day we were troubled with a black fly as large as a hornet. They make no noise in flying, and the bite is as severe as a puncture with a needle. There was no way to keep them off and we were compelled to endure the real pain that they caused. The nights, however, were lovely. The wind blew up from the gulf and at night was cool and delightful. From

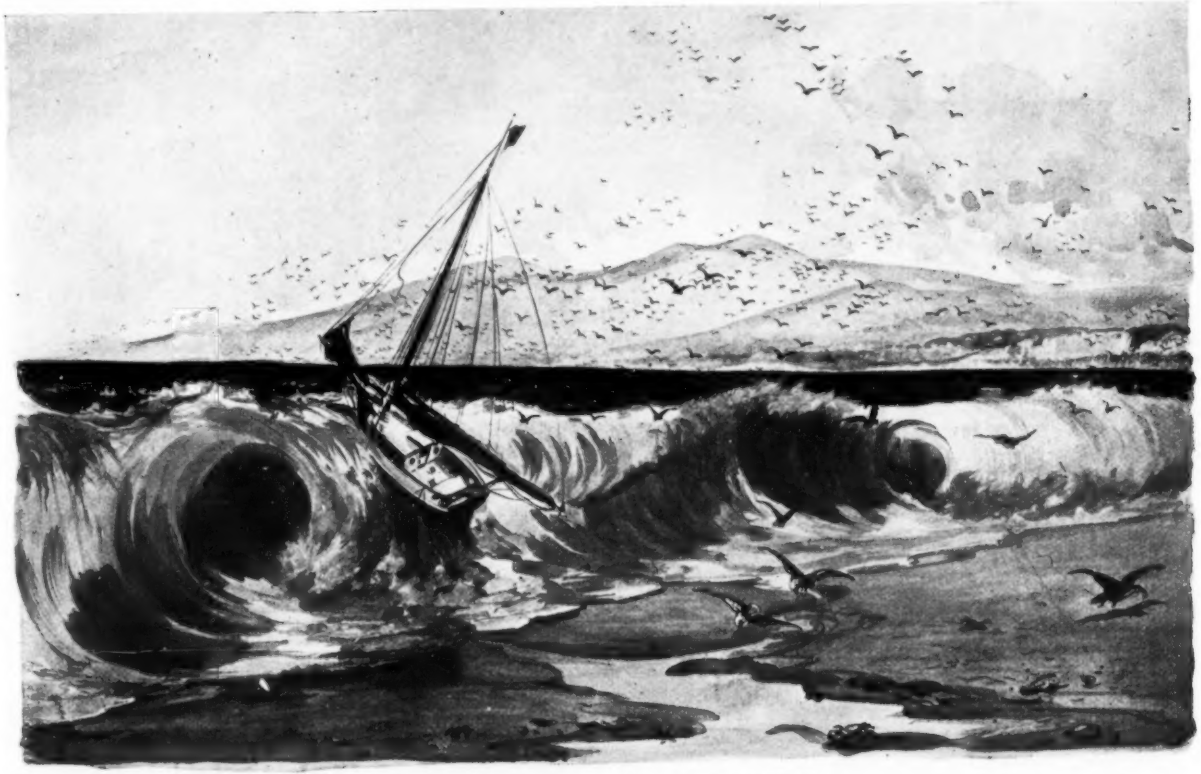
ENTERING THE GULF NEAR THE POINTED MOUNTAINS.

the old abandoned colony of Lerdo, the banks of the river were fringed with a dense growth of tules and wild hemp through which it was almost impossible to pass. Back of this lay heavy forests of willow and cottonwood, cut up with sloughs and lagunas. Occasionally, several hundred acres of this land would be destitute of the heavy growth, owing to the fires that had been kindled by the Indians, in former years, but it was boggy, covered with vines and weeds and filled with reptiles of all kinds.

Several times I tried to cut my way through these forests with an ax, that I might see what was beyond, and succeeded in getting one or two miles when I either came upon one of the impassible sloughs, or the tules and trees became so thick that all the breeze was cut off, the air became dark and suffocating, and the mosquitos so bad that I was compelled to retreat my steps. None of us ever succeeded in getting any distance inland until we reached the mouth of the Hardy, where the tide ran sixteen and one half feet on the 27th of June.

Just below this point begins a chain of islands that runs about one hundred miles into the Gulf. On high-tide they are submerged, but at other times are favorite fishing-places for the sea-fowl that gather there by thousands.

The river in its downward course, winds from side to side of a valley from fifteen to forty miles in width, bound on the west by the Cocopah Mountains and on the east by the Sonora sandhills. In the early part of June all this country is under water or only a few inches above it, and the seeds of the willow and cottonwood are left in every crevice and on the



THE TIDAL WAVE STRIKING THE "DART."

sand banks. In a few days the young plants spring up as thick as grass in a meadow, and in twelve months are young trees fifteen feet high, but on account of their growing so quickly are no larger than one's finger. When this forest is a year old it is as difficult to penetrate as a Mississippi cane brake, and after that time, nothing short of an axe and incredible labor will pierce it. Through the trees, vines and loathsome weeds wind and tangle, making it impossible to see farther than an arm's length; the bushes close behind you as you enter cutting off the sunlight, leaving all in semi-darkness, and reminding one of the jungles of South America.

The width of these jungles vary with the windings of the river. Sometimes they are only five to ten miles in width, at others thirty, and in only three places does the channel of the main stream reach the sandhills on the Sonora shore. Looking eastward from these points one sees only a waste of of sand, rolled by the winds into fantastically-shaped dunes, and extending away to the blue line of the distant Tenajas Mountains

The soil of the valley is alluvial disposited on an ever shifting bed of quicksand. Each rise of the river changes its channel in many places. Sometimes, sections of the bank will stand for years and will become covered with a large and dense forest. In a single night the bottom of the stream will shift, the whole of the current be turned against the bank. The tenacity of the roots not being sufficient to hold it, it begins falling in, and all through the night one may hear the crashing of the trees and the plunging of the falling earth, like the sound of distant cannon.

The soil is very productive, and when the great rise is past the Indians plant the little valley near the foothills in corn, melons, beans and squashes, and succeed in raising enough to live on without the assistance of irrigation. They do not inhabit the country lying immediately along the rivers, because of the changing channel, and a boat may pass from Yuma to the Gulf without seeing an Indian, unless some hunter peering from the brushy shore, concludes that he can successfully beg tobacco.

These bottom lands would be best in the world for sugar culture, if some way could be divised to kill the mosquitos, and a man could lie down at night with any assurance that when he arose in the morning the muddy bosom of the Colorado would not be rolling over his plantation.

The water is salt twelve out of the twenty-four hours at the mouth of the Hardy, and the river four miles in width at low tide. There is no timber except a few mesquites, and the only other vegetation is a wild rice that grows on all the lands covered by the high tides. The grain ripens in spring, and the spring tides catch chaff and all, and piling it up in immense drifts, leave it for the Indians to thresh and save for the summer sustenance We succeeded in getting some of the meal made from it, and found it very palatable and much like the domesticated rice. There is no reason apparent why the entire stretch of tide lands at the mouth of the river, thousands of acres in extent, may not one day, become one of the great rice-producing sections of the American continent. There the river is widening into the Gulf and the channels are more reliable, but elsewhere on the stream, below the abandoned colony of Lerdo, little may ever be expected of agricultural projects. The shores of the Gulf are equally as barren. For fifty miles below the mouth of the river a mud flat extends several miles to the mountains on either side, and as it contains fully fifty per cent salt, it is worthless for growing anything. Below that, a sand waste stretches away far beyond a day's walk in any direction.

We moved our camp several miles down the river and attempted to ascend a slough that ran some distance

CHIEF OF THE YUMA INDIANS.

into the desert, but the tide went out leaving us high and dry on the sand, and here we had the opportunity of seeing one of the bores that the Indians had been telling us of. It was the 30th of June, the day following the fall of the moon, and we took advantage of the six hours we would have to wait by washing out the boat, and drying such of our goods as had been wet by the spray and the leaking of the water-vessels.

With the outgoing tide we were left fully half a mile from the river, and about eleven o'clock, when we were expecting the tide to assist us in getting up the slough, the Gulf below us was as calm and placid as a mountain lake. The sun shone with an almost unbearable heat, and the fact that during all the morning there had not been enough wind to stir the spiral column of smoke that acended from our fire gave us assurance that we had nothing to fear from the incoming tide which we suspected might be higher at that time than any other during the month. We even began to fear that it might be a month before we would be able to get the *Dart* back into the river, but were soon relieved of any doubt in that respect.

A faint breeze sprang up, and we began to hear a noise, not like the beating of breakers, but more like a distant tornado. It finally became like the roaring of an enormous waterfall, but we were still unable to see anything unusual over the Gulf to the south. The thousands of pelicans, gulls, curlews and other sea-birds, fishing on the muddy islands, kept up their continuous screaming, and paid no attention to the sound that so disturbed us. In a little while, though great flocks of them came flying toward us from below, and swinging myself in the hallards my companions pulled me to the masthead and I was able to see the bore coming about five miles distant. It looked like a huge wall of water and foam about twenty miles in length and fifteen feet in height. As the bay at low tide was only about four miles in width, it came rolling in over the dry land on either side almost as far as I could see with the glasses, while behind it the rollers were fully twenty feet high.

There we were high and dry, but not high enough to save us, and with no way to get off till it rolled over us. There was nothing else to do but place our anchor as well as possible, pack everything snugly in the boat, and retreat to a pile of driftwood half a mile away where there was some chance of our holding our own against the waves. We regretted very much to leave the boat and supplies, but we preferred to risk the 250 mile-walk, through desert and Indians, back to civilization, to the almost certain chance of being drowned in a deluge.

About the time we climbed upon the drift the bore struck the boat and though our distance from the low tide of the bay made the water only about four feet deep, it struck it with such force that it swung around, cutting the foam like a knife with the eighty-foot chain, and began dragging the anchor directly toward us. Though the boat filled half full of water she righted, and with swimming and wading we succeeded in reaching her, and drifted into the slough that we had been trying to reach.

After this, we took care to take refuge behind some island just before the coming of the tide, though we saw

no more bores like this during the month. That tide was thirty-eight feet in height, and by measuring on the drift we found that there had been others four feet higher, making the tides at the mouth of the Colorado, without doubt, the third highest in the world.

The Indians who frequent the vicinity say that the bores usually come three times each month, the day of, the day before, and the day after the full of the moon. In March and September they are the most severe, and running to a height of twenty to thirty feet it is impossible for any ship to live in them. I have no personal knowledge that they ever reach this great height, but get my information from the Indians, who are very much inclined to exaggerate, and it may be that fifteen or twenty feet is the greatest height they ever attain.

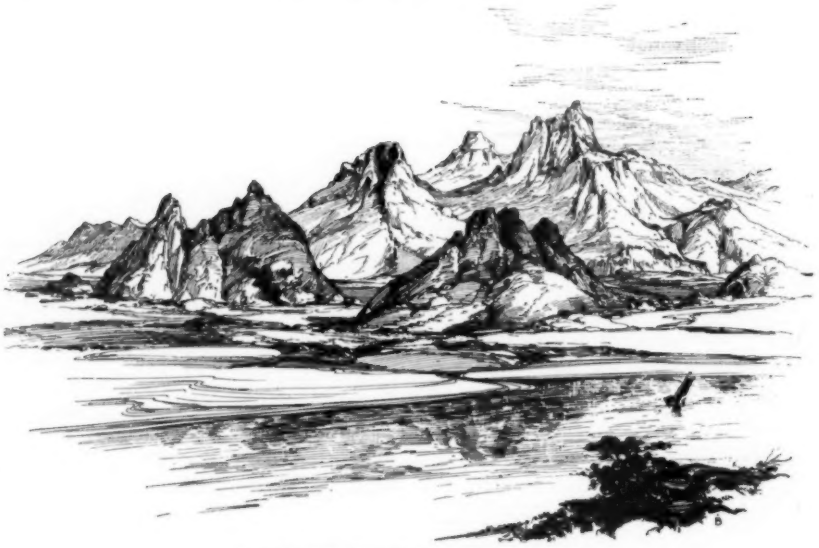
The phenomenon of the bore in this locality, is caused by the peculiar way in which the head of the Gulf narrows into the river; the force of the current meeting the tide; the prevailing southeast winds, and a portion of an ocean current that comes into the Gulf around Cape San Lucas.

They are without doubt as destructive as those in the Yang-tsi-Kiang and any time during the seventy-two hours about the full of the moon, a small boat, or large one either, is subject to destruction anywhere between the mouth of the Hardy and Port Isabel, about forty-five miles. Below and above these points the rise of the tide is sudden, but not so much so as to endanger shippiug of any kind.

The first of the chain that extends down the Gulf is Pelican Island. It, like Montague and Gorer islands, was begun, and is still being built up by the silt and drift brought down by the river, and thrown up by the tides, until they look like long banks of mud, ten or twelve feet above the surface of the water, and covered with driftwood and wild rice. Montague Island is the largest, about thirty-five miles long by five or six in width, and a delta is gradually forming with a strong current on either side. Now, the principal channel is near the Lower California shore, though on the other side there is an average depth of ten fathoms at low tide.

Southwest of the islands lie the Pointed Mountains, about fifteen miles

ON THE LOWER COLORADO.



THE POINTED MOUNTAINS FROM THE RIVER.

off shore. When we determined to visit them, the two Cocopah Indians we had with us refused to go and attempted to dissuade us, by saying that the spirits of their dead resided there, that none of them ever visited the country and our exploration would surely bring bad luck to the expedition. We were believers, however, in the saying "That the good Indians are the spirit ones," and the next high tide we pulled the *Dart* so far on shore that it would be impossible for our uncertain companions to launch it and return to their tribe during our absence, and at two o'clock in the morning left them in charge, and began the journey across the desert.

The narrow strip on which we were camped was perfectly dry and covered with quite a growth of mesquites and palo verdes. It looked to us as if this gradually gave way to the sands of the desert, which extended to where the mountains rose abruptly out of the plain. We had scarcely gone three miles, however, till we were tramping over a crust of salt that broke with every step and let us mire from three to five inches in a slimy mud. By the starlight we could not tell how far this continued, and thinking it only a slough through which the water had run in March, we kept going, shaping our course for a cañon that came down out of the mountains, and in which we hoped to find water.

At daylight the mud was unchanged and the mountains looked as far away as ever. Before and behind us were the most beautiful mirages I ever saw. Lower California is undoubtedly the land of the mirage. We were surrounded by beautiful lakes, out of which grew stately trees, while beyond lay the shores dotted with buildings grand in conception and beautiful in structure. A sea on which sailed brigs and sloops, and extending as far as the eye could reach, cut us off from the camp, but while everything looked weird and strange, the mountains for which we were bound loomed up beyond all the glamour, and we tramped on. The sun began to shine with an intense heat. The heavy loads of water and provisions, and the muddy tramping wearied us beyond measure. The reflection of the light from the shining salt pained our eyes, and the

perspiration almost blinded us. When we sat down to rest the heat became unbearable, and it is perhaps well that it was so, for if we had found a shade our bodies might have been mummifying to-day in the salt and brackish air.

When we reached the mountains at ten o'clock we had only one gallon of water left, and were wearied beyond description. We succeeded in finding shade beneath a cliff where we rested a little, and leaving everything except our pistols, went in search of a tank or spring. We wound through the cañons and climbed over the peaks, and reached the second range, but found no water. The country had been deluged by cloudbursts, but the liquid had all been absorbed by the salty sand or sucked up by the blazing sun.

When we came into the next range, flocks of Big Horn fled at our approach and the antelope stood near by as if wondering what we were, but we were hunting water and not game, so we passed them by.

We followed a dark cañon several miles, when it opened out into a valley of several thousand acres in extent, and in its mouth, only a few yards distant, stood the ruins of a church, surrounded by the ruins of other buildings and an immense stone corral.

It dawned upon us that we had accidentally found the ruins of the Mission of Santa Isabel, though we had been led to believe that it was several hundred miles down the coast. Here, of course we would find water. But, no, earthquakes had tumbled the tops of the mountains into the valley. Their granite sides had been rent by subterranean force, and the brook that had once run down the cañon toward the sea, had been dry so long that the pomegranates and dates along its course were dead and almost decayed.

Notwithstanding the pain we suffered from thrist we spent an hour in examining the ruin, the most interesting of any belonging to the early civilization. It had been constructed of stone and brick in the Moorish style peculiar to all the early edifices of the Jesuits.

Time and the winds of the desert have had such effect upon it that the near walls have fallen in upon the altar, the dome has fallen, and the bell tower is in a very delapidated condition. Out of the débris we succeeded in pulling two of the bells, one of which we carried out with us. On them were inscribed in Latin the name of the town and the date in which they were made, but the salt atmosphere had so rusted them that it was impossible to fully decipher the inscriptions.

Thirst compelled us to depart and we retraced our steps to where we left our canteens, lay in the shade until the sun went down, and wearily returned through the mud to the river. It was by far the most trying excursion we had on land and we were unable to walk for two days owing to our scalded and blistered feet.

Launching the boat again we crossed to the other shore and attempted to beat against the wind towards Guaymas. We made perhaps sixty miles, when it blew half a gale and we ran toward Lower California again, intending if possible to follow the Peninsula to a point opposite, and cross over. During the night the storm was terrible. We lost the sail overboard, part of our provisions, and came near going to pieces on San Luis Island.

We could not take the risk of beaching the boat in such a storm, so tried with all our might to keep off shore, barely succeeding through fourteen hours of a storm.

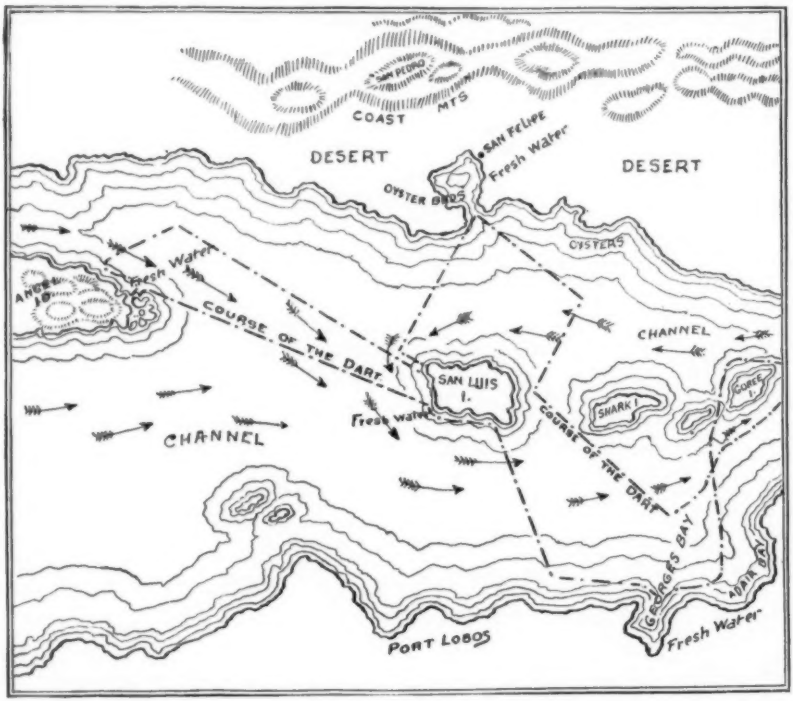
On the north end of Angel Island we camped four days, and found an excellent little harbor, four springs of fresh water, and plenty of sea-fowl. Altogether, this was the most pleasant camp we made during the trip. Fearing to attempt the crossing of the Gulf we rerigged our boat fore and aft and returned to the mouth of the river, where we spent several days fishing and hunting. Such game as antelope, mountain-sheep, ducks, geese,

curlew, snipe and water-fowl abound in great numbers. Sea bass, mullet, Spanish mackerel, smelts, clams and oysters are found at almost any point on the Gulf shore.

After spending six weeks trying to reach Guaymas we reached latitude twenty-five degrees eight minutes north, and gave up the trip, spending the rest of the two months in exploring the head of the Gulf and the mouth of the river, and though we failed to accomplish our original purpose we were amply repaid in knowledge, for the narrow escapes and hardships to which we were subjected.

The Governor of Arizona, in his present report to the Department of the Interior has recommended that Congress make an appropriation for jettying and dredging the Colorado up to Yuma, making that place a deep-water harbor. The language is not too expressive when I say that if the United States Government and all its possessions were sold at auction, they would not bring enough to put the Colorado River in such a condition that deep-water vessels could ascend it, because it is simply an engineering impossibility.

The bottom is quicksand beneath which no bedrock has ever been found.



To-day the channel may be on one side of the valley and next week it may be five miles away toward the other, cuttting out forests and undermining banks of sand sixty feet in height.

The country is worthless except it be for raising sugar-cane and rice, and taking it all in all, its mud, its heat, its insects, and its general reliability, it is fit for the habitation of no people except those who own it—the Cocopah Indians.

OLD JERRY.

BY CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

IN the dim twilight, an old man toiled up the hillside. The burden of his seventy years and the bundle of unwieldly boards on his shoulders compelled him to pick his way and to rest often. There was a pause at the top of the first hill, another at Pinneo's orchard; and twice, on the long level stretch beyond, Jerry put down his load and breathed heavily. At the top of the next hill, the last on the home climb, he sat down for a long rest. He did not look once on the wondrous scene below him, though one would think that even a miser might forget his money bags long enough to glance back at the landscape miles away, where towers and crosses and pillars of fire are piled against the grey sky. It is a road from which a poet, looking down, would see "three constellations fallen to the earth." But for Jerry, huddled down against his bundle, there were no illusions; for him there were no starry clusters, no banks of fire. He knew they were only electric lamps shining out from the cities around the Bay. Moreover, the knowledge that he was nearly home was more to him than any landscape. As he rested, he thought of the first load he had carried up this road; he thought of the many times he had trudged over other roads —thought of that first year in California when he could walk all the way from Pete's grocery (there was no grocery then) without stopping once.

His mind drifted farther and farther back, touching here and there, until it reached his boyhood. He saw the school-house where he had gone when there wasn't much doing on the farm. Even the features of the teacher grew distinct—that teacher who always set Dick Dawson, Joe Pillinger, and himself to splitting wood and drawing water when the committee men came. The boys used to drag the wood along until it was in line with the windows, so the visitors could see their powerful strokes with the ax. What big armfuls they carried in and with what pretended carelessness they strode past the committee men; though they could not keep from grinning when Judge Lawton, "the big man of the district," said, "Miss Turner, these boys are a credit to you."

But their pride was crushed suddenly when Lawton's Mary, the shrewdest girl in the neighborhood, said to them, "Well, you boys are easy taken in. Why, the teacher knows you are the three dunces of the school, and set you to work because she don't dare let you read before company."

Jerry brooded over this blow to his self-respect, and wished he could quit school. "I never did like that old McGuffey's Reader, anyhow," he said; "an' more 'an that I want to git to earnin' money an' buy land an' ride to town in a spring-wagon like Mr. Smith." It seemed to the boy that his chance in life had come when Farmer Smith said to him one morning, "Jerry, I have sent John away, and you must take his place: a boy thirteen years old has got no business fooling away his time in school."

Jerry went to work gladly, and worked early and late for four years, but during all this time Mr. Smith said nothing about pay. Jerry was anxious to find out whether he was earning any money, so one day he asked, "Mr. Smith, don't you think I'm worth wages?" Smith was thunderstruck. "What do you think you've been a-getting? Didn't I take you when nobody else would and bring you up and educate you? And now you want to pass over all that, and take pay for the little you've

"IN THE DIM TWILIGHT AN OLD MAN TOILED UP THE HILLSIDE."

done lately. Well! there's gratitude for you,—Ma Smith, come out here and listen to this fellow: he's in a regular tantrum. Would you believe it? He wants pay for pitching a little hay and digging a few potatoes!"

Jerry did not wait for Mrs. Smith's comments, but went back to the field. That night he lounged over to Judge Lawton's, and, leaning against the back fence, told Mary what he had done; for her smile was always sympathetic and her words comforting.

Four years passed swiftly. The Lawton's moved to Oregon, taking Mary with them, and Jerry went to work for himself. But he was not able to get steady employment, for most families did their own work, excepting in the busy season. "I'll get a job whereever I can for a few months," said Jerry: "by that time I'll have regu-

lar work." But the months went into years, and Jerry grew to depend upon the odd jobs in the neighborhood. He was busy most of the time, and in ten years had saved two hundred dollars. Then came a long sick spell in which his money all went and left him in debt besides. In the meantime, Bill Purdy, another homeless working-man, had come into the neighborhood, and from this time on, Jerry had to be content with a fraction of the odd jobs. Try as he would, he could not save more than a dollar or two at a time—nothing like enough to buy land and build a house.

All that life was ended now, and Jerry was in a new land; yet he liked to linger in the past, though others, knowing his life, could see nothing worth looking back upon. Even the girl he remembered was a queer, ugly one, six years older than himself. But she was the only girl who had ever listened to him; the only girl who had never laughed at him. To her, perhaps, he did not seem uncouth. His shoulders were no more stooped than her own, his walk was no more shambling. She liked Jerry and her dull, colorless face brightened at his coming. As for Jerry, the girl was so much to him that when he was hired to drive a team to California, his first thought was, "This means seein' Mary." The man became a boy again, and for the two months before he left Tennessee, he attended "meetin'" regularly and lent his cracked bass to the singing. There are those who yet remember how, Sunday after Sunday, his voice reverently quavered out—

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

What to the rest of the party was five toilsome months of travel was to Jerry nothing but delight. From his high seat behind the faithful oxen, he looked out across the hot, alkali plains and dreamed and builded.

From Sacramento, where the party disbanded, Jerry tramped toward San Francisco. Often he went hungry; many nights he slept in the corners of hay fields; at some doors the dog was set on him; once he was run off with a gun. Work was hard to get. At one town, while resting under a tree, he was "run in" as a vagrant. At another time, some boys threw rocks and called after him, "Rocky Mountain Pete! Rocky Mountain Pete!" But one of their number afterwards directed Jerry to a ranch where he found a few days' work. At last, footsore and weary, he trudged down through Niles Cañon, determined to be a tramp no longer. He now worked his way from farm to farm, until he reached the outskirts of Oakland. Here he stayed; sometimes working for his board, sometimes earning a little money.

In this way he saved five hundred dollars in a little more than twenty years. With this he bought two acres of land in Upper Fruitvale. Six hundred was the price, so he was a hundred dollars in debt, but the agent told him he could pay the rest in small sums, on long time. "That's a lot o' land for me to own," said Jerry; an' it's so near market, too."

Now he began to gather stuff for his house. No matter how far away his work might be he never went home empty-handed. Sometimes he worked for odd bits of lumber; sometimes he could get old boards and bricks for the asking. So every day, a little after sunset, he could be seen plodding along some road, carrying a bundle of wood, or bent forward under a heavy timber. He had no other way to build the house he had been building so long in his mind. . . .

The ringing of the nine o'clock bell in Oakland roused Jerry from his revery. He got up slowly, rubbing his sleeping limbs and muttering in self-reproach, "Poor little Stripey went to bed without his supper." He now trudged heavily up the hill, and at the top called softly, "Stripey! Stripey!" but there was no rustle of leaves near him, and even his tapping

on a bottle that he took from his pocket brought no response. At last Jerry gave up, and crept into his dugout. This was a hole in the hillside—a hole he had dug two years before to live in until he could build his house. With his knife he had cut a little shelf in the wall of the earth house to hold his lamp. He had made a lamp by taking the lid of a yeast-powder can, half-filling it with drippings from the frying-pan, and putting a flannel rag into it for a wick. This odd little lamp gave light enough for so small a room. Moreover, as Jerry said, "You take a tallow dip now, and there aint nothing can beat it for company—without it's a lizard."

To-night Jerry let the light burn, and lay there blinking at it for hours. He was worried about Stripey, and lonesome. "It's awful cold," he said, "the poor little fellow ought to had his supper. What's the good thinkin' of days that wasn't no help to me when I had 'em?"

Jerry was up early the next morning. He hurried out to the edge of the huge rock near the dugout. There lay the lizard listening and watching. His bright eyes saw Jerry at once, and the little thing came gliding swiftly to the edge of the rock.

"That's right, Stripey; come a-runnin', come a-runnin'! Aint I a great feller, gittin' home so late? But I've got as nice a lot o' flies here as ever you see. Jest sail into 'em."

The lizard darted into the wide-mouthed bottle in a manner that showed he was making no experiment. When the flies were all swallowed, Jerry put the lizard on his shoulder and went to get his own breakfast. His stove consisted of three rocks placed so as to leave a space in the middle for the fire. Owing to one rock being higher than the others, Jerry was sometimes obliged to steady the coffee-pot with his hand. He had thought of digging under the high rock to let it down to a level with the others. But his second thought was, "Like as not that rock saves me a lot o' money. I'm so forgitful I'd let the coffee all boil away, if I didn't hev to be by it."

After Jerry had rinsed his coffee-pot in the creek and set it on Stripey's rock to dry, he was ready to examine his boards. There were only enough for a small kitchen—so small that Jerry felt impelled to say, "There aint any sense in big rooms, anyhow, is there, Stripey? they jest keep a woman workin', don't they, little feller?"

Stripey crouched close against a board, his tail drawn tightly to his side, and his feet hidden under him. Jerry chuckled admiringly. "You've got the idee, Stripey. Now my dug-out's awful short an' narrow, but I sleep like a top. You see, after I'm in, I keep 'my arms agin my sides an' my legs drawn up, about as you be this minute. But women folks is different: they want to spread theirselves. So, Pard, we'll jest hev to keep out o' Mary's way. The kitchen might look big to her, if there aint a lot o' people in it. We'll lie low, won't we, an' watch her flyin' round? You ought to see her, little feller: she's spry as you be."

Jerry had planned to put a flat roof on his kitchen, but when he examined the lumber he found there were long boards for the front, but that the back must be much lower. After a little thought he said:

"What a ninny I be! Left to myself I'd a-built the thing level, when everybody knows a slantin' roof is the best for sheddin' rain. Mary would a-laughed, wouldn't she, Stripey, if I'd a-give her a leaky kitchen to cook in?"

Stripey moved his head from side to side, in appreciation of the joke, and his eyes twinkled merrily. He knew Mary very well, for he was Jerry's only confidante, and had heard the story again and again.

It was a great day for Jerry, the day he began to build his little kitchen. There was a strange lightness in his heart. Once more the spirit of his youth came back, as it did that morn-

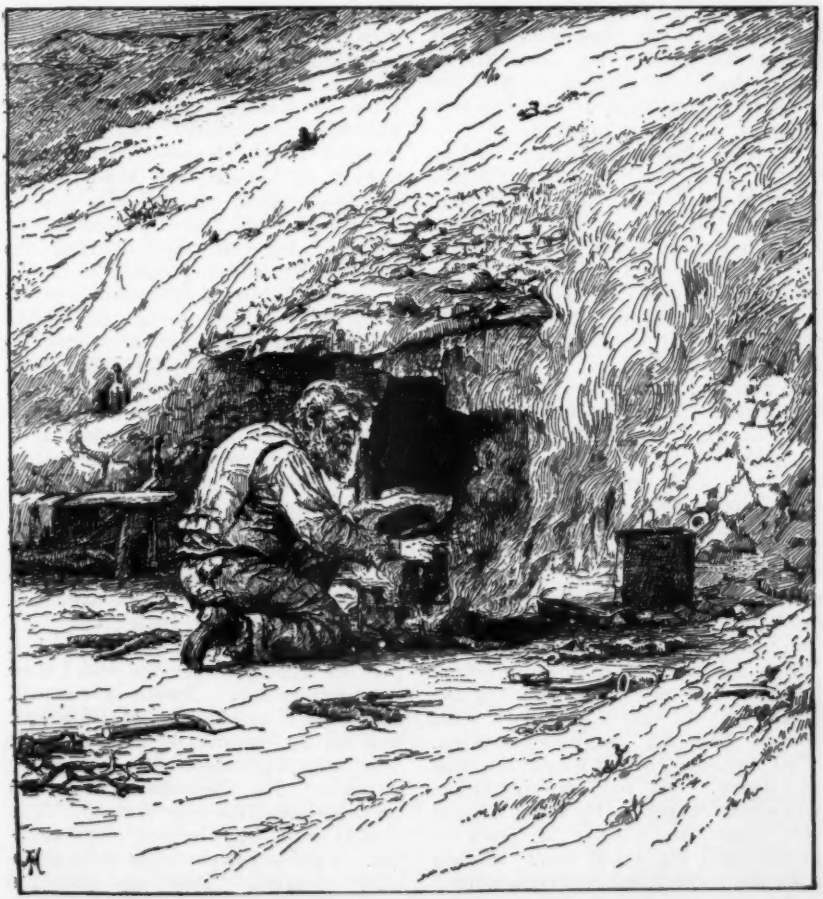
ing when, for the last time, he drove out of that little town in Tennessee.

Jerry had no tools except a dull saw, an ax, no sharper, a hammer and a shovel. He had not gone far with the work before he had to use the two wide boards that had always served as the door of his dugout; and so for several nights he slept with nothing to ward off the wind.

"'Taint that I mind the cold overmuch," he said to Stripey, but 'taint decent to sleep where folks kin look in on you. I tell you 'bout these things, little feller, cos I want you to know what 'decent' is. You know, Stripey, I aint undressed sence the boards went, an' I jest can't sleep with my clothes on. It stands to reason I can't."

The same day that Jerry made this complaint, neighbor Payne called and said, "Here's a piece of pork my wife sent you, Jerry. — No, just keep the sack."

Jerry was nearly speechless. It was the first bit of provision that had ever been given him. He put the pork in



"A HOLE IN THE HILLSIDE—A HOLE HE HAD DUG TWO YEARS BEFORE."

his dugout, saying, "Stripey, I'll have to rig up a spit, somehow: pork's no good without it's turned round an' round over hot coals."

Just then a happy thought struck him. The sack was a large gunny. Why not make it into a curtain for the dugout? He hastened to drive four wooden pins to hold the sack in place; then hunted round for rope but could find none.

"Well, I vow," said Jerry, "I packed home a piece of baling rope t'other day; now 'taint here. Where does a thing go to, anyhow?"

Suddenly he thought of the rope on his trousers. The week before he had ripped one trouser leg from hip to ankle, and was obliged to fold the cloth and wrap rope around it every morning, to keep it in place.

"I'll use this rope, Stripey. I lose a lot o' time, 'anyhow, tyin' it round my pant leg. Then like as not after I bring it all the way down, and tie a hard knot at my ankle, down it comes cos I forgit to tie a right knot at the top; to say nothin' o' fixin' it four or five times a day cos the cloth gits ridgy. I'll jest let the thing flap till Mary gits here."

When the curtain was hung, the two friends crawled into the hole, Jerry saying, "Aint it lucky I'm so stooped, Stripey? A straight man couldn't hardly git in here." After they were in and the curtain fastened down, Jerry decided.—"It's a big improvement: it lets in light and air, and keeps the cold out. The boards made it awful dark. Come, git on my hand, Stripey, an' take a look out. Can't you see through them holes fine? Why, I'd like to have gunny-sack doors all over my house, but I guess Mary wouldn't hear to it. She'll want boards like the neighbor women. Well, anyhow, I won't forgit that man in a hurry. Did you see him before you scud, Stripey? He's got a good face, haint he? Many a bunch o' grapes he'll git, I tell you. Many a watermelon he'll find on his doorstep."

After this incident Jerry moved with quicker feet, and the work went merrily on. In a few months he was living in the little kitchen, but he still cooked out doors. He explained to Stripey—"We must keep the room clean for Mary, little feller."

After a few days spent in examining the walls and corners of the kitchen, Stripey settled down; though for weeks his eyes were uneasy and his body alert. Any strange sight or sound would send him back to his rock.

Jerry worked part of the time, and spent the other days collecting materials for the rest of the house. In the evenings he talked to Stripey.

"Pard," he said one night, "I'm thinkin' a lot 'bout Mary these days. I wish she was here this minute. You'll like that girl, Stripey. She was own niece to Judge Lawton, but she was workin' for her keep the same as me. Her uncle made her call him Judge, an' call his wife Mrs. Lawton, except they had big company, an' then she had to call her Mrs. Judge."

Jerry laid the foundation for the main building as soon as he could. Then he put up a board at a time as he got it. The school boys often helped him. They liked to hear him talk; among them he was the authority on lizards. Even the little Dagos sent out to the ravines to gather watercresses would steal awas from their work to listen to Dugout Jerry.

"How did you get Stripey?" was usually the first question of a new boy, and Jerry was always ready to answer. "Boys," he would say, "I'll tell you 'bout that little feller, I never tried to git him. I jest ketched flies an' kep' still agin the rock till he got to know me. 'Twant no time till he eat out o' my hand. If I'd a tuk him on the suddin' he'd been scart. That stands to reason.—Is there more like him? No, there aint another one on these here hills like Stripey. The lizards round here is oner'y and darkish. I guess Stripey come from some other country. They say there's a place where lizards is all colors, an'

some's got wings. And there's another funny thing: they say lizards will git blue on a blue cloth and red on a red cloth; an' that if they see a snake a-comin' they can switch off a tail or leg for Mr. Snake an' git away; for they can grow tails and legs anytime they want 'em. But I haint never see Stripey up to them doin's; he's got sense like a human. Did you ever take notice when I'm talkin' to him how he listens? He's a big comfort to me: he listens with his whole body."

One Saturday Phil Hunter asked, "Where did you use to live, Jerry? My mother says you talk awful funny."

"Well," said Jerry, "the first family I lived with was Yankees, an' I picked up some of their lingo. After that I lived with mixed folks—(Sam, move your hand back a little or I might hit it when I'm a-aimin' at the nail. If you take a hold o' one end o' the saw an' Jim the t'other, I can set it better than if you keep you hand in the middle.) But I calculate I'm most Yankee, cos I've got such a head for business. Gitting this land and house shows it. Now take them fellers over in Frisco goin' round with a loaf o' bread stuck on a pole an' a singin', "We want work!" They wanted me to go in with 'em, but I said, "Boys, just take five hundred dollars an' go out somewhere an' git land. You'll hev work enough a-buildin' your house an' makin' a garden.' There wouldn't be all this fussin', if them fellers would do like me."

"How did you get the money, Jerry?"

"Well, I kin tell that, too. You see I had four days' work in the week most of the time; and I got a dollar a day and my board. My room was five dollars a month, an' my washin' a dollar, and my meals stood me thirty cents the days I was loafin'—(you boys be countin' it up) an' a couple of bits for tabacca, an' a dollar or so for clothes. How much would it leave? Three dollars a month? Well, you see, I kep' puttin' that away, an' in twenty years I hed five hundred dollars, an' here I be. Of course it wouldn't hev tuk me so long, but no man can work out in all sorts o' weather an' hev no sick days."

All were working while Jerry talked. One was nailing two short boards together, another was sawing off a knotty end, and the others sorting nails. These young carpenters could saw boards and drive nails as well as Jerry could. They were a help in other ways, too. When they heard of a chance for Jerry to get things for little or nothing, they were quick to tell him. One day, four or five of them came running to him and said all together, "There's a man tearing down a lot of wire fencing, and anyone can have it for hauling it away!"

"Where is it?"

"Over to Gordon's, that big white house in the cañon beyond Joaquin Miller's. Hurry up, Jerry, i'ts awful good fencing. We've got to go to school, or we'd help you."

Jerry went after the fencing and started home with two big bundles of it. He cut his hands on the wire so many times and fell so often, that, within a mile of home, he was obliged to throw one bundle down.

The next morning it was gone. Jerry talked it over with Stripey.

"I'm sorry I give out, Stripey, but don't you worry, little feller; we can git along without fencin' much. All I want is to keep the cow, when I git her, off the trees an' vegetables, when they're planted. An' what I managed to lug home ought to do that little bit."

One day, as Jerry was on his way home, he saw drunken Tom Sanders, wheeling a barrow of bricks for Col. Plunkett's new house, and every little while throwing off one to lighten the load. Jerry took off his coat and, tying it so as to form a sack, followed the wheelbarrow, collecting the bricks as they fell. This was something towards a fireplace, and was a great relief to Jerry; for, as he told Stripey,

"Mary, if she does git mad an' mock the Judge a-clearin' his throat before he speaks, she's got used to their airs, an' she'll want a settin' room like the Lawtons', with a fireplace in it. I wish you could hear her once—she's got such a good laugh. Them three old rocks o' ourn we cook on would jest make her yell. I wonder what she's doin'. I expect things is goin' on 'bout the same—the Judge a-visitin' schools, an' old Mrs. Lawton a-havin' her Mrs. Judge days."

About a month after, as Jerry was passing Mrs. Mahoney's, he saw a carved oaken door—a new one—lying in the yard. Mrs Mahoney told him they were going to burn the door, because, after it was hung, "it fell with no hand touchin' it"—(sure sign that the devil was in it). Jerry asked for the door, and as he went tugging it away, Mrs. Mahoney called after him, "Burn it, Jerry, for the devil's in it."

That night he was too tired to talk, but the next morning he let Stripey glide over the polished surface of the door, and said to him:

"Aint it smooth, Stripey? An' I got that jest through an old woman's notion. The devil aint in that door any more than I be, Stripey."

Once a painter gave him half a can of green paint for only two hours' work. That night he confessed to Stripey: "I didn't say nothin' 'bout it, Pard, but I wanted to paint the front o' the house burnin' bad. You see, I didn't want to shame that door."

The next morning, on his way to work, Jerry saw a humming-bird on the nest in among the high delicate leaves of a eucalyptus. That evening he went home early with a pretty story for Stripey:

"Little feller, you don't like birds, but this was a hummer an' wouldn't hurt you. She wasn't on her nest first, but settin' on a bush by it; an' when she see me she acted like she didn't live there an' went off to a willer, but she kep' her eye on me, an' when I got close she went on to anuther, still a-watchin'. Then I went back to where I see the nest, an' she come an' hung in the air over me, an' then I put my hand on the tree. An' then she give up tryin' to fool me an' went into the nest. She didn't make no noise, but jest watched me, an' I see fight in her eye; an' I bet if I'd a tried to git them eggs, she'd a-went for me. But for all her being so gritty, she was 'fraid in spite o' herself. I see her whole little body kind o' shake, an' I let her be."

Five more years had gone by and another year was growing old. Already had the leaves begun to redden; soon the orchards would be one mass of burnished copper. Then must follow the desolation of falling leaves and the heavy storms of winter.

Jerry was so old and slow now that no one cared to employ him when a younger man could be found. He had to be content with occasional half days. He still carried bundles up the hill, but often he was obliged to store half his load at some house on the way, and go back after it the next day. One afternoon, a few panes of glass and two broken-down steps from the old schoolhouse seemed to him a heavy burden—so heavy that he told Stripey:

"The road is gittin' so long I jest tried a-comin' 'cross lots through Reno's orchard to-day, an' I believe I'll do it all the time. It's lots shorter. An' Stripey, I wish the house was done: it's gittin' late. At Wheeler's I see a big bunch o' red leaves way up in a pear tree, an' yesterday wild geese was a-flyin'; an' haint you heard the frogs a-singin' every night this week? I tell you, little feller, the rain's 'most on us, an' we haint ready for it. There's another thing, Pard, I haint never told you. You know, we owe on this land. Well, the feller we owe has kep' the taxes a-goin', an' we haint had no trouble; but all on a-suddin he took to comin' every day an' askin' for money; an' a few months ago the sheriff came a-ridin up here an' read a big paper to me, an' as nigh as I kin

make out, he's ben a-sellin' our land to a feller; an' they say if we don't give that feller some money soon they'll hev to let 'im take the land for good. We knows he can't do that, Pard, cos our house is on it; but the sheriff feller an' the t'other one a-comin' here a-fussin' haint no comfort to me. I'll write a letter to Mary to-morrow, an' tell her to come. The house has got boards on three sides, an' she kin put curtains on t'other side. I wanted to wait till it was all built, but it's best to send for her now, so I kin give that feller his money. Mary has it, cos that's what we reckoned on. She was goin' to save all she could and come when I got a house. She'll bring money enough to fix the whole business, an' buy chairs an' dishes an' things. That's right, Stripey, scamper up the wall. I know you're glad as I be she's comin'!"

The next day, after hours of toil, Jerry managed to get the letter written:

dear mary the house is dun all but a side an a roof an ile fix a roof fore you kin git here me and stripey wants you to kum quick. the little feller is smart an he likes you. i live out to frutevale you jest go to pete nelson an he kin sho you the hous. kum as soon as old lawtons kin git anuther girl. ime jerry smith bring evry mite o munny with you. the fellers after it

When he had finished reading this composition to Stripey, he said, "Pard, I kind o' hate to tell folks 'bout Mary, but the outside o' this has got to hev her name in big letters, an' I don't know how to make 'em. I guess Mr. Burton would be the best to git to write it, cos he's such a still man. He's like you, Stripey: he just listens an' takes it all in, an' his eyes go like yours, but he don't say nothin'."

When the envelope, properly addressed, was handed to Jerry, he went home and showed it to Stripey.

"Little feller, haint that enough to make any girl come in a hurry? Jest look at that name, will you? The first letter has got a tail like yours, an' then comes little ones awhile, an' then another long-tailed feller. Haint it fine?"

It was the first letter Jerry had ever written. He read and re-read it before putting it into the envelope; and, when it was sealed, he held it lovingly in his hand, turning it over and over and even tracing each letter in the name with his finger—

Miss Mary Lawton,
Ashland,
Oregon.

He had not written before, because there had been nothing to tell; but now he had almost a home to offer.

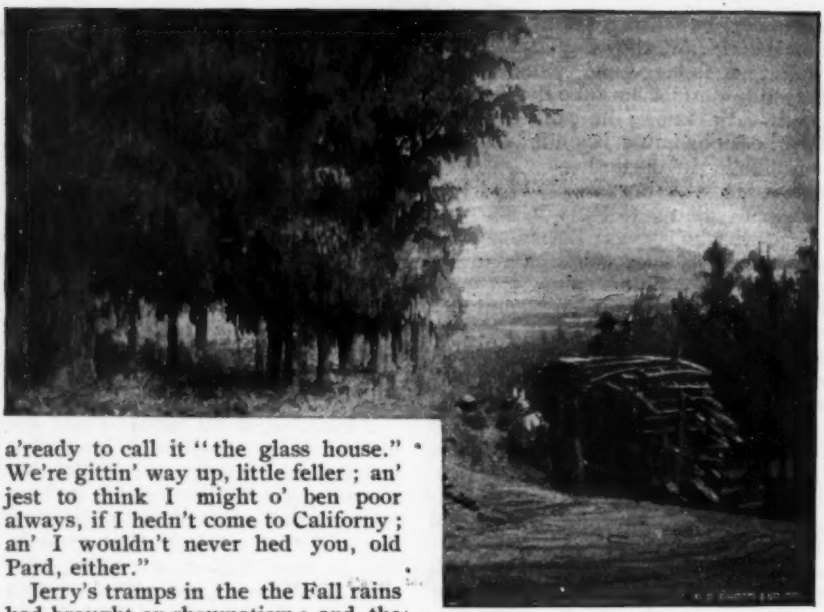
When he returned from mailing the letter, Jerry had good news for Stripey:

"Pard, we're all right! I met the man who's been havin' a fit 'bout what we owe, an' I jest up an' tole him that some o' my folks was comin' in 'bout two months, with plenty o' money. He said that would be time enough, and he was mighty nice to me after that, askin' how I was gittin' on with my buildin', an' a lot o' that lingo. Another time, I guess, he won't be so quick to bother folks 'fore he knows 'em."

Jerry worked harder than ever now, and, with infinite labor, collected lumber for the roof. It seemed to him he would never get enough for the open side. But help came in an unexpected way. Mr. Buell put new glass in his conservatory, and Jerry helped him. For pay, Mr. Buell gave him the old glass.

In the twilights, for weeks after, Jerry could be seen stumbling up the hill, carrying the windows. Sometimes he nearly fell; sometimes he slipped into a gully; often he was obliged to sit and rest on the wet hillside. At last he got all the windows home and finished his house. When it was done, Jerry stood off to take a good look at it, and held Stripey up that he might see, too.

"Aint it grand, Pard? Won't Mary be mighty tickled? She'll come expectin' to see the house open to the weather, an' here'll be a whole glass side a-starin' at her. Folks hev begun



"THEN THE WAGON RUMBLED DOWN THE HILL."

a'ready to call it "the glass house." We're gittin' way up, little feller ; an' jest to think I might o' ben poor always, if I hedn't come to Californy ; an' I wouldn't never hed you, old Pard, either."

Jerry's tramps in the the Fall rains had brought on rheumatism ; and, the day after the house was done, he was so lame that he did not go down town, but, for the first time, built a fire in his fireplace and tried to get warm.

"Stripey," he said, "its's 'most time Mary was a-comin'. She'll know what to give me for rheumatiz. Old Mrs. Lawton used to hev a tea that was good for it. I'm so sorry I'm so old. A man close onto eighty don't seem much to a smart girl like Mary. It's a good thing you're so spry, little feller. I'll set round 'most o' the time and watch you two."

Jerry grew worse, and on Saturday, when the boys came, they found him nearly helpless. They ran to tell a neighbor ; he came and persuaded Jerry that the County Hospital would be the best place for him. The arrangements were soon made. Before going, Jerry had a talk with Stripey.

"Little feller," he said, "I'll be back in a week or two. You stay right here, an' don't be scart at nothin'. I'll leave the back door open an' you kin go in an' out free as kin be. The boys has promised to let me know how you're gittin' along.—No, little feller, git off my shoulder : you can't go with me."

On the way, Jerry had the neighbor stop at Nelson's, to say that any one inquiring for Mr. Jerry Smith should be sent to the hospital.

Jerry had to stay at the hospital a long time. No word ever came from Mary. The only thing relieving the monotony was an occasional visit from the boys. Stripey was well, they said, but would let no one catch him.

The day before Christmas, Jerry was discharged from the hospital. He was impatient to get home but was obliged to walk slowly. As he turned into the home road at Fruitvale, the voices of children, singing, came floating down from Prospect Hill. Jerry knew they were rehearsing for Christmas, and he thought—"I'd like to see the boys, but they haint told me nothin' 'bout Stripey for a long time, an' I must see that little feller first."

When Jerry came in sight of his house, he saw strange men in and

around it. They were tearing down his home. A man in a buggy was giving orders—"Cart off the old rookery for kindling: all I want is the land."

Jerry hurried up the hill. "Wait, men," he cried, "this house is every bit mine. Don't touch that door: Mrs. Mahoney giv it to me, an' it's got the devil in it. The boys is singin' for Christmas now, but you jest wait till they git here; they'll tell you I come honest by them boards.—You aint agoin' to tear down that glass? Somebody must-a told you how I worked to git it here. Why, they call this "the glass house" all over these hills, an' there haint nothin' kin beat it."

The men gave answers, not unkind ones, but went on with their work. Jerry hobbled about in their way; he didn't seem able to get out of their way. Nor did he hear the little rustling in the leaves at his feet. Suddenly stepping back, his foot crushed something soft. He stooped down and picked up Stripey—dead. The old man clutched at the broken wall as he made his way to the rock by the dugout. He did not talk any more, but sat silent, touching the head of his dead comrade, and picking bits of sand and leaves from the little body.

When the workmen had put the last board upon the wagon, they climbed to the top of the load. Two or three turned to look curiously at the old man, so crookbacked and grey and ragged. One of their number spoke to Jerry, but he neither looked nor answered. Then the wagon rumbled down the hill. Those wheels were alive; sometimes they struck against stones—sometimes fell blindly into ruts, lurching out again, to roll noisily on into the fast-falling darkness. But all this din of wheels and all that clamor of voices down in the valley did not rouse Jerry, who sat so still with Stripey.

THE DREAMER.

BY MARY STEWART DAGGETT.

Once when the world smiled all for me,
From snowy peaks to summer sea;
The waves flung thoughts of gold in glee.
Fearless I robbed the dazzling spray,
Then in my young heart hid away
One priceless thought until a day—
When I could tell with courage bold
A story none had ever told!
Born of my thought of purest gold.
So through the years my love and I
Dreamed and forgot that all things die—
Slept while the sea sang lullaby.
But never came the courage bold
Till my sweet thought was dull and cold,
Then moaning sea our story told.

THE BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

BY GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

THE words of Solomon in regard to the making of many books and of the weariness of the flesh that falls upon him who studies them were never more true than in this year of little grace and teeming printing presses. The annual burden of reading tons of trash, issued under the imprint of reputable publishers, is borne by the professional critics, who receive small gratitude from the readers whose feet they save from many pitfalls, while the great body of authors look upon them as their natural enemies. In the good old days an author was a man of consequence. He could not get his book published unless it had special merit. The only device of the mediocre writer who had the means to gratify his passion for seeing himself in print was to issue a hundred presentation copies. In this day of cheap printing and book-making such a fellow, who is afflicted with the itch for scribbling, pays a visit to a publisher and at the small cost of $250 foists upon the unwary public 1,000 copies of his book. He may sell only a few score copies, but he has the malicious satisfaction of knowing that he has inflicted his book upon the critic of every large newspaper in the country. No one, unless he be a book reviewer or in the book trade, can have any idea of the mass of trash that is turned out from the printing presses of the large cities every month. Take the list of new publications printed in any of the book trade journals, or in the literary weekly papers, and you will find more than half composed of novels and

short stories that will be forgotten before the year is ended. Fully a quarter will be books which are merely new editions or digests of old works, many of them not worth the paper on which they are printed. The really valuable books of a year may be held on a small shelf. They will not average more than one for each week, though you may have the whole world to select from. If this statement seems extreme or the result of the mental bile of one who is weary unto death of books that are not books take the file of any monthly publication like the Book Buyer and go through it carefully. You will be amazed to find how the perspective of a few months affects the books that appeared important or noteworthy at the time they were issued. Most of the novels will seem what they are—worthless creations intended merely to amuse an idle hour. As to the others, if you can save four or five books of real value out of each month's quota, you will do well. As for the great books which will be classics in the next century and for all time, if one of these appears in a year, that year deserves to be written in red letters.

The history of English literature is a history of cycles of great intellectual activity, each marked by several writers of dominating genius. Most of these men were poets, for poetry is the supreme expression of national thought and aspiration. You can run over these cycles, each marked by its greater writer, in a moment—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson; that is the whole thing in a nutshell. So at Tennyson's death the torch of sacred fire passed from lifted hand to hand along the generations, found none worthy to receive it. We seem at this end of the Victorian age to have reached the outer edge of the cycle of great literary achievement. For fifty years Tennyson represented the majesty of English literature. His work in his last years was not his best, but he produced so great a body of poetry of the first class that this sufficed to lend luster to his age. Like Wordsworth, he will be appreciated more fully as the years go by. No literary fashion can affect the splendor of "Maud" or "The Idyls of the Kings," while single poems like "Locksley Hall" or the great "Ode on the Death of Wellington" will remain as a permanent stimulus to high endeavor. The value of poetry lies mainly in its incitement to the intellectual life, in its capacity to lift one above the low level of commonplace existence. Judged by this standard, Tennyson was one of the great poets of all time. The pity of it is that he has left no worthy successor. Swinburne is the nearest heir in genius, but his mind is warped and the erotic taint that mars his best works will forever bar him from the foremost place. As a master of poetic art he has never had an English rival, save Byron, but one may be Napoleonic in rhyme and yet may be lacking in the vital qualities of a great poet. Of the lesser herd that is clamoring for the singing robes of the English laureate, William Watson is easily the first. His sonnets on the Invasion of Egypt furnish proof that he can write vigorous verse, but it is a far cry from Tennyson to Watson. Of the others mentioned Lewis Morris is the most worthy. Morris' "Epic of Hades" reveals genuine imaginative ability and in many respects it is equal to Tennyson's "Palace of Art." Work that is admirable of its kind has also been done by William Morris. He has given us new insight into the heroes of the Nibelungen and he has made living figures of the warriors and maidens of the Angles and Saxons who conquered Britain. He posseses narrative genius of the highest order and in imagination he seems to have the capacity for feeling something of the fury of combat, that Berserker rage, which swept over these barbarians when the trumpets sounded for battles. Morris' poetry, however, appeals only to a small body of culti-

vated readers who can appreciate its literary finish and its word pictures of nature.

No great poem has been issued this year in England or America, the nearest approach to a work of the first class being Sir Edwin Arnold's "Adzuma," a legend of the heroic age of Japan rendered in flowing blank verse. It contains many fine lines but as a whole it is disappointing. Sir Edwin, it is pretty certain, will be remembered in the next century as the author of "The Light of Asia," not a great poem, but an admirable presentation of the doctrines of Buddism.

In this country no young poets have come to the front to fill the places made vacant by Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier. We have many clever writers of verse, but no poet who voices a great national sentiment as Whittier used to express it. The magazines probably receive the best minor poetry but its quality is very thin. Perhaps the man who has done the best work in the last ten years is Richard Watson Gilder. He has the genuine poetic spirit and many of his love-songs, as well as several of his odes, have already become classic.

In philosophy Herbert Spencer towers above all other writers and this year has been marked by the issue of a long-delayed work, "Positive Beneficience and Negative Beneficence." In it Mr. Spencer develops many peculiar and ingenious social theories. Nearly every chapter reveals this great writer's command of minute detail as well as his power of grouping salient facts and deducing from them novel theories of conduct and life. The conclusion of this volumne is marked by passages of great eloquence in which Mr. Spencer discusses the prospect of raising the standard of civilization and securing that refined altruism which is his ideal. What the verdict of the next century will be on Herbert Spencer is very uncertain. There is little question that he has lost ground during the last five years. When the novelty is worn away from his doctrines it is seen that he offers to the world in exchange for its old religious beliefs only the hope of bettering one's neighbors by true altruism, like that voiced in George Eliot's "O, may I Join the Choir Invisible"—a creed that has little of life in it to recommend it to those in trouble or sorrow.

To the literature of mysticism has been added this year a noteworthy volume, "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta," by Edward Carpenter. The author made a special study of the Indian mystics who claim to secure by isolation, fasting and absorbing thought that freedom from the physcal powers which enables them to perform tasks that are beyond the reach of the ablest European. Mr. Carpenter satisfied himself and he convinces the reader that these East Indians have attained that supreme command of their faculties which permits them to banish any unpleasant thought or worry and to sleep or work at will. Such self-command, the world knows, is very rare. When this is attained, who can say how far into the mysteries of the unseen one may penetrate? The great merit of this book is that it demonstrates the reality of what charlatans like Mme. Blavatsky have given only a poor imitation. It opens up a wide field for speculation and experiment. Instead of spending money in the vain attempt to master the mysteries of clairvoyance and spiritualism, how much more fruitful would be a well-directed effort to secure for Europeans the power of these Indian mystics.

Fiction still holds its place as the most attractive branch of literature in the eyes of a majority of readers. Nearly all the public libraries report that novels claim from fifty to sixty per cent of the books that are drawn out. The censors of morals who write in the magazines, deplore this large consumption of fiction, and regard it as a sign of the decadence of public taste. But the real truth is

that life is so hard, especially in this country, that nearly every one is eager to lose sight of it for a short time in the pages of an entertaining novel. The man who has ample leisure and who does the work which pleases him best may afford to disparage the novel, but the great body of American people have very little leisure; they work at uncongenial tasks and when they come home from this compulsory labor they want entertainment. Novel-reading is certainly one of the most innocent of recreations, and those who now denounce it would accomplish some good were they to devote their energies to pointing out the best novels. In the great sea of contemporary literature training is sorely needed to enable the novice to read what will be of benefit to him. It has been my experience that even those of little education may be encouraged to read good novels, if judgment be shown in selecting stories that are full of life and action.

Without question, the book of the year in this country is General Lew Wallace's "The Prince of India, or How Constantinople Fell." It has secured more readers than any other work that has been issued in a twelvemonth, and this, after all, is a test that cannot be disregarded. It is thirteen years since "Ben Hur" was issued yet the publishers declare the sale shows little falling off and that the constant demand for this historical romance of the life of Christ is something which the most sanguine bookseller would never dare to predict. Why an Indiana lawyer, who served as a solider in the War of the Rebellion and afterwards as a diplomat, should have written the most successful of American novels with the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is a problem that any student of literature will find very difficult to solve. Wallace is endowed with a fervid imagination and he has the unusual faculty of making historical characters real and vital to his readers. This most of the so-called historical novelists lack, even so learned a man as Ebers often failing to make his personages seem like human beings.

Wallace began his literary career with a Mexican romance of the time of Cortes. "The Fair God" made a name for its author, but he was comparatively unknown until 1880, when he brought out "Ben Hur." This sacred romance appealed to thousands of deeply religious people who abhor the ordinary novel. It painted the scenes of the Holy Land so vividly that they remained stamped upon the memory, and it described the customs of the time with an equally graphic pen. The author's new work has also a strong religious foundation, for it is an attempt to explain the causes which led to the overthrow of Constantinople by the Turks. Wallace holds that religion is the supreme interest in life among all people, and he selects as the mouthpiece of his own views on this theme the "Wandering Jew." It was a daring conception to introduce this figure into such a book and to make him the arbiter of the destiny of this outpost of Christianity on the border of the Moslem world, but the author has carried it out successfully. General Wallace made a close study of Turkish life while Minister to Constantinople, so that we have in this book the same vivid local coloring that marked "Ben Hur." His soldierly training also stood him in the final chapters, which record the siege and assault of Constantinople by the victorious Turks. In this we have a series of battle pictures that are as remarkable as those of feudal life which Scott has given in "Ivanhoe" or Conan Doyle in "The White Company." Love, war and religion are equally blended in this romance, which bids fair to equal "Ben Hur" in popularity. The book reveals many defects in style; it is padded with unnecessary description and irrelevant episodes; it fills more than a thousand closely printed pages; yet there is genius in it, because characters, scenes, motives, incidents—all

have the vitality of real life. In fact, the story reads more like a modernized transcript of an historical document than like a work of fiction.

Of the new writers of fiction who have sprung into prominence during the year the first place should be given to Gilbert Parker, a Canadian, who has made real to us the singular life of the voyageur and the Hudson Bay Company's agent. Under the guise of fiction he has painted this strange, wild Northern life in such vivid colors that his figures cling to the memory. The reader of the "Chief Factor" has a truer conception of the perils of life in the Canadian wilds than the study of Parkman, because Mr. Parker sees things more clearly than the historian and his style has more of real human nature in it. Again in "Pierre and His People" he has sketched a large number of characters that are real flesh and blood. We know he has seen them, and we recognize without question their vility and their truth to nature. This is a great literary feat, perhaps the greatest, for there is not one writer in ten thousand who has the art to make the illusion so perfect that we lose sight of the fact that we are not looking upon real incidents in actual life. Mr. Parker has as noble a field before him as Bret Harte developed, and all lovers of his work will unite in the wish that he be not seduced from the Canadian scenes that he knows so well. One novel of English life he has published this year and its weakness, compared with his other stories, makes one hope that it may be his last.

Another new writer who has just begun to taste the fame that ought to have been his several years ago, is Stanley J. Weyman. To my mind he is a far more skillful artist than Conan Doyle. His "Story of Francis Cludde" is worth the attention of any one who enjoys historical fiction of the best class. It may seem high praise, but nothing since Scott's "Talisman" contains so much strong incident and admirable character-drawing as this romance of the seventeenth century. "Micah Clarke" and "The Splendid Spur" are not to be named with it for the rush of incident, the power of the narrative or the reality of the chief personages. Mr. Wyman has just finished a new story, "A Gentleman of France," which will help to sustain his reputation as one of the foremost of living writers of historical romance.

A sudden literary success that reminds one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" has been won this year by the English woman who conceals her personality under the pseudonym of Mme. Sarah Grand. The book that has made a hit is "The Heavenly Twins," a curious rambling story, intended to enforce the doctrine that the two sexes shonld be judged by the same moral rules. The story turns on the revolt of a highly educated girl against her husband, because on her wedding day she learned that he had had love-affairs with other women. The story shows strong convictions and intense earnestness, but the author has not the literary art of Mrs. Ward. It is very doubtful whether she can make a permanent success. In fact, if one were to judge from her style, she should take up women's rights in the reviews as Mona Caid has done. Then her lack of style and of the art of story-telling would be no handicap to success. She is evidently a woman of boundless curiosity who has read far more than she has been able to digest, and her condition of mental revolt against all social laws and customs is only the natural result of such a training.

No other writer can be said to have been discovered this year, though Maarten Maartens, the author of "The Sin of Joost Aveling," has established his reputation, at least among English-speaking people, by his "God's Fool." The scene is laid in Holland and the characters are all Dutch; but the story was written in English. It is an elaborate study of the spiritual

growth of a boy who loses vision at an early age and carries into mature manhood the purity of thought, unselfishness and simplicity of the unspoiled child. It is a fine and original theme, wrought out with exceeding skill. The noble qualities of the blind hero are brought into greater relief by the circle of sordid natures that surround him. Any one who fails to read this book will miss one of the literary masterpieces of recent years.

Hamlin Garland, five years ago, was unknown. To-day he stands at the head of the writers of the new Western school. He is a radical of radicals, going to the full length that no man can write well and truly of what he has not seen. His field is the great Mississippi Valley, especially the prairie region of the Northwest, the home of the bonanza wheat farm and the blizzard. He has earned his bread behind the plow; the salt sweat of toil has run into his eyes and made them smart; he has felt the pain that lunges at the heart like a keen knife when an able man feels his mental power and is yet doomed to waste years in hard manual labor. With all this, his eyes have been open to the beauty of the prairie landscape which has the same monotony and the same sadness as the boundless, ocean-like steppes of Russia. Many descriptive passages in his stories bear a striking resemblance to pictures in Gogol's "Turas Bulba." In his short stories, "Prairie Talk," issued for the first time this year in book form, he has sketched with sharp, nervous strokes, types of this new Western life that is almost unknown to the man who is familiar only with the country from Boston to Chicago. In some stories the realism is as savage as that of Zola; but throughout all we feel the man's intense earnestness, his eagerness to paint this hard life as it is in order that the sympathy of a great people may go out to the sufferers and devise some means of giving them the spiritual and material aid of which they are in such sure need. Mr. Garland may be led away after false gods, but if he continues true to his present resolves he is sure to be one of the noteworthy figures among American writers of the next decade. What one most admires in him is the virile delight that he shows in depicting the strong, wholesome, manly character of the unspoiled American, and his disdain for the literary artifices by which so many accomplished writers refine away all that is vital in their style.

Those who predicted last year that Rudyard Kipling would write the great novel of this year have been proved false prophets. The Anglo-Indian who has had fame thrust upon him in a way that would turn the head of a graybeard, has added some brilliant short stories to his already large collection and a few poems that will live as long as his best tales. Any one of these poems or stories would have made the fortune of a new writer, for stamped upon them is the broad arrow-mark of literary power and intense personality. In this new collection of tales, called "Many Inventions," are several which are worthy to be bracketed with "The Man who Would be King," or "Without Benefit of Clergy." Kipling has also written several notable poems. One which made a great hit when it was issued last spring was "The Last Chanty," which contained lines that are fit to be placed with the finest verses in "Locksley Hall." Among these resonant lines that call up visions of the wind singing through taut cordage in a great storm are these:

He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers flee,
And we drowsed the long tides idle till Thy trumpets tore the sea.
Sun, wind and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Stinging, ringing, Spindrift nor the fulmar flying free.

Despite the sneers of many critics who see little that is good in Kipling's work because it violates so many

cherished rules, my opinion is that he is the foremost writer of short stories of his day, and that better work than he has yet done may be expected of him. A singular feature of Kipling's character is his essential Americanism. He does not strike you as an Englishman in appearance, manner or speech. He is intensely nervous; he has the decisive speech of the American, and he has the American's trait of going straight to a point, without circumlocution. When he first passed through San Francisco, before he suddenly awoke to find himself famous, it was my good fortune to have a long talk with him. He struck me then as a man of boundless curiosity, of great personal force and of intense nervous energy. Though he looked to be about forty he was really little more than half that age. His talk was that of a man who had very few illusions; it reminded one of the talk of a man who has had a precocious boyhood with no opportunity to mature slowly. Much of his cynicism, especially in regard to women, may be traced to the fact that he saw the worst side of Anglo-Indian life long before his judgement was ripe enough to enable him to detect what was good and fair under the seamy side that was always uppermost.

This year has seen but little from Robert Louis Stevenson, whose Samoan residence appears to have had an unfavorable influence on his imaginations. His volume of South Sea Island tales is attractive only to those who have an eager curiosity about outlandish places and people. The minute details of the gathering of copra and trade with naked savages cannot interest people who never saw a cocoanut growing. In "David Balfour" Stevenson has done a strong piece of work but it is not equal to "Kidnapped" and it can not be put in the same class with "The Master of Ballantrae." Stevenson, beyond all the writers of his day, inspires readers with a personal interest in his traits. We know the man is consumptive and that it was only his idling in a yacht in the South Seas that saved him from death. When he last passed through San Francisco, he was unable to see visitors. A glimpse of him caught on the street, was a revelation to me, who has read carefully everything he had written. Lawless is the only word that expresses his look. There is something in the glance of his eye that reminds one of the man who murdered the old curiosity dealer and this glance also explains why Stevenson introduced that wholesale murder in "The Wreckers." He has a certain passion for blood and his imagination when aroused loses sight of all mere human pity. Stevenson, from all accounts, lives a queer life in Samoa. He violates all the laws of health and yet seems to thrive. He drinks heavily and he smokes an inordinate number of cigarettes; he indulges in debauches of intellectual labor from which he emerges a mere shadow of his old self, but unlimited horseback riding in the genial air of Apia soon restores him. Lafcadio Hearn demonstrates in his book on the West Indies that no one can do good mental work in the tropics; but Stevenson is a living exception to this rule, as he is an exception to most other rules of conduct and life.

Bret Harte has added this year two good stories to the long list of works. One is the usual California tale "Susy," with the customary impossible heroine, whose eccentricities we pardon because of her charming feminine traits. The other, "Sally Dows," gives promise that Mr. Harte will abandon his well-born California field and devote himself to other parts of the country which he seems to know accurately. Sally bears a strong resemblance to her Western sisters in her preternatural shrewdness, her managing capacity and her disregard of the conventional; but in all else the story is novel and striking, dealing with dramatic episodes of the reconstruction period of the South. If Harte never lived south of Mason

and Dixon's line, this story is a wonderful tour de force, for it is faithful in local color.

Two new stories, issued this year, have strengthened the position of Conan Doyle as one of the foremost writers of English romance- "The White Company" is a spirited reproduction of the adventures of English Knights' on the continent in the 16th century, in which fights by land and sea are described in a way that makes the reader lose sight of the fact that he is merely following the fortunes of fictitious characters. "The Refugees" is an even abler work in which the France of the great Louis is drawn with the sharpness of an etching. No historian has ever made the grand *monarque* or his Court so real to us as does this novelist.

Of California writers who have won distinction this year the foremost place must be given to Gertrude Atherton. She has contributed only a few sketches of Spanish-Californian life but the issue in book form of "The Doomswoman" has placed her easily first among the younger school of California novelists. She knows this early pastoral life of her own State as no one else knows it. She has sympathy with the Spanish character, which has much of strength and high resolve underlying its indolence and lightness of temperament, and this feeling has enabled her to depict a life that is wholly gone into the past with more truth and far greater power than Mrs. Jackson drew it in "Ramona." Mrs. Atherton's book has received high praise from the English critics and it is making its way in this couutry. Her short stories are all marked by great dramatic power.

The leading French writers have not been prolific during the year. Zola has added another to the shelf of volumes which he calls the Roccgon-Macquart Series. "Docteur Pascal is a study in heredity, and though it betrays the enormous pains which the novelist has taken to gather accurate facts, it is really farcical in its main incidents and in its conclusion. Who but a French novelist would ever dream of expecting any good from the offspring of an old scientist and the niece whom he has made his mistress? There is something revolting about the love episode in this story, which no charm of genius can remove. If an Englishman or an American were to take his young niece into his household, treat her as a favorite daughter and then seduce her, the verdict would be that he ought to be shot. Zola sees nothing but beauty in this domestic arrangement and he sings the praises of this love, which he regards as natural and beautiful. Despite the literary art that has been lavished on this book, it touches the low moral plane of "La Terre."

The death of De Maupassant leaves Paul Bourget the undisputed master of the short story in France. His imagination is clearer than De Maspassant's, but one will look in vain for any spiritual help or comfort in his tales. Like most of the contemporary French writers he is content to take life as it is, and he seldom feels any desire to paint the ideal.

One of the features of the year, which is full of promise for good literature, is the reissue of a number of old novels and standard books, with introductions by specialists and with many fresh illustrations. Of standard books we may mention a new edition of Boswell, which has not the completeness of Craker's work, but is well adapted to the wants of the general reader; an edition of "Pepys' Dairy" which contains some matter not printed in previous issues and Green's "Short History of England" which is coming out with superb illustrations. These editions may be taken as types of the revival of books which are worthy of more attention than "a place in every gentleman's library." The library in these days is not made for show, except in the homes of the newly enriched. Less attention is paid to fine bindings than formerly, but the lover of books to-day demands

good clear type, excellent paper and neat and serviceable dress. Of old novels, the year has seen two important revivals—the rescue from comparative oblivion of the works of Jane Austen and Miss Ferrier. The fiction of Miss Austen gained the warm praise of Scott and though over a century old, her stories will be found very modern in their spirit. As a teller of stories she has no equal among the female novelists of the period and if the reader dips into one of her tales, he will be sure to read to the end. On Miss Ferrier almost equally high praise can be bestowed, for her stories give one a better idea of the life of the eighteenth century in England than any of the historians afford. An edition of Fanny Burney's "Evelina" is also noteworthy, as it met ready appreciation from novel readers. Nor should we forget to mention a fine new edition of Fielding's works which is coming from the London press. The publishers have had the rare good fortune to secure the services of George Saintsbury as editor. With his incomparable knowledge of Fielding, this accomplished critic gives in an introduction a new and fairer estimate of Fielding's character. He holds that Richardson, Thackeray, Scott and others maligned the author of "Tom Jones" by making conspicuous traits that were not pronounced in his character and life.

In this connection it may be well to glance at the translations from the French and German which have been so conspicuous in the lists of the publishers of cheap books. Miss Wormley's versions of Balsac stand alone as admirable specimens of the best work in transferring literary masterpieces to an alien lanquage. The hack translators, who are keenly alive to the prurient, sieze upon every new French work and thrust it upon the American book market. They have the audacity to translate such suggestive works as Belót" "Mlle. Giraud, ma Femme" and De Musset's "Mlle. de Maupin." The result is that the worst books in modern French literature are presented in bald, coarse English, which accentuates all their indecency and ruins the charm of style that saves the original from repulsiveness.

No notice of the literature of the year would be complete without mention of the flood of erotic fiction that is poured forth from many presses. This trash is made to sell; the title on the cover usually suggests far more wickedness than the book contains. The writers seem to vie with one another in the painting of scenes that just escape the charge of obscenity. To mature readers who know what life is, such books offer no more temptation than the cheap concert saloons of a big city; but to the young and inexperienced this vicious trash is a source of contamination greater than the police gazettes. Fortunately the craze for this flash literature is dying out and it is gratifying to know that several publishers, who made a specialty of issuing this vile trash, have gone into the hands of receivers. It would be a good thing for public morals if they could be driven out permanently from a business which they disgrace.

In looking back over the literary work of the year which is just drawing to an end, one is surprised to find so very few works that will live. Of the new books that have been published this year how few fulfill this definition of old Richard of Bury, penned over 500 years ago: "These are our masters who instruct us without chastisement, without anger, without fee; if you repair to them they are not asleep; if you consult them they do not hide themselves; if you blunder they complain not; if you betray ignorance they laugh not." Of the 20,000 or more new publications that have come from the press of England and America, within the twelvemonth, scarce three score deserve a place among this small circle whose praises the good old churchman sang.

ON A CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A RAINY Christmas night in town is not so full of cheer as a snowy Christmas in the country. Yet the people at Mrs. Devonshire's house, if we except possibly one or two, felt no absence of cheer, at least not of Christmas cheer. What should there be but cheer in the world for Dr. Burton and his handsome wife, for Gardner Carey, who never had a thought for the morrow, any way, and was going to marry a fortune presently, for Mrs. Devonshire herself, with whom the tide of good fortune seemed to set all one way? Perhaps Randolph Berkeley, biting his mustache, had reasons of his own for gloom. Perhaps the beating of the drops had now and then a mad insistence as they kept the rhythm of Constance Carey's thought. Perhaps Mr. Chelhurst, in his seventy years, had seen vicissitudes enough to give a rainy night a reminiscent cast of gloom; but he had the buoyant health of a well-groomed Englishman, had, moreover, the income of a prince, had come to this country with a party of princes in his own yacht, and was exceedingly pleased with himself to find that he was in love with Constance Carey, for until she rose on his horizon, he had supposed himself an old man, and then suddenly it had seemed to him as if life had begun again and held untold possibilities of good. Previously he had been well enough, with his children and their children, his dogs, his hunters, his estates and tenants; but after all they were impersonal interests, and here was one all his own.

For he had met Constance Carey at what they called a grand function, early in the season; and he had gone down before her conquering power at once. And no wonder, since an effect of all the sweetness and the strength of sunbeams followed her; her smile, her movement, her manner, her tall and shapely figure, her head with its braided and banded dead gold, her great calm blue eyes under the long black lashes, her profile, pure as line could shape, the perfect modeling of cheek and lip and chin, her soft, low voice, her slowly broken sweet silence.

But Mr. Chelhurst was not the only one of the party who had gone down before those charms. Randolph Berkeley, who had but lately begun his career in the law, and whose returns were consequently still much smaller than he liked, it was well-known had been their victim for a long time, and had thought himself on the verge of victory when Mr. Chelhurst came upon the field. He had some reason to think so, for he had been allowed to be her inseparable companion from the day when he first saw her, the maid of honor at a wedding, surrounded by a half dozen of baby bridesmaids scattering their armfuls of flowers, each looking more like a flower herself than the other, and she the fairest flower of all, to the time when Mr. Chelhurst disputed the ground with him. With what timidity and reverence he had taken off his hat when he met her on the street a few days after that first time, had met her the next Sunday coming from Trinity, and she had signified her gracious pleasure that he should walk beside her, had called and waited a few moments in the drawing-room, taking up a book that had been closed upon a handkerchief to keep the place when its reader had hurredly left it, longing to keep the delicate and fragrant web, that bore the finely written Constance Carey, furtively raising it

to his lips, his face reddening at the footstep coming. And then he had sat beside her at the symphony, listening to music that wrought them both to the highest, and had walked home with her and had gone in for a cup of tea; and a few mornings afterward they had gone to see some ravishing water-colors of the scenes of oriental life, life in lands where he had once spent a season and of which he could tell her haltingly even more than the pictures hinted. Then he had sent her flowers, and she had returned dainty notes of reply. Mrs. Devonshire had had a cold too, and Constance had remained at home with her, and he had been admitted to a fireside intimacy; they had exchanged books, and their opinions of books; and then they had exchanged thoughts, memories, confidences, all as naturally as a rose opens, and, after all, not much more slowly. And at first it had seemed to Randolph Carey as if his very existence hung on his keeping his emotions to himself lest he startled hopelessly away this beautiful creature whom he might as well think to make his own as some great white butterfly; and then the touch of her hand in greeting had sent such a joyous thrill to his heart he felt that she must know it by the throb at his fingers' ends; the sweep of her gown made him tremble; the glance of her calm eyes at the slow lifting of their heavy wax-white lids made him lower his own; he felt that he must go away before people guessed his folly. And all at once it was not folly; there was something in her smile, her look, her tone, that made hope seem a thing not impossible; and then, at last, accident having stood in the way before, had come their first dance together, and he had seemed to himself to be in a delirious dream of bliss.

They had wandered into the conservatory after the dance. The delirium had all been his; her quiet had not varied—the Tinted Venus might have danced in much the same fashion as Constance Carey did. They sat down by a screening group of banana leaves, and he took her fan to cool the color that had softly overspread her cheek. And suddenly some power beyond himself seized him, a fire seemed to leap from his eyes to hers, and the next instant his lips touched her own, her own had clung to his. An instant—a wild sweet instant—and he felt a shiver, ever so slightly, sweep through the form he clasped. She withdrew, lifting her arms to readjust the falling braid. "No, no," she sighed. "This is madness! This is —is nonsense. It must not be—"

"Mu-t not!" he exclaimed.

"Hush, hush. No—oh! I am ashamed—I—No, we must not meet each other any more—"

"When you love me—when I adore you—"

"I have not said so," she answered quietly now.

"But you do!"

"You have no right to say so."

"You said it! You said it with your lips this moment—"

"I do not choose—I will not—oh, no, no, no, it would never do! We must go different ways—Ah, there is my aunt." And she left him without further word or look, and all the brightness of the fragrant place was dark as death.

But, on the whole, Randolph Berkeley was not a man to despair while effort was possible. When he found, the next week, that Constance had gone to New York, he was fortunate enough to have some business that took him there, too. They had the same friends; again they met in the same houses; again she trembled perhaps under the glow of his dark eyes, before the force of that irradiating smile of his, thrilled now and then perhaps with a memory when she saw the melancholy that fell upon his face in any effortless moment; and she hastened home, and filled him with regret at the thought that possibly it was his presence which had cut short her pleasure there.

She had stayed over at a friend's

house on the way, a day and night. When she boarded the train with her aunt's maid, who had accompained her, there was no help for it, there was the number of her chair next his own. She prepared herself for the worst.

Of course he rose at once, calling the porter, arranging the bags and cloaks, amd giving the Abigail a paper novel between whose leaves he had suddenly been able to slip a bit of very interesting reading, which she slipped out of sight before devoting herself to the story. Then Mr. Berkeley wheeled Miss Carey's chair to the window and his own beside it; presently lowering the shades a trifle, his heart all the time beating so with gladness that he had fancied the rest of the people could see its vibrations in his face.

"I thought you were already at home," said he.

"Yes?" said she.

"It is my blessed fortune that sent me to this train," said he. "I was born under a lucky star. The gods go all my way."

"Yes?" said she.

"I felt—I feared—No matter what I feared! I fear nothing now! Not even you."

"Yes?" said she.

"Yes!" he exclaimed in the same tone which she could hear distinctly though the noise of the train muffled it for others. "For the moment at least I am beside you. I have four hours of heaven before me. It's no secret! I love you—you know it—and I am just as sure that you love me."

She hid her face in the great bunch of red roses that she carried.

"Only some wilful caprice makes you deny it. Yes, they are lovely roses. Some poor fellow caught in the toils gave them to you. I had as lief you buried your lovely mouth in them as not. They are nothing to you—not half as much as any single leaf that I might give you. I don't know what it means—your persistent —I know I shall win in the end—"

"It means," she said, "it means," and then the tears sprang down her face and she hid it again in the roses, and a sunbeam swept through the swinging shade and dyed the face that she lifted presently in a sort of angry contempt of herself, whether with her own blush or with the reflection of the roses, and Randolph felt his heart surge and as strong a color dyed his own brow in answer. There was a moment's silence; she was flicking off her tears with the roses.

"I am not crying!" she exclaimed.

"I see you are not," he said.

"Oh, I don't know how you can—"

"Nor I! Nor I!" he interrupted. "When I love you so! When I would give my life to spare you pain! When—"

"You would give your life to spare me pain! And you torment me—"

"Torment you!"

"Yes! torment me! I go nowhere that I do not see you! I cannot even go to sleep without being haunted by your reproachful eyes—"

"I am glad of that," said Randolph.

"You need not be glad of it! When you say such a thing as that you are only proving me in the right! I should like to know," said Miss Constance, turning now, and facing him with the dewy splendor of her blue eyes, "what kind of husband a man would be who rejoiced at his wife's sufferings—"

"You shall never have a moment's suffering when you are my wife." he said. He was leaning towards her, over the edge of her chair, one arm across the top of her own. "If I trouble you—it is the same trouble that the butterfly, the dragon-fly, any lovely winged thing, has, before it spreads its wings. You will not let this winged love burst its sheath—"

"Oh, it is all very well to talk poetry!', she said. "But you can't live on it!"

"Not as it is paid for nowadays, perhaps, But let me tell you, you cannot live without it."

"I think I can. At any rate, I am going to say to you that you are pur-

suing a shadow—something which you fancy exists, but which does not exist. I am not at all what you fancy I am. You are supposing," she said, looking down into her roses, "that you—you are in love—"

"I know I am!"

"With a supernal being who has all the graces and virtues—"

"Very true!"

"How absurd! I mean a person who is all that a man idealizes in a woman—"

"That is still true."

"The qualities, that is, that a wife should have—unselfishness, a contented spirit, domestic—domestic—I mean one that loves the hearth, and the home, and all that, the sort of woman whose interests are bounded by the front yard and the pew, who lives at home and practices the economies, who ceases to exist when her husband goes out in the morning and is born again when he comes back in the evening, the sort of a woman that brings the slippers—"

"Confound the slippers——"

"Yes. That is what I say. And all the rest of the business with them. Let me tell you," she went on, having gathered her courage, "let me be as frank with you as I am with my own thought——"

"Yes!"

"I love gayety. I love ease. I love luxury. I have always had them. I don't know how to do without them. When papa lost his money and died, I went to Aunt Devonshire's. Aunt Devonshire has no money of her own, to speak of. She has an immense income that dies with her. The splendid house, and all, goes to the Devonshires. She would be glad to save me a portion out of the income, but she has always lived in this way, she has no idea how to save. What she wants, she has——the servants have been with her her life-time; she sent the *chef* to Paris and to Rome last year to refresh his taste and learning. If she wants a fine jewel, a great picture, she has it; if there is a pressing charity she must not be behind any one. I should be very unhappy to have her change a thing. To be sure, she has a great fancy for you. I admit it. She talks to me of the uplifting effect of companionship with a noble nature, with a strong intellect, of the delights of life where one is always making sacrifices for another, where two people build up a home together——"

"It is true!"

"Of the enlarging and purifying effect of all that experience on the soul and on the life beyond. But I tell her, as I tell you, that I am living in this life, not in the life beyond."

"Perhaps," said he, "you mistake the uses of this life. I have a fancy that one of the purposes of this life is the experience of love——"

"What have I to do with the purposes of this life? All that transcendental talk answers to amuse one's self with—but when it comes to the realities I want the things I have been accustomed to in this life, the things that are the pleasantest, the most comfortable——"

"That pleases the pride of the eye," he said bitterly.

"That please *me!* I want carriages, horses, gold plate, gowns from Felix—"

"It is true that my wife cannot have many gowns from Felix," said Randolph, quietly. "The most she could have, till the big fees come in—as they will, perhaps some day—is five or six hundred a year for her own purse. Her home would not be large or splendid. But it would be pleasant—pleasant! It would be heaven to be with her in it!"

"That is as it may be."

"She would have few jewels; a carriage only occasionally. But it seems to me that I should so surround her with love that she would never feel the want of anything else!"

"Love take the place of a bank account, of thoroughbreds, of yachts, of dinners and operas, of a fine house with its retinue, its ballroom, its picture gallery! Why, it is impossible for

you to understand the feeling that a woman has for lace and diamonds! No, it is out of the question for me to think of living without the things I care for most. I should be whimpering after them all my life—"

"In that case," said Mr. Berkeley, a little rigidly, and taking a somewhat easier position in his chair, "we will say no more about it. You are enlightening me. I do not want a wife who is whimpering after the things I cannot give her. Let us consider everything that has been said unsaid, and remain as good friends as circumstances will allow; but, by the way, it is quite lunch-time, let us see what we can have to allay the pangs of hunger, and drink to the new order of things." And Mr. Randolph Berkeley rose, finding his equilibrium on his long legs, and when he came back from an interview with the colored dignitary in his plate-glass cell, a dainty little table was set between them, gay with her roses in a long-stemmed glass, inviting with its broiled bird, and salad, and roll, and a bottle of sparkling Moselle, the dining functionary waiting on them, wreathed with smiles and hung with napkins, and evidently of the opinion that he assisted at an interesting ceremony, and even shedding some of the glory of it over the maid with her plate upon her knee.

And there was nothing more said of love or marriage. Only when Randolph Berkeley saw the name of Anthony Chelhurst on the card that had fallen from the roses he gave it a flip that expressed all the contempt he felt as it went spinning into the aisle. "Chelhurst!" he said.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"As the Irishman I once met knew Mr. O'Halloran, by sight, but not by name. The same Irishman who said the gout in his foot was a thorn in his side—not Mr. Chelhurst's gout." It was all the expression he allowed his contempt for Mr. Chelhurst's gout and habits, but like Mercutio's wound, it was enough.

Perhaps Miss Carey wss not altogether prepared for so entire a change in their relations. For whether it was his will controlled him, or the wine warmed him, Mr. Berkeley's conversation during the next two hours was not of the sort behind which one could imagine the lurking of a tear.

It was when they were leaving the train, and Randolph was handing her into the carriage, that her veil caught and she hung a moment half on the step, while he put up his hand to disengage it. "For all that," said he then, and apropos of nothing, "and although I shall importune you no more, yet if you ever make me a proposal, I promise—"

"Well——" she said, her face warm with the sudden glow.

"To take it into consideration." And he lifted and replaced his hat, lent the maid a moment's assistance, and was gone. The spring had come since then, and the summer. Wherever Constance Carey went with her still and shining beauty there——for the the pleasant places were his haunts of yore, and he had friends in all the great houses of wood and seaside—was Randolph Berkeley, cool and gay, delightful company when he chose, and saying no word, giving no sign of passion. Presently Mr. Chelhurst had come over from New York and appeared upon the scene, but rather idly, as he did not dance at Newport, or followed the hunt over the Essex hills, and for a time he found no chance to do so much as pick up her glove. But he could load her with magnificent orchids far beyond Randolph's purchasing power, and he could send her ravishing bon bons in baskets made of seed-pearl threaded with gold, of a sort to open one's eyes, and he could make her a dinner on his yacht for which the four corners of the earth were ransacked, and after which the doors opened on a troop of dancers with whose new fame the world was ringing, whose shining arms and feet and floating hair, and gauzes of the blue and green of shoal

water, whose tossing silver scarfs, whose blushing faces and beckoning hands rose and fell and wavered to a slow weird music, and seemed to lie on the crest of breaking waves like the vison of a flock of sea-nymphs advancing and receding and lost at last to sight; and the lights grew dim and the guests came on deck into purple night and the soft wash of water and the splendor of stars, and the delight of rushing movement under vast billowey sails. And to such dinners Mr. Randolph Berkeley was not asked.

It was not with a willing mind that Randolph went at this time to take the evidence in a great land-case across the continent; and when he returned, it was close upon Christmas eve, and Mrs. Devonshire, who was his faithful ally, had made him one of her Christmas party, and there he found Mr. Chelhurst, although the day was not yet carried, occupying every point of vantage with his forces and meaning to weary out opposition.

"Yes," said Mrs. Devonshire, at the close of the discussion of a recent love affair, as they sat, after dinner, here and there, in the great drawing-room, where the panelled mirrors, between the ivory-finished pilasters and their hangings of yellow silk, gave strange gleams and reflections of the flowers, the jewels, the brilliant faces, "yes," she said, "I believe firmly in the old original love, where two young people marry on small beginnings and help each other plan and spare and build——"

"That, I suppose, is because you married having all there is to have in life," said Gardner Carey.

"Love in a cottage, with water and a crust, is, love forgive us, water, ashes, dust," Mrs. Burton murmured to her fan.

"And in a palace, with outlaws and Johnnisberger, is it any otherwise?" asked Randolph, brusquely. "For my part I have ceased to believe in love. It is too imponderable to exist. It always kicks the beam when weighed in the balance with anything that has substance." "Saul among the prophets!" said Mrs. Devonshire. "How long since you joined the ranks of the unbelievers? We shall have to convert you—"

"I should not believe," said he, "though one came back from the dead."

"As if that were possible," said Dr. Burton. "And as if, if it were, that one would take the trouble to cross the shadowy barrier simply in order to tell you that love is best!"

"The imponderable, the intangible, the invisible, dealing with the imponderable, the intangible, the invisible! Fine results."

"Yet out of the surplus of negative quantities something positive might come," said Dr. Burton.

"You do not believe in the—the supernatural apparently," said Mr. Chelhurst, from the depths of the arm-chair in which he was nearly buried, "in the—the possibility of what we may call apparitions from an unseen —that is to say from a world of—of, as we may term it, the—the dead."

"Do you?" said Randolph.

"Why, yes, don't you know. I confess—that is—I have been—yes—obliged to do so. I—I—"

"You have seen a ghost?" cried Mrs Devonshire. "Oh, let us have it, pray! Randolph, you young giant, turn down the lights a little—there is just glimmer enough from the fire, in the mirrors. A ghost! How delightful!"

"Christmas night is the night for ghosts!" said Gardner.

"For the laying of ghosts!" said Randolph, as he obeyed Mrs. Devonshire. "The ghosts of selfishness and heartlessness and worldliness, of the love of riches and ease and luxury. It seems to me I have heard that Christmas night happened for some such ends—that it has a form of exorcism which says something about giving all and following a divine leader, which declares, as the Doctor said, that love is best."

"We will take the sermon, to-

morrow, Mr. Berkeley," said Mrs. Burton. "To-night we will have the ghost story—although I don't know —if it is creepy—"

"I am sorry," said Mr. Chelhurst, "that it is not more—creepy, as you style it. It was, I am sure, very, to say the least, uncomfortable, at the time, the time of which I speak. But it was not what you might be inclined to mention as awful, that is, in the way of chilling the blood. In fact, there was no apparition," said Mr. Chelhurst, his wan face and shriveled shape making him look half like an apparition himself in the uncertain light. "It was an affair that, well, I may say, don't you know, that need not have troubled those that—that do not hear."

"We can hear! We can hear!" said the Doctor. "It troubled us, that is our family, my mother, and my father, and my sisters, and the servants, that is, the slaves, there—there were quite a number; yes, it troubled us, I may say, a great deal," said Mr. Chelhurst, "for you know one hardly needs to be superstitious in order to be, yes, disturbed by circumstances which are—that is to say, which are not, that is, which cannot be accounted for by any of the known, that is the acknowledged principles, and—and—and laws of nature. You —you agree with me, I am sure, Miss Carey."

Miss Carey bent her beautiful head.

"I believe it is generally —eh—admitted, that the—that few people are so organized as to be sensitive to what we may term preternatural impressions. But I hardly know whether that means that such—such persons are more finely organized — eh — than others, or, ahem — really — or not. Yet as vehicles of communication—"

"The trouble with this vehicle of communication is going to be that it has no terminal facilities," muttered Randolph Berkeley, leaning over Miss Carey's chair, and looking, as she glanced up at him, as splendid as Lucifer.

"'The cock will crow, the day will dawn,'" sighed Mrs. Burton to her fan, "and ghosts vanish at cock-crow, I have always heard."

"But what has all this to do with the story we were to hear, dear Mr. Chelhurst," said Mrs. Devonshire.

"I was proceeding to—to remark," answered Mr. Chelhurst, a llttle nettled.

"Oh, don't, don't remark! Let us hear about the ghost a once!" cried Mrs. Burton.

"My blood is in such a state of liquefaction that it demands curdling," said Gardner.

"There is really—that is, I would say, as I have already told you, I believe, as I told you, yes, nothing curdling here. It was when we were young lads, quite young, quite young, my brother and—and I. My father was given an—an official position, yes, an official position, and removed his family to—to one of the West India Islands—"

"A vague ghost and not easily to be pinned down for identification," said a voice in Miss Carey's ear—Miss Carey sitting as unmoved as a portrait of a lady, except when she now and then slowly waved her fan of flamingo feathers.

"They occupied, the family that is," continued Mr. Chelhurst, examining his thumb-nail carefully, as if the heads of his discourse were written there, "the honse of, well, of a wealthy planter who—who had died, yes, who had died. He was a man of the—the worst reputation morally. You could hardly say morally, however, he—he, really—you must excuse me for mentioning it—had no morals. His wild life was the talk of a region where—where wild life was—was not a solitary exception, His vices, his —his vices, his cruelties—I—I beg pardon, it is really, that is to say, necessary to mention——"

"Don't speak of it," said Randolph.

"It was but a few nights, yes, a few nights, after my mother first slept

in the house that she was startled, yes, I supposed awaked, by a door slamming with a mighty sound. And then sudden, heavy, swift footsteps went stamping down the stone floor of the hall, and she would have declared, yes, she affirmed that she heard a sound as if a wind blew, where no wind was blowing, but that impressed her, impressed her, with a sense of blustering and commotion, with an idea, I may say an idea, of women tiptoeing and running and huddling and whispering and escaping together."

"Oh, it is going to be the dear, delightful, old-fashioned ghost story!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton to her fan again.

"As soon as my mother recovered from her start, from her awe so to say," resumed Mr. Chelhurst, a little severely after the interruption, "she went to look out. But there were the doors all open as usual, and the slaves sleeping about them, and not a breath of wind on the air heavy with jessmine and orange scents. Others heard it upon other nights, and in time, in time, they grew to call it the apparition of the—old planter himself. I should prefer not to mention his name."

"Oh, we shall certainly want to know his name, said Mrs. Burton.

"I should prefer not to mention it. But I will say that they heard, too, what seemed to be an elderly woman coming up the hall. She used a cane; she moved slowly; she fumbled with her fingers along the wall. Sometimes, too, yes, sometimes, there was a sound of soft swishing garments, as when a lady trails them hurriedly along the floor; and sighs, penetrating piercing sighs—oh yes, it seems as though one might turn and see the women, for this one came in the morning as well as in the evening. And sometimes there resounded in the dead of night a clash of spurs on the marble; feet stalked in and out of the dining-room; glasses clinked; and always when these sounds were heard —I beg your pardon—but a cold chill seemed to surround the house as if blown from the outer regions of unknown space, chilling you to the marrow. When my brother and I came from home at the close of term—I was the elder of the two, he my brother was by no means what you call timid—we were told these things, these occurance. And of course we disbelieved them. Yes, I may say we disbelieved them. And when we heard them ourselves, we were quite sure, were quite sure that they were merely, that is to say, sounds made by the wind or the sea or the servants, don't you know. But one night, when the spurs were clattering, and the glasses clinking in there, in the dining-room, as I said, we ran along the gallery, my brother and myself. and went in, and cried, "Out of this! We want none of you!" Yes, we said that quite loudly, we did indeed. 'Out of this! We want none of you!' And the next instant, don't you know, confusion reigned. There were explosions and concussions and blows. I was felled to the floor, and my brother was thrown against the wall, and then all was still with a sudden clap which made the silence more awful than the noise. 'Oh, the murdering ghosts!' cried my mother's maid—she had come out with my mother from home—she was not a—a black person—when they ran in with lights. 'There's no such thing as a ghost!' I cried in a rage. 'I don't care a farthing for all the ghosts in Christendom!' Yes, I said so, my blood was up, you see. And in the instant I felt a sounding slap on my face that stung as if it had been made with hot needles, and left five white finger-marks after it. And the next day my check was swollen with white and purple welts in the shape of the hand that dealt the blow. That is all. Only it is true. It is quite true. For as Virgil used to say—"

"And who were they? What did they mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Devonshire. What was it all for? What is the rest of the story? Was the lady—"

"We never learned anything more. We learned nothing more at all, I assure you. I told you that was all, don't you know."

Constance sat in somewhat languid fashion during this recital, as if heeding neither speaker nor speech. In one of the mirrors she could see Randolph, now and then, by the flicker of the low fire, see him in all the contrast of his splendid youth and purpose to this little manikin.

"It is an eerie atmosphere this," Randolph Berkeley said, "with only the glimmer of the fallen brand and the sounds of the rain and wind. You have put us in a ghostly mood. I myself—"

"You, Randolph?" cried Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Devonshire together. You have seen a ghost?"

"Several," he said, shortly.

"Oh, yes," the Doctor said, "the young men of to-day—oh, well, sometimes they call them ghosts." And on sufficiently good terms with his hostess to dare to mend the fire, he took up the tongs and put the embers together. "A little bromide, a little scutellaria, earlier hours—"

"But don't you really think, Doctor," began Mrs. Devonshire.

"And, my dear, I never can believe," began Mrs. Burton.

"It is not a matter for belief," began Gardner Carey.

"What you know, what you—eh—I—may say, have experienced—" began Mr. Chelhurst, and it was under cover of this fire along the line that Randolph repeated the word.

"Several," he said, in a lower voice, and leaning over Constance's chair. "One, a singular one—the apparition of a lover 'when the dying night-lamp flickers and the shadows rise and fall, to the woman who has thrown him over. A miserable sight! One, a terrible one, of a little lean old man, poor creature! when he discovers that he has married an eidolon, a marble image, a woman without a heart—I mean when he discovers that he has bought her. And one of a lovely lady who has found too late that palace windows may be like dungeon gates. Why should there not be ghosts of the future as well as of the past?" he said, taking her fan, and opening and shutting it, as if he were talking of the tint and glitter there. "I see the ghost of this lovely lady, dressed as she was the last time I ever saw her—her snowy throat and breast and forehead, dazzling as the moon, in the vivid scarlet satin of her dress, crowned with the burnished gold of her braided hair; I see her features chiseled in pure ivory, her great, blue, downcast eyes casting a radiance under the long sweep of their night-dark lashes, her lips, and he bent lower, "those lips that should have been her lover's, those beautiful sweet lips whose lines are like sculpture in sunlight — but quivering with a thought of pain—"

"You are cruel!" she said. "You promised——"

"Do you expect a man to think of promises when his heart is being seared with hot irons? Besides—I am going away. I told you it was the last time I should ever see you. But I shall see your apparition as I said, I shall see it on other Christmas nights——"

She rose hastily—and at that moment a strange thing happened. Doctor Burton had collected the embers on the hearth, and a tongue of flame leaped up, illumining, as if it shot in a straight line, the scarlet gleam of her dress, the golden glitter of her hair,, the creamy pallor of her cheek, the wild, swift glance of doubt, of grief, of horror upon her face, reflected it all in the mirror struck by the returning ray, which, casting it off again to the opposite panel, sent it flashing up and up the room till it reached the great mirror before herself, fading from its first splendor to a pallid phantom of something like despair.

It all happened in a second of time. In another second Randolph Berkeley had sprung forward and made a move-

ment with his foot as if treading on an insect.

"It is all right," he said clearly, "I didn't know your housekeeping allowed such a thing as a spider, Mrs. Devonshire—a great black spider. It will never run over you again, Miss Carey," and he had taken her cold hand and replaced her in her chair, for she had covered her face with her other hand, and sat now cowering back and trembling.

"Why, Constance, I never knew you were so afraid of spiders as all this!" cried her aunt.

"Of any spiders in this country!" said Mrs. Burton. "If it had been a tarantula, now——"

"I remember," said Mr. Chelhurst, "ahem, that is I woke one morning in Santanta—yes, I am, I am rather positive it was in Santanta, and a great blue spider, yes, blue, deep azure, an enormous creature, of a livid poisonous blue, was dropping down directly in front of me——"

But Constance did not hear her aunt, she did not hear Mrs. Burton, she did not hear Mr. Chelhurst droning on with his blue spider. She heard only that tone which had been murmuring in her ear; she saw only the ghost of that lovely lady Randolph had told her of. And then it seemed as if a voice from her inner consciousness were saying, "You saw me flashing up from mirror to mirror. Oh, so you are going on from life to life—loveless alone and wretched. The purpose of this world—he told you once—is love. The delights of this world are love's. Lose them here, and where shall you ever find them? You go on to all eternity, loveless, alone, and wretched. You came into this world to love, to know the uses of love, to be awakened, kindled, fused, vitalized, by love. You forswear it, you betray it, you pass by! You go through life untouched by the great quickening finger, a thing of unfulfilled destiny—not a woman, but a phantom, a thin, loveless, phantom, a phantom of despair!"

Mr. Chelhurst had finished his spider, had been wrestling with a prodigious swarm of gnats, and had been interrupted by the servants bringing in the big wassail-bowl crowned with holly, before Constance began again to hear the real voices around her.

"And when do you sail?" the Doctor was asking Randolph.

"Almost at once," she heard him answer.

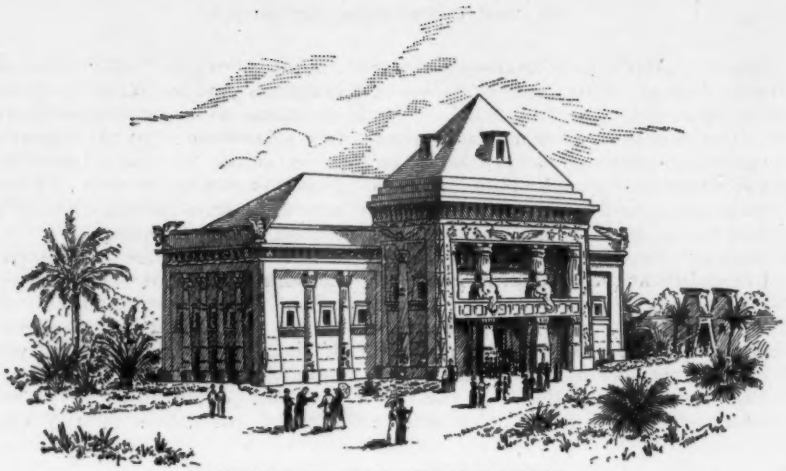
"And stay long?"

"A life-sentence."

"It is an international affair. Yes, I believe the position is practically permanent. And the climate? It has no outs? I wish you joy. You may see us there some fine winter day."

And so the various sounds went babbling on; and she sat there calm and still and white, much after her usual wont, but with a strange sensation, as if she had died and had come to life again.

The midnight bells of the neighboring church rang out the chimes of Christmas morning. The people began to make startled adieux. Randolph Berkeley was standing before her, bending, his lips white, but moving as if he was saying something, tall and stately and dark as a fallen angel receiving sentence. A color streamed up her face, the color of a tea-rose. She gave him her hand as a queen gives it; her blue eyes blazed a moment, like a glimpse of June heavens, before the white lids dropped over them, unable to bear the blaze of his; her own lips trembled. "You are going away?" she said. "Will you—will you—take me with you?"



FINE ARTS AND DECORATIVE ARTS BUILDING.

THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

WHEN M. H. De Young and the gentlemen who associated themselves with him with the object of establishing a fair in San Francisco during that season of the year when snow-storms, blizzards and "a nipping and a biting air" prevail in the largest portion of the Union, they undertook a task of no few difficulties. But great enterprises require enterprising minds to initiate them and carry them to the goal of accomplishment. It was no light work which M. H. De Young, Robert McMurray, James D. Phelan, Homer S. King, Isaac Trumbo, William Irelan and I. C. Dunphy applied themselves to when they resolved themselves into a representative committee, with the intention that California should have a fair when her climate is serene at a time of the year that is inclement in the most populous regions of the United States.

On the first day of June last their decision was made, and by the end of August the necessary funds for carrying out their project were secured; plans for the construction of buildings had been accepted, rules were established for the classification, etc. of exhibits, and contracts let for grading and preparing the ground in Golden Gate Park. The Park Commissioners met the views of the projectors with a proper spirit of encouragement, and, both in the selection of site and extent of area granted for the exposition, left nothing to be desired. Naturally they were anxious to so regulate matters that no permanent detriment should be inflicted upon our beautiful park, and they adopted measures that were judicious in that respect, and at the same time liberal.

Under the auspices of Mayor Ellert an organization was formed in San Francisco, a committee of fifty citizens being appointed under his selection. This body at once proceeded to appoint an Executive Committee, which consisted of M, H. De Young, President and Director-General, R. B. Mitchell, Irwin C. Stump, P. N. Lilienthal, and A. Andrews, residents in San Francisco, and E. J. Gregory, F. G. Berry, J. S. Slauson and J. H. Neff from the interior of the

State. A Finance Committee was also formed with General Barnes at the head.

The executive work now proceeded apace. Congress was appealed to for encouragement, and both Houses promptly passed a bill within twenty-four hours after its introduction, extending the non-dutiable exemption to exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.

Thursday, the 25th of August, will be a memorable day to the inhabitants of San Francisco. Ground was broken on the site selected in Golden Gate Park for the Exposition. In the very centre of that beautiful and extensive reservation no less than sixty acres were appropriated for the accomplishment of Mr. de Young's idea. It is estimated that eighty thousand people were witnesses to the turning of the first spadeful of earth, which was sold to an enthusiastic citizen for a large sum. Before this first spadeful of soil was raised the Finance Committee had secured subscriptions amounting to $400,000—strong evidence that faith in the undertaking had become general and popular.

How great the popularity with which the people of California greeted the project may be learned from the records of subscriptions (published almost daily in the San Francisco *Chronicle*) which show that sums, ranging from one dollar to hundreds of dollars, were contributed by voluntary subscribers. At the time of writing $150,000 has been paid in and $5,000 is coming in daily. Rich and poor alike shook hands over the proposition and contributed.

Nor is this effort on the part of California without its didactic element. To the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast and to dwellers east of the Rocky Mountains it will be equally instructive. The first will have an opportunity of seeing a selection of some of the choicest exhibits from the World's Fair, while visitors from afar will be able to compare our land and the meteorological conditions which are its pride, with nature's devastating action and uncertain proceedings in the Eastern States from Florida to the Canadian border. They will not fail to note the difference between regions where snow and sleet, frost and ice, and all attending discomforts and sufferings prevail, and the balmy air, the suburban and rural homes flower-decked —in lieu of a white winding sheet— and the stormless rains of California's winter months. Moreover, they will have an opportunity of observing the unlimited capabilities of the land as

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL HALL.

regards natural resources and boundless possibilities—a land whereon the tropical passion-flower blooms in profusion and the snow-flower raises its crimson head.

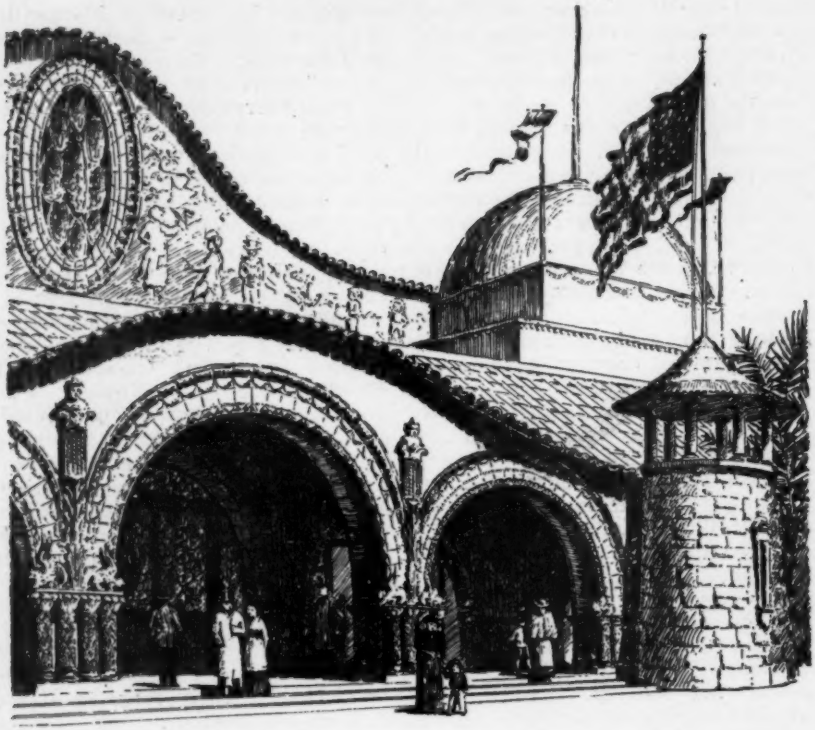
Variety is one of the greatest contributors to human happiness, and from the last remark the reader will recognize that in California he will be able to obtain it with regard to climate. He can spend the winter, if he so choose, in the Yosemite, and enjoy all the luxuries that snow and sublime scenery are capable of contributing to his taste; and, if he likes a more genial atmosphere and brighter surroundings he can visit scores of pleasant resting places, where the air is fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and brilliant coloring delights his eyes.

In the Midwinter Fair the largest building is the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. It is 450 feet long and 250 feet wide. The design is Moorish, and the edifice displays the picturesqueness which marks that style of architecture. This building will cost more than $100,000, and be substantially constructed of wood, plaster and cement. Roofed with metal tiles, with cream color exterior, it will take a prominent place as regards size and appearance in the Fair. The architect is Mr. A. Page Brown.

Mr. E. R. Swain designed the Mechanical Arts Building which is a credit to his talent. The style is East Indian and represents the character in vogue in the principal cities of Hindoostan. The structure is 324 feet long by 160 feet wide. In the rear is an annex, 246 feet by 35 feet, used as a power-house. No less than thirty boilers, each with a capacity of 100-horse power, will be erected therein. With its gilded roof and decorated sides it is a striking feature, and is a fit theatre for the exhibition of man's ingenuity and his application of the forces of nature to his own convenience and uses.

The Agricultural and Horticultural Building is being constructed on the Mission type, which was brought into prominence by the design followed by the architect of the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, and which was exemplified at the World's Fair by the California State Building. The building is 400 feet in length by 200 feet in width and may be said to be in three parts. The main portion, appropriated to agricultural exhibits, is rectangular in form, having an open court in the centre. In its spacious galleries all the products of the field and market gardening will be displayed. Then there is an annex in the form of a tower which is 80 feet high and 25 feet wide, and connected with the main building by a bridge. This portion is constructed of native redwood. The remainder of the building is surmounted by a huge dome 100 feet in diameter and 100 feet high. It will be surrounded by a roof garden and there the visitor can see the floral treasures of a new Hesperides. The architect, Mr. Samuel Newsom, has made excellent use of the flexibility which pertains to the style of architecture he appropriately chose, and which was adopted by the designer of the California State Building at the California Exposition.

The horticultral display will surpass anything of the kind ever exhibited. Twenty-two hundred feet square are appropriated for it and every available foot of that area will be covered with selected specimens. Some idea of the scope of the exhibit is derived from the item of dried fruits of which there are to be at least 14,000 separate exhibits. This exhibit is arranged from an educational standpoint, and in it the visitor who is versed in horticulture and desires to make his observations from a technical point of view will find the means of ascertaining the progress which California has made in this industry. The fact that the State Board of Horticulture has taken hold of it will result in a more complete exhibit, and one more intelligently arranged than could otherwise have been had. The work will be well done, and meet with warm encour-



DOORWAY OF AGRICULTURAL BUILDING—SAMUEL NEWSOM, ARCHITECT.

agement on the part of the fruit growers.

Directly in line with the Palace of Horticulture stands the Administration Building—A. Page Brown, architect. It will be of the Byzantine-Gothic Style with considerable Moresque ornamentation. In plan it is square with hexagonal towers on the corners, each surmounted by a small dome. From the centre of the building, and conveying the impression of receiving its support from the four small towers, will be a large hexagonal tower, bearing a fine dome in general outline similar to the smaller ones. These domes will be colored in gilt bronze and their appearance will be striking and effective. In front of the Administration Building a large fountain will play.

Contiguous with the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building will be C. C. McDougall's Fine Arts Building notable for the originality of its design. This will be the only one of the Exposition buildings that will remain permanently in Golden Gate Park after the Midwinter Fair is closed, consequently it will be constructed of durable material. It will have a solid cement foundation, and being built of brick will be fire-proof, a necessary requirement for the safe custody of the valuable sculpture, paintings and other works of art it will contain. This building will be 120 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 40 feet high. It will be a collective illustration of the architectural art as practiced by the Egyptians. The entrance will be flanked by columns grotesquely or-

namented, which in the second story will take the form of elephants. The vestibule will be surmounted by a small pyramid. The columns will be of wood placed on the outside of a solid, rectangular brick structure. the blank walls of which are decorated in Egyptian style. Lighted entirely from the roof no space for hanging is lost and at the same time the best light will be obtained.

One of the most brilliant features of the Fair will be the electric illumination at night. In the exact centre of the great open court, surrounded by the buildings above described, will rise a lofty electric tower covered from top to bottom with many-colored incandescent lights. This tower will be the central figure of the illumination, but only one of many, for every building in the group of the five main structures will be outlined with similar lights. By this arrangement the general architectural features of these buildings will be emphasized by the illumination, so that their proportions and most striking details will be as evident by night as by day. The number of incandescent lights used for this purpose and for the interior illumination of some of the buildings will be about 12,000, about equally divided between the exteriors and interiors. In addition to this about 750 lamps are to be distributed over the grounds, while four large clusters of lamps will be placed in the great central court. On both sides of the roadways also will be rows of arc lamps, so that visitors can stroll about by night in a light almost as bright as the sun. To furnish this extensive system of illumination about 2,500 horsepower is required.

Besides the five principal buildings, there are numerous others to be erected by certain counties of the State and by the foreign colonies in San Francisco. Alameda was the first county to propose a separate building for her exhibits. Architecturally considered it is a beautiful structure, designed by J. Cather Newsom, and following somewhat on the lines of the California Building at Chicago. It is a combination of the Moorish and Mission style of architecture, having an old tiled roof, Moorish arches and splendid ornamentation. On the roof a profusion of flowers shows the floral richness of Alameda County. The familiar domes are there, and fluttering flags add effect to the gala aspect of the building.

To describe all the novel buildings erected by counties would occupy too much space, but it may be remarked that they are all appropriate in design and atttractive in their distinctive features.

A great attraction, if carried out, will be the Vienna Prater, or Vienna pleasure garden, located on the east of the Administration Building. This will be made up of a group of buildings designed by Edmund Kollofrath, and cover an area of 72,000 square feet. They are of pleasing and striking architecture, the main entrance being on the west side of the grounds. The gateway will be flanked by two towers where guards will be stationed. Opposite the entrance a great concert hall, 75 feet square will be constructed, surmounted by ornate turrets and towers, and possessing those architectural features which are characteristic of similar buildings in Vienna. Long verandas will extend around it. Swiss girls dressed in national costume will wait upon the visitors, and musical entertainments be given every evening. Adjoining the concert hall will be a series of twenty-one stores in which various articles of Austrian manufacture will be offered for sale.

Another of this group of buildings is the theatre, 60 by 90 feet, and close to it will be a children's playground where the little ones will find fun in Punch and Judy shows and various other entertainments. At the south side of the gardens will be another structure of artistic design. This is the Louvre restaurant in which the waitresses are to come from Vienna and be dressed in the garb of their father-

MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

land. Between the Louvre and the concert hall is the Czarda-Hungarian, where Hungarian life may be seen and where the gypsy-girls in characteristic costume will be a special attraction. All these buildings will be erected around a large garden in the centre of which will be a band-stand.

In the present issue of the CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE it would be premature to enter into particulars as to the numerous attractions that will afford pleasure and instruction to visitors to the Midwinter Fair, but we can assure our readers that the floral display during the most inclement months of the year—January and February—will be a surprise to residents on the Eastern coast and in the interior of the United States ranging in the same latitude as San Francisco. Acres of flower-beds gorgeous with the colors of those inumerable delights of flora which bloom in the Californian winter will greet the eye, and as the season advances changes will be effected from time to time, so that an incessant variety will be exposed to view, each new display developing itself over the waning one in kaleidoscopic effect.

Then when March comes in—March when the Californian poppy adorns our landscapes with golden hues—these beds of many-colored flowers will give place to a living cloth of gold, and day by day the eschscholtzia, in countless numbers, will unfold its auricolor petals and spread a golden scroll on terraces that will present to Eastern eyes a sight never before witnessed. For several weeks this natural decoration of the wild lands and grazing grounds of California will be exhibited with such degree of excellence as intelligent cultivation can achieve. Then, in due season, will follow an exhibit of roses—for the variety and size of which California is famous—and chrysanthemums, in shades of color and with diametrical measurement only equalled in Japan, will wave their plumes in the balmly breeze, while violets, double and single, will perfume the air.

It must not be supposed that the California Midwinter Fair will be on the same stupendous scale of the late Columbian exposition at Chicago, bnt it may be confidently asserted that it will have attractions that could not be included in the latter.

Visitors who gaze on the exhibits that will be displayed to them in Golden Gate Park will see before them a miniature of California and the Pacific Coast. Its past and its present, with the promises of its future will be laid out for their inspection. They will be able to form an idea of the life passed by those who preceded us and were the argonauts that laid the corner-stone of this modern development. They will see the transition changes of ethnological progress from a barbaric State to one of high civilization and mental power. Their attention will be aroused and their thoughts stimulated by the object-lessons that will instruct them in the history of California of the past. They will recognize more readily, as they look on a log cabin on one hand and a palace on the other, the rapid strides that have been made in this golden State during the last semi-century; and as they wander along the pleasant pathways of the park, which, but a few years ago, 'was a wild waste of sand dunes and hillocks clad with scrub-oak, they will be conscious of the great future possibilities of this Western State.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

FEW writers have done more to render imperishable the memory of New England homes and New England history than Samuel Adams Drake, whose "Old Landmarks," "The Taking of Louisburg," and other works are in every well-selected library. This year Mr. Drake is represented by a sumptuous volume, *Our Colonial Homes*,[1] which in its interest to the reader and its beauty of design and illustrations, is not surpassed among all the literary good things that Christmas brings. Mr. Drake's object has been to present distinct types of the colonial architecture of New England and a glance at the volume shows how well he has succeeded. The book is beautifully illustrated and is a credit to the house whose imprint it bears, and to the author, who has a large corner in the hearts of all true Americans.

A fine edition of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*[2] is issued by Lee & Shepard. This is the most powerful and imaginative of modern ballads, and one of the masterpieces of English poetry. In design and in execution it resembles nothing in literature, and it keeps its place in the memories of men as something apart.

The illustrations by Sir Noel Paton will be a pleasure as well as a help to the reader. They are drawn with a free hand, and are full of spirit and character. They help to give the student a visible image or tableau of the several scenes; and some degree of imagination is needed to comprehend and realize these mental pictures.

The poem, with its masterly illustrations, will be a keepsake of intellectual and artistic worth, and the publishers should receive the thanks of the public for this brilliant book.

One can but be surprised at the wealth of gift books that appear this year, and that there is a demand for such speaks volumes for the growing taste for that which is good. One cannot better combine the artistic and literary than in Julia C. R. Dorr's new book *Periwinkle*,[3] illustrated so richly by Zulma de Lacy Steele.

This book contains a series of thirty-six pictures and vignettes which were drawn in charcoal and reproduced in half-tones, and which illustrate Mrs. Dorr's beautiful poem. They are charming landscapes, such as are seen in the picturesque regions of old New England, and succeed each other with varied groupings and special details. The drawings are free and bold, giving the effect of the skilful artist's original sketches; while at the same time, the half-tone process lends a silvery softness to the work. The vignettes facing the drawings are formed of graceful sprays of periwinkle. The lover of artistic work will find new beauties to admire whenever a page is turned.

In issuing books of this class the publishers are doing a public service.

Equally choice and, expressive of exquisite taste, is *I Have Called You Friends*[4] from the same publishers. Irene E. Jerome, the author, needs no introduction to Californian readers. The work is illustrated in missal style, printed in colors and gold, presenting a rich and chaste effect. The text is taken from the Scriptures and eminent authors, and is engraved in Old English, each page framed with some beautiful and original design aptly setting forth the beauty of the sentiment. In richness of workmanship it will not be excelled, and the correct sentiment which pervades its pages should make

[1] Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Cloth $2.50. Leather, $4.50.

[2] Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth $2.00. Leather $4.00.

[3] Lee & Shepard, Publishers. Cloth $3.00. Leather $5.00.

[4] Lee & Shepard, Publishers. $2.00.

it a most acceptable gift at Christmas tide. Such works should be commended.

Readers of the old Knickerbocker Magazine, back in the fifties, will remember the poems of Curtis Guild. These bright and vigorous verses have been gathered into permanent form in a quarto entitled *From Sunrise to Sunset*,[1] constituting a most delightful book, and one which will surely repay the author and publishers. The volume comprises idyllic tales, historic sketches, domestic scenes, with a rare touch of of nature. This is a volume replete with interest and an excellent example of the perfection of the art of book-making. There are over fifty illustrations by Charles Copeland, artistic gems that add to the attraction of the work.

James Whitcomb Riley rejoices in being one of the most popular of American poets. His lines have a pathos and soul that have endeared him to the people of America and those of lands beyond. The last of Mr. Riley's books he calls *Poems Here at Home*[2] and dedicates it to his father. The little volume reflects the refined artistic taste of the publishers, who give us none but good books, and a glance through its pages show that Mr. Riley's pen has lost none of its cunning. One of the best bits in the volume is "The Raggedy Man," though the reader will hardly pass by a line in these delicately furnished pages.

'Bout oncet a year Jim Riley writes a book o' verse
ter sell,
An' the folks 'at buys it reads it, and 'ey likes it
mighty well;
His pomes are plain 'nd common, like the folks
'emselves, I guess,
With a dreamin' music in 'em 'nd a sort er tender-
ness
'At creeps into the heart 'nd makes it somehow beat
in time
With the fancy of the poet 'nd the ripple of his
rhyme;
So you who like the potery you c'n read 'nd think
about
Will be glad to hear 'at Riley's got
a
new
book
out.
—*Life.*

If estheticism in books is desired, *Thumb Nail Sketches*,[3] by George Wheaton Edwards, meets the requirement. Daintily bound in stamped leather, with richly-tinted frontispiece, and illustrated by veritable thumb-nail sketches, this little volume is a treasure-trove which should drift into many a Christmas package.

The suggestion that Robert Grant has written a new book with the illustrative collaboration of W. T. Smedley and C. S. Martin will be received with pleasure by the many admirers of the author. The present volume is entitled *The Opinions of a Philosopher*,[4] who is generally a married man, and the story is a most entertaining dissertation upon the experiences of a married man, tinctured with true philosophy and charming wit. The volume is essentially a sequel to his "Reflections of a Married Man," and is fully up to the high standard of the author's previous works. The illustrations are clever and aid in the philosophical interpretations.

Thackeray! the name has a charm, and the familiar features of Colonel Newcome and a host of loved characters pass before the mental vision at the breathing of the word. Thackeray is imperishable, and anything new about him is sure of a warm welcome. Eyre Crowe, A. R. A., who accompanied the author of the "Virginians" to America, has written a most interesing book, *With Thackeray in America*[5] which is illustrated by many clever sketches of American characters by Thackeray himself. The author has done his work well, and a most interesting addition to the life of the great novelist is the result. The illustrations are, of course, an attraction in themselves, and the sketches of Barnum, Horace Greeley, G. W. Curtis, President Fillmore, Rev. H. Bellows and others, made by Thackeray, forty years ago, are of the greatest interest. The book is enjoyable from beginning to end, and should find a place in the library by the side of the novelist's works.

Never was there a time when athletic sports were so popular as at present, especially those that require the possession of vigor and manliness. The richly-illustrated volume, *Book of Sports*,[6] by Walter Camp, is most timely. No one writes more entertainingly, and the work is exact in the instruction it gives. The present volume takes up four sports particularly in favor at the present time in the West — football, baseball, rowing and track racing. To college men and students this work is invaluable, containing the latest laws and regulations. The illustrations are particularly effective. Mr. Camp has long been an authority on athletics and this richly-bound volume is a valuable addition to the literature of a fascinating subject.

Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini,[7] will be read with interest by all his admirers. We have often read of Salvini and have been fired by his wonderful genius, but in this beautiful volume he takes us completely into his confidence and tells just what we would like to know: how he obtained his conception of Othello, his experience in unhappy Brazil, tracing, in short, his uneventful life from youth to its later fullness. Replete with incident, written in a simple but intertaining

[1]Lee & Shepard, Publishers, $3.50.
[2]The Century Co., New York, $2.50.
[3]The Century Co. New York.
[4]Chas. Scribners' Sons, N. Y., $1.25.
[5]Chas. Scribners' Sons, N. Y., $1.25.
[6]Century Co., $1.75.
[7]Century Co. $1.50

style, the work is one which holds the attention of the reader until the end. It was a happy idea to have Joe Jefferson and Salvini tell these stage secrets in their own words and language.

We object to the story of the Brownies being considered a juvenile; if there is a grown man or woman who cannot enjoy these delightful pictures, there is something radically wrong in their make-up. The Brownie's Book is a very funny classic, and should be on the table of every solemn-visaged adult. Mr. Palmer Cox has, in this creation, added an imperishable delight to old and young. His new book *Brownies at Home*[1] is immitable.

Topsys and Turvys[2] is just what its name indicates, a comical book illustrated by numerous colored plates each of which is like the famous reversible picture, though in this instance the result is unexpected and a part of the story. It is a delightful gift for a bright boy or girl.

The editor of the CALIFORNIAN recently gave an American story to a Chinese artist to illustrate with most interesting results. *Chinese Nights Entertainments*,[3] by Adele M. Fielde, is illustrated in the same way which adds to the charm of the author's recital. It makes a most enjoyable volume. The nights are tales heard by the author in far Cathay, in the Swatow vernacular, which have never been given in European tongue. The illustrations might have been taken from a Satsuma vase, and are the work of artists in the school sf the famous Chinese artist, Go Leng of Swatow. The work is, considering with what avidity anything relating to the Chinese is viewed at present, particularly timely.

Among the attractive juveniles of the Messrs. Putnam is a new book by John R. Coryell, author of "Diego Purzon" and others. Mr. Coryell is a skilled and voluminous writer for young people, and *Diccon, the Bold*,[4] his latest work, is one which can be heartily commended. The book is well illustrated with many full-page pictures and will be a most acceptable Christmas gift to boy or girl.

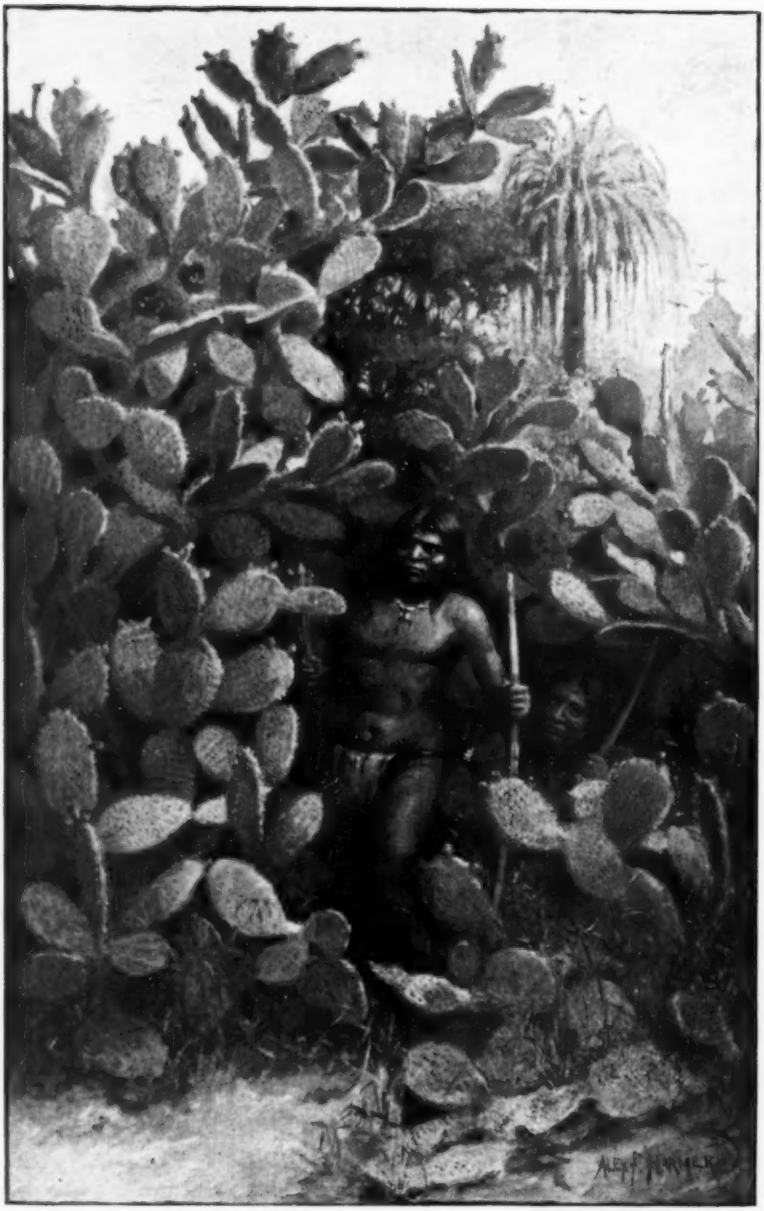
Of the many artistic editions gotten out by Chas. Scribners' Sons, the Cameo is one of the most attractive. The volumes are 16mo., richly bound, with a white cameo on the cover. A collection of the papers of Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled, *Virginibus Puerisque*,[5] is among the latest issue of the series. The title of some of the papers are "El Dorado," "Panpipes," "Falling in Love," and others, all possessing the fascination and purity of style that characterizes all of the author's works. A delightful little work this to find in one's pocket on Christmas or any other morning for that matter. Andrew Lang's *Letters to Dead Authors*,[6] is issued in the same series, with a fine etching of the author. The letters addressed to Thackeray, Dickens, Herodotus, Jane Austen, and a score or more authors who have passed away, are remarkably clever, and we note the delicacy of the author, as he rarely forgets that his audience cannot reply and that he perforce has the last word. The little book is most companionable and deserves a place with the best books of the year.

Madison Canerin dedicates an attractive little book of verse, *Poems of Nature and Love*,[7] to Joaquin Miller, and the poet of the Sierras may well be honored as the volume contains lines that will last long and much that is more than is passing good. In the mass of poetry that is published it is difficult to find a volume that is more acceptable. The book should achieve the wide popularity that has fallen to the lot of the author's individual efforts.

The translation of the poem of Van Chammisso, by Mr. Frank V. McDonald, in the present number, will be appreciated by all lovers of literature. The drawings by F. Tegetmeyer, are particularly good. The musical lines are from the Royal Edition of Schumann's Songs which excellent work can be of all music dealers.

Tourists in California and the general reader have long wished for a cheap hand book of the Pacific Coast Missions. Such a volume, *The Story of the Missions*[8], has just been issued by Laura Bride Powers and is the best work on the Missions that we have seen. The account begins with the establishment of the Mission, taking the reader in the footsteps of the Fathers from the first Mission to the last, giving the salient history as each in an attractive style. The story is a romance in real life and will ever constitute a fund for the historian and tourist to draw upon. Mrs. Powers is an attractive writer, and this little volume will take its place among the best books of the decade in California. It is richly illustrated and should be in the hands of every tourist. One feature of this little volume to be commended is the appeal that is made for the preservation of these ancient and sacred landmarks. The societies for the preservation of Missions could not do better than spread these books broadcast over the land as a check to the vandalism that is everywhere apparent.

[1]Century Co., $1.00.
[2]Century Co.
[3]G. P. Putman's Sons, N. Y. $1.75.
[4]G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.
[5]Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Cloth, $1.25.
[6]Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25.
[7]G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., $1.50.
[8]"The Story of the Missions," Wm. Doxey, San Francisco, 50 cents.



"A Prickly Family," page 177.

THE TUNA HEDGE, SAN GABRIEL.